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World's Foremost Boxing Magazine

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Vol. XXI NOVEMBER, 1942 No. 10

Published Monthly by The Ring, Inc.

Cable Address—"NATRING"—New York

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In Our Next Issue

The second Louis-Conn fight takes place a fortnight after we go to press with this issue. This contest, an all out Army Relief world heavyweight championship bout, will probably have more listeners over the radio and spectators than any title bout of recent years. It is being called another "Battle of the Century" and if interest alone is a criterion, well does this contest deserve this appellation.

As in past world heavyweight title bouts, THE RING will have its writers and photographers on the job to cover the affair from every angle. Even if you were among those present, or listened to the radio description, you'll find much of added interest in THE RING'S coverage of this titular contest, the first in which two soldiers will battle each other in a hempen square for a world crown.

Watch for these—

Three full pages of photographs taken at the ringside. Action shots that will cover the most important angles of the fight.

A follow-up story of the outstanding heavyweight bout of the year, written by THE RING Editor.

What next in the heavyweight division?

These among other features, including news and photographs of the men in the service, boxers who are keeping the game alive at the various army, navy and marine camps.

The Ring is a magazine which a man may take home with him. He may leave it on his library table safe in the knowledge that it does not contain one line of matter, either in the text or the advertisements, which would be offensive. The publisher of THE RING guards this reputation of his magazine jealously. It is entertaining, and it is clean.

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The Ring, Inc., 29 Worthington Street, Springfield, Mass.
Subscription, Editorial and Executive Offices—Madison Square Garden 307 W. 49th Street, New York City—Telephone Circle 7-3845
Send subscriptions to The Ring, Madison Square Garden, New York City.

Sole British Distributors of The Ring Magazine, Atlas Pub. and Distributing Co., Ltd., 18, Bride Lane, Fleet Street, London, E. C. 4, England.

Nathaniel Fleischer, President and Editor.
Daniel M. Daniel, Secretary. Advertising Manager, D. P. Riker, Madison Square Garden, New York City.

Price—25 cents per copy in United States, and in Canada. Subscription Price—$2.50 per year in United States and possessions; Cuba, Panama and Mexico, $3.25; Canada, $3.50. Other countries, $4.00 in U. S. currency.

Entered as second-class matter January 17, 1933, at the Post Office at Springfield, Mass., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Additional entry at New York, N. Y.

Printed in the U. S. A. by PHELPS PUBLISHING CO., Springfield, Mass.

LOUIS-CONN BOUT BOXING'S TRIUMPH FOR ALL-TIME

Almost 100 Per Cent Benefit for Army Relief, Involving Two Soldiers, Complete Victory for THE RING'S *War Platform*

By DAN DANIEL

IT is with keen satisfaction that THE RING Magazine contemplates the world's heavyweight championship fight between Joe Louis and Billy Conn in Yankee Stadium, New York, October 12, at 3:30 in the afternoon. The world series of baseball, with perhaps most of the receipts being shared by Red Cross and USO goes out of New York, and the world championship battle comes in, with most of the profits going to Army relief fund.

This is as it should be. In fact, the entire picture is ideal, and just what THE RING Magazine has been fighting for these many months, and making many enemies because of its firm stand.

THE RING'S platform long ago was formulated thus:—

1—That Joe Louis join the armed forces and defend his title as a member for the national service.

2—That the standout contender, Billy Conn, join the service and challenge again for the title as a member of Uncle Sam's armed forces.

3—That with both fighters in service, their fight be held for the benefit of the Army relief fund; that Mike Jacobs be drafted to promote it; that private enterprise get nothing whatsoever out of the contest.

THE RING is more than gratified that most of its program, submitted to army officials, formulated against what at times was opposition from certain sources, is now reality.

Except for the payment of $135,451.53 to Mike Jacobs and to John Roxborough, loans due from Louis and Conn, THE RING'S entire program has been adopted.

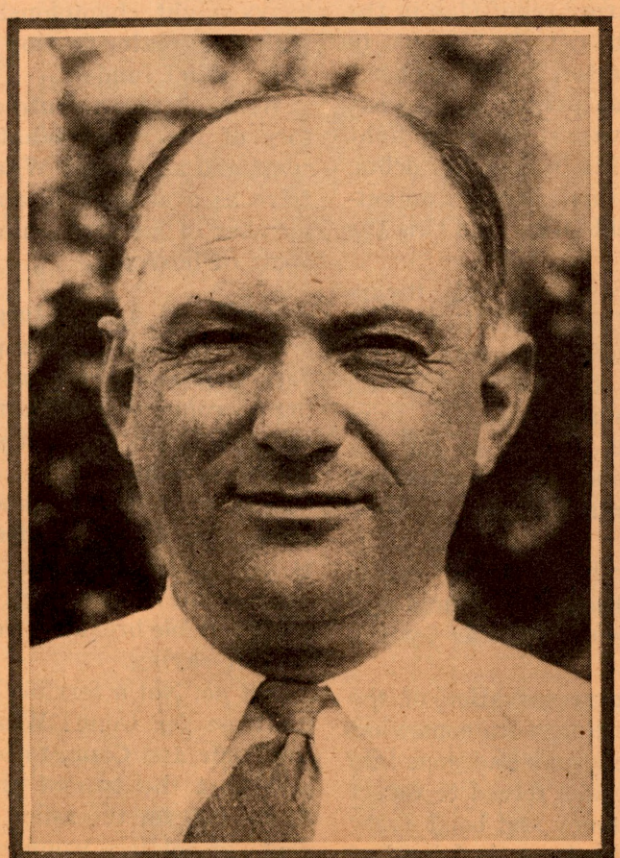
THE RING felicitates the Army authorities in Washington, with accent on General Surles and Col. Taylor, on having held out against a heavyweight championship fight for private gain, and having arranged this contest for Army relief with few changes from what THE RING originally suggested.

It was THE RING'S battle against great odds—and THE RING won. We naturally are elated.

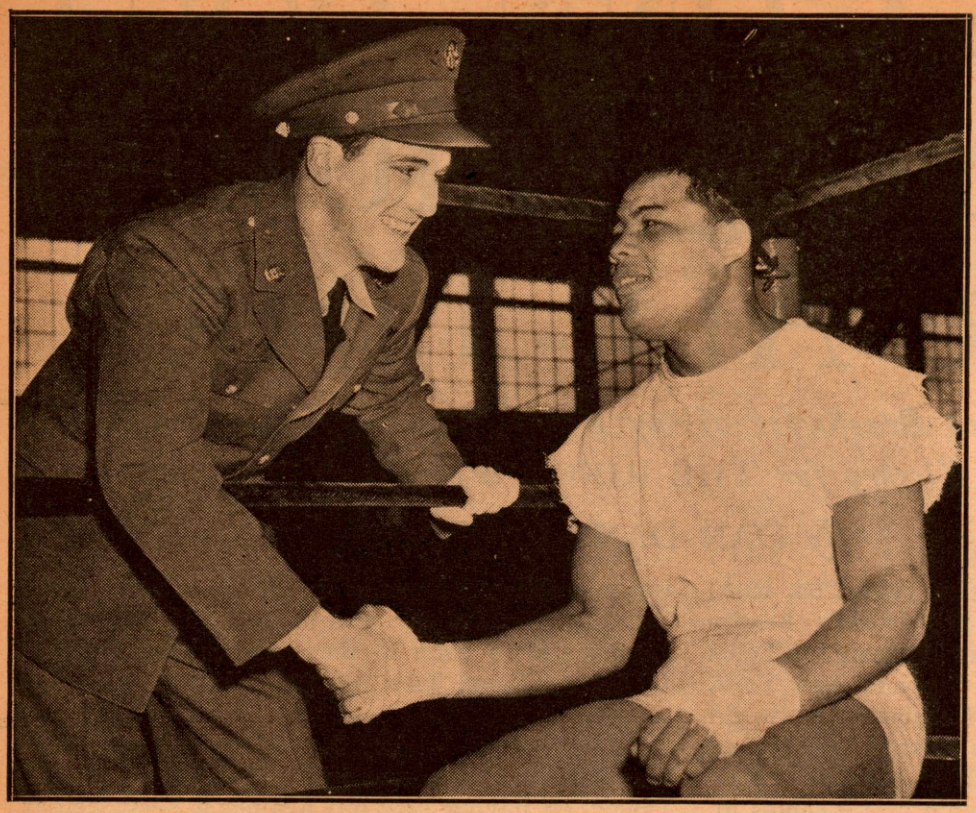
* * *

THE RING congratulates Army relief headquarters on having asked the aid and cooperation of so strong and impressive a committee as that headed by Grantland Rice—Joe Williams, Bill Corum, Jim Dawson, Dan Parker, Bob Considine, Max Kase, Stanley Frank, Dick McCann, Jack Kieran, Stanley Woodward, Wilbur Wood, Joe Cumiskey, Art Flynn, Dan Burley, Nat Fleischer, Frank Graham, Ed Van Every, Jack Cuddy, Hype Igoe, Murray Lewin, Sid Feder, Ed Cochrane and Herb Barker.

THE RING thinks the game owes a vote of thanks to Mike Jacobs for his ready assent to the arrangement made by the Army.



Mike Jacobs, drafted by the War Department to promote the gigantic Louis-Conn battle for war relief.



The spirit of friendship. Soldier greets soldier. No matter what the outcome of their fight, Conn (left) and Louis will remain the best of friends when it's all over in the ring.

For a time Uncle Mike seemed to resent THE RING'S platform. He did not want to be told what to do. All the time he had this Army relief plan in the back of his head, but he wanted to be the one to propose it—not THE RING Editor, Nat Fleischer.

Finally he did suggest that private enterprise, that the effort to let Louis have just one more fight for himself, so he could pay his income tax debts, be abandoned, but Louis and Conn insisted on getting enough to pay their indebtedness and this the War Department okayed.

THE RING surveys the entire picture—and it cannot help congratulating itself. For THE RING held out for this all-war fund benefit for months; held out when it looked as if the odds were too great; held out when certain unthinking persons were shouting that THE RING was "trying to kill the game" and friends of long standing turned against us. We didn't gain all our points but most of them.

* * *

THESE persons apparently had not yet become aware of the fact that at the minute, there was only one game—the winning of the war by the United Nations.

Those who hollered for the preservation of the old way of doing things in boxing were somewhat oblivious of the fact that once a man had gone into the uniform of Uncle Sam, he was forced to forget his peace time pursuits for money and bend every effort toward the war effort. The Army decision, last spring, not to let Joe Louis profit from the receipts of a Louis-Conn bout was a hardship for Louis.

Those who squawked about the menace to "the game" were blind to the fact that thousands and thousands of our citizens had left gainful pursuits, their life's work, their parents, their sons and daughters and their wives, their sweethearts—their everything—to get into uniform and win this war. Why should a boxer get any privileges which were not accorded to Joe Doakes, who had sold his peanut stand to go into the Army?

The holler guys know now that THE RING was not trying to "kill the game." It was fighting for a platform for the only way the sport of boxing could hope to go on living in this country.

Now that THE RING has won its way, what greater boost has boxing ever enjoyed in the United States than the one it is getting through this Louis-Conn battle for the world's heavyweight championship, between two soldiers, with the greater portion of the money going to the Army relief fund?

What greater tribute could Louis get in the history of the ring? What greater tribute could he command as a man? What finer thing could he contrive as a soldier, as an American, as a standout member of his race, as a standout exponent of the sport of boxing?

* * *

AND let us not forget the equally important Conn side of the picture. And that of Mike Jacobs. Here was a great boxer who, with his amazing 13 round stand against Louis, had placed himself in a position to get some important money out of his ring career.

Just when he was about to cash in, the Army called him. And now, after months of soldiering, he is getting his chance at the title again—but only for a small sum, enough to pay his debt to Jacobs.

"A terrible break for Conn," the squawkers doubtless are saying.

But no. Not a terrible break. What a tremendous privilege for Conn! What a tremendous privilege for Louis and Conn, to be able to jump into a ring and, just the two of them, be able to command $1,000,000 for the relief of the families, the dependents of soldiers wounded or killed in action. And what a fine thing for Mike Jacobs to do. His priceless energy and genius he gave to a worthy cause.

Louis-Conn Fight *HOLDS ATTENTION*

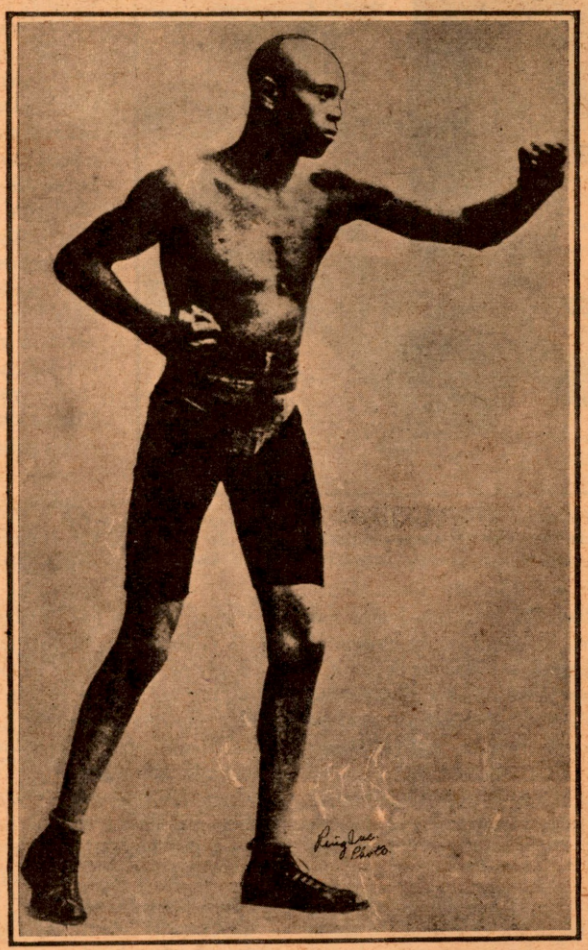
It Is the One Contest Possible of Drawing More Than Half a Million— Death of Blackburn Won't Affect Bomber's Fighting Qualities

By FRANCIS ALBERTANTI

OPPORTUNITY again is knocking at Billy Conn's gloved fingertips when he clashes with Joe Louis in their return scheduled 15-rounder. It comes once in a lifetime, a chance to win the coveted heavyweight championship, but in Conn's case, Lady Luck is giving him another try which he must make the most of or else be buried in the resin dust.

The young, lithe, handsome, brave Pittsburgh Irishman, the finest specimen of physical manhood since the halcyon days of Jim Corbett, and a replica of the swashbuckling Jimmy Slattery, will become perhaps the most popular owner of the grandest prize in the gift of fistiana if he topples the Brown Bomber off the throne. He came within the proverbial eyelash of accomplishing the Herculean feat in their first meeting but as the 50,000 odd stunned spectators saw and agreed he lost his head just when Dame Fortune was ready to grasp his hand and was belted out.

For many, many years boxing has been waiting for a genuine Irish heavyweight champion. If Conn should turn the trick, he might even surpass the mighty John L. Sullivan in popularity. You think Jack Dempsey, what with great crowds dogging him every step and autograph hounds annoying him almost to distraction, is an idol, but he isn't in it one, two, three with the Boston Strong Boy, before Corbett annihilated what remained of the once invincible terror.



Jack Blackburn, the man who taught Joe Louis how to fight and cared for him in twenty of his twenty-one championship bouts passed into the Great Beyond recently. Joe will miss him, but the Bomber is too far advanced to have Blackburn's death affect Joe's fighting to any extent.

* * *

IN more ways than one Conn is a throw-back to Sullivan. In other words, like John L., the Smoky City lad would rather fight than eat. He is a natural born scrapper, the gutter type who relishes a smack on the whiskers, better than chewing on a nice juicy sirloin steak. He has a cruel streak and is the kind of a guy who will swing one to the chin on the slightest provocation. He just can't help it. It's the animal in him. He can be nice, too—when he's asleep.

Licking Louis and then enjoying the fruits of victory with a fortune of the coin of the realm, is not as easy as it sounds.

When Greek meets Greek, they open a restaurant; when your laundry Chinamen want to relax they engage in fan tan; but when Joe tangles with an old friendly enemy in a return engagement, the champ usually wins in a canter.

Remember Max Schmeling? Will you ever forget Mr. Buddy Baer? And to your dying day, you'll never forget how Louis slaughtered the man mountain Abe Simon.

While most of the experts and officials were a unit in declaring that the challenger, Conn, was leading on points for 12 rounds in their previous meeting on June 18, 1941, only to be knocked out in two minutes 58 seconds of the 13th, not too many persons realized that Louis ruined Billy with trip-hammer socks in the mid-section. They must have ripped Conn's insides and although he gamely went on with the business of left jabbing and hooking the champ to the delight of the customers, Billy must have suffered untold agony even though it wasn't visible. Because if memory serves us right, in the dressing room after the sensational battle, Billy remarked to the scribes—"Joe is some hitter."

Incidentally, our editor Nat Fleischer, had Louis winning on points, disagreeing somewhat violently with those who figured Conn, with only a few more minutes remaining, was headed for the mythical niche in the pugilistic Hall of Fame. Nat has been around more years than he'll admit and he has seen them come and go. He knows the fine points of the business, so we'll string along with his judgment, because the writer didn't see the fight but heard the round-by-round description over the radio.

* * *

IN the Simon slaughter Louis was way off form. Perhaps training in an army camp cramped his style. Don't forget the highly popular Negro has been fighting quite a spell and he can't go on forever. He's no better than any other human because you can do just so much and then there is the inevitable halt.

Conn, too, wasn't the Conn of the Louis epic when he squared off against the puzzling Tony Zale. Billy showed he needed plenty of work, because he was missing by an open gate, but in flashes he electrified the assemblage with his smart left hooking to the body.

Here we see Blackburn giving Louis special wrestling exercises for strengthening the back and shoulder muscles. This is the type of exercise used in the old school of conditioning. Blackburn is gone, but Louis hasn't forgotten Jack's methods.

Now that both are in the army, Uncle Mike Jacobs, who was drafted, as we predicted he would be, to carry on as promoter for the War Department, gained permission for each of the scrappers to do preliminary work at camps outside the jurisdiction of the army, as it is much better to get conditioned away from army camps than in them. There is more freedom and far better facilities.

Both have had three good tune-ups. Louis scored kayoes over Lou Nova, Buddy Baer and Simon. Billy Conn was just fair to middlin' whipping the likes of Henry Cooper, J. D. Turner and Zale.

In their first clash Louis scaled 199½ to 174 for Conn. The champion will tip the beam at the 207 notch the next time, to about 187 for Conn.

* * *

THE next fight figures to be a classic both competitively and financially. Conn's blazing left may not be as troublesome, because Louis has studied it from every angle, and he has perfected a counter that may spill the challenger early in the fray. Like baseball, you never can tell what is likely to happen inside the ropes. Conn, cool as the proverbial icicle, may change his customary style a bit to nettle the champion concentrating with rights on the temple, the same kind of a punch that Schmeling landed on the forehead which started Louis on the path to his first defeat. Of course, if Conn decides to trade punches with Joe, then they might as well call in the undertaker because he just doesn't belong.

Conn is a deliberate puncher, risking chin, body and soul to get one in. A gambling fight fool, so to speak. He gets so hot-headed that he loses all sense of proportion and leaves himself wide open to be knocked over the top rope. Dempsey was like that, too, but he could get out of tight spots better and quicker than Conn.

The Manassa Mauler had a style that might have bothered Louis more than a lot of people think. He was a past master at weaving. Conn is one of the best feinters and he has a lot of other marvelous attributes, but if we may repeat, he blows his topper and then anything can happen—to him.

Louis loves to trade blows but he doesn't waste a punch. He measures his man and instinctively throws them and most of them reach their mark. Dynamite explodes and the other fellow doesn't know what hit him. In his haziness he thinks the Empire State Building has fallen on him. Joe has proven his gameness under fire and he thinks no man can hurt him. If he likes a guy, he may not want to hurt him early in the milling, but if he happens to get a little cocky Joe tames him immediately.

The only man Louis detested was Schmeling. The German's wisecracks after the first fight didn't please Louis one bit, even if they were uttered for publicity purposes. He was a determined, angry and wolfish sort of man when he shook hands with Max and then went to work on him. Revenge was sweet, because he practically crucified his conqueror, sending him to the hospital for repairs in the bargain.

Personally, Joe thinks Conn is a nice boy. He likes him a lot. Conn, too, holds Louis with the greatest respect. They're buddies in the army but when the first bell sounds in the second battle, you can bet all the tea remaining in China, that it'll be a fight to the teeth every second they are in there.

* * *

IT may be a replica of the first Dempsey-Tunney debacle with Conn outboxing the title-holder, or another of the many knockouts scored by Louis.

Clever fellows gave Dempsey plenty of trouble in the old days. Tom Gibbons stayed 15 rounds with him in Shelby, Bill Brennan was giving him plenty of headaches, until Jack violated the rules with the use of the rabbit punch. Conn, with his amazing speed and a corking left made Louis look silly in spots. Corbett, the first scientific boxer, cut down Sullivan and Tunney outboxed and outfought Dempsey.

Conn perhaps doesn't measure up to Tunney with all-around fighting ability but he'll do until another comes along. Tunney ruined the late Harry Greb with body punishment and chances are that Billy Conn hasn't yet gotten over the body walloping he took from Louis.

If Conn is beaten, he'll go down fighting, which is more than a lot of other Louis opponents were given a chance to do. He's going to give all he has in this fight, let the chips fall where they may. Winner or loser, he'll have the consolation of having fought one of the greatest heavyweight champions in ring history twice hand running, and given him fights that will long live in Louis' memory.

* * *

PROFITING by the mistakes of some of his predecessors, Louis has behaved admirably. He is a credit to his race. Corbett was not the finely trimmed athlete who dethroned John L. when he faced Jeffries. He was only a shell of his former self. Champagne exacted its toll.

Willard was his own manager, trainer and second, hog fat and supercilious when Dempsey all but killed him in the Toledo ring.

Johnson acted silly after he whipped Jeffries.

Dempsey had managerial trouble when he squared off against Tunney in the Philadelphia Battle of the Rain.

Fitz was headed for the old men's home when Jeffries stopped him.

Madcap Max Baer had no one to blame but himself in losing to

Jimmy Braddock. He left his strength on the gilded dance floors. He had color and ability to burn but he blew all in favor of a good time. He couldn't become serious.

Conn came up the hard way and it is a tribute to his fistic prowess that he earned a Louis shot so early in his career. He is a fresh kid and the first time you meet him you'd like to knock his block off. But after you get under his skin you like him a lot. John L. used to brag what he could do to this and that fighter and he usually made good his bluff.

Conn is that way, too. He has made good in this respect but Louis tamed him considerably after knocking the chip off the shoulder. Although he doesn't fight like Greb, the buzzsaw method, he dotes on belting out the big fellows. Greb could beat man mountains if they could be crowded into a room. Dempsey didn't relish fighting him 10 rounds. In a sparring bee, while preparing for the Brennan go, Greb raised a mouse on Dempsey's right eye and made him look like the proverbial bum. Manager Kearns thereafter steered clear of the rough, tough, Dutchman.

Until the fight with Simon, Blackburn had full charge of Louis' training. Here is a scene at the Pompton Lakes Camp, where the Philadelphia Comet, as Blackburn was known, is seen fastening Joe's gloves for a workout.

* * *

LOUIS might have given Tunney plenty of trouble but there are those who believe Gene would have cut Joe to ribbons. Louis vs. Dempsey? Four rounds, either way.

Conn belongs to the old school and the likes of Tom O'Rourke, Bill Brady, Billy Madden, Sam Harris, and the Considines, fight managers of another era, would have gladly handled him. He was their type of what a fighter should be because they wouldn't be bothered with any who couldn't fight.

Tex Rickard loved hitters. He'd have gone daffy over Louis, although in his heart the late, lamented promoter was a Dempsey fan. He was practically Dempsey's manager before he breathed his last in a Miami hospital. Knowing Rickard like we did, it goes without saying he'd have gotten a great kick out of Conn, eyeing the youngster rifling his desk for pictures, and making wisecracks over a dish of corned beef and cabbage.

Will the absence of the master second, Jack Blackburn, who recently passed away at the age of 59, hurt Louis' chances? No—definitely, NO! Perhaps early in his career it might have caused some damage but today Joe knows all the answers in the ring.

Like Joe, it came as a great shock to us and the whole pugilistic world when Chappie, as Louis nicknamed Blackburn, breathed his last. He was the last of the old time trainers and seconds who knew his job well and worked at it magnificently. He was not only a great fighter, having engaged in over 300 battles, but he could spot a good exponent of the manly art miles away.

The old boy sure did a marvelous job teaching Joe how to fight. Louis was a raw mechanical scrapper when Blackburn took over his training at the behest of managers Julian Black and John Roxborough for which he was paid the munificent sum of $35 a week. Of course, Blackburn took the gamble so that in later years he was rewarded with thousands of dollars, so much money in fact, that he purchased several houses and left his family very healthy, financially speaking.

We recall one afternoon in Mickey Walker's tavern when Jack, flush with money after one of Joe's championship tilts, met up with some old cronies at the bar. He called a few to one side and forked over some "walk around money." He always remembered those who had befriended him in his lean days.

The only titular bout in which Blackburn was conspicuous by his absence was Joe's recent kayo over Simon. Jack was forced to take to his bed because of the ravages of Kid Pneumonia. Blackburn, however, listened to the radio and was delighted when his pride and joy landed the punch soporific. A few days later poor Jack died.

In all, Jack guided Louis through 56 professional battles, 20 of 21 championship defenses—a world's record.

* * *

MANNIE SEAMON, who trained Benny Leonard for most of the lightweight champion's bouts and who assisted Blackburn in a couple of Joe's encounters, has stepped into the shoes made vacant by the famous Blackburn. He did a rattling good job for the Simon affair and it goes without saying he has the champ in the proverbial pink for the Conn fight. Mannie has been around a long time and he knows his stuff. Louis is fond of the young man. They are inseparable pals. When Louis likes a guy, no one can put in the zinger, meaning the old knockeroo.

There are a hundred and one anecdotes about the invincible fighting pair—Louis and Blackburn, but space is too scarce to do justice to them here. Blackburn realized his pride and joy was getting biffed around something scandalously in the Conn fight. At the end of the never-to-be-forgotten 12th round, Blackburn whispered in Joe's right ear:—

"Laddie buck," or words to that effect, "you're behind. Better go out and stiffen that fresh kid." And you know the rest. Biff, bang, biff and the challenger was stiffened.

On one occasion Louis paid Blackburn the following tribute:—"I do the fightin' but Chappie, he tells me how."

Louis was shocked beyond words when he learned of Blackburn's death while he was doing some practice on a rifle range at Camp Upton. It left him nearly speechless and almost in tears. He said:—

"This is the worst shock I ever got in my life. I thought sure old Chappie was on the way to recovery. I can't figure it out how he come to die. Jack started me in the boxing game and followed me all the way through. He was like a father to me. He did more for me than any one else. This is the worst news. I just can't understand it."

* * *

BLACKBURN had his ups and downs. He was born in 1883 at Versailles, Ky., where many great race horses first saw the light of day. Jack's home was studded with many stud farms. He was named Charles Henry but adopted Jack as his ring name and it stuck throughout his life.

In 1900 he first appeared as a boxer in Philadelphia. He was a lightweight but fought men who outweighed him 40 to 50 pounds. He participated in 92 battles losing only two, one to Joe Gans and the other to a fellow named Roy Pelkey, his last battle, but Jack used to say that he had had 325 fights but didn't keep tabs of them. That's more like it. Among the tough ones he boxed were Sam Langford, Philadelphia Jack O'Brien, Gunboat Smith and Joe Walcott. You had to be a pretty good fighter to keep your skin intact against that bunch of rough, tough gladiators, especially Langford and Walcott.

Jack was not heartbroken after Schmeling laid Joe low.

"Get that guy for us again," pleaded Blackburn. He corrected some flaws in Louis' defense for the return Schmeling go. Blackburn called the turn because Louis blasted the German in two minutes and four seconds of the very first round.

Blackburn is dead but the show must go on. His ghost will be in Joe's corner when he next squares off against Conn. And Joe will do his darndest to please Chappie in the other world by scoring as quick a knockout—at least, he'll try hard.

TURNING *the* TIDE

Louis-Conn Contest Recalls Other Famous Bouts in Which, With Victory Within Grasp, One False Move Upset the Applecart

By TED CARROLL

ALMOST everyone seems to feel that the bitterest of defeats is a near victory. In every sport the losses that hurt the most are those that are transformed from seeming success into disaster. A boxer who is outclassed from start to finish usually finds losing not as hard to take as does the fighter who, ahead on points, winds up being kayoed or suffering some injury that causes his downfall.

On the other side of the picture, no victory is as sweet as one snatched from the jaws of defeat.

All these thoughts are brought up by memories of the classic contest between Billy Conn and Joe Louis last June. With a return match now assured, all kinds of opinions are being expressed as to whether Billy will repeat his brashness of 1941, when, apparently on the way to winning, he elected to discard the safety first tactics that might have assured him the title.

As most of us recall, Billy the Kid, after absorbing considerable body punishment in the early rounds, had hit his elusive stride and was outmaneuvering and outspeeding the mighty Joe in the last five rounds of the fight. His rapid fire left hook tossed like a striking rattler out of a breakaway after a clinch, was finding its mark frequently on the champion's somber pan. His masterful arm and shoulder blocking and tricky footwork had the Bomber bamboozled and bewildered.

The punches that Louis was able to land were bouncing off Billy's sturdy jaw, as if they meant nothing. In close, Conn swung the heavier title holder around and made use of a thousand and one tricks picked up in a hard-bitten ring career. To top it all, he had staggered Louis in the twelfth stanza and left the champion floundering and apparently well beaten, when the bell sounded, ending the round.

* * *

AS Sweet Willie paraded to his corner jauntily, a smile creasing his Hollywoodish profile, he looked every inch a winner. The way was being made a lot easier for him by the hysterical crowd, a gathering that was already staging impromptu though premature celebrations over the impending triumph, so they thought, of the handsome and smaller Pittsburgher.

In direct contrast to the Irish Adonis, Joe Louis was a perfect picture of a defeated fighter as he squatted in his corner just before the bell beginning the thirteenth round. All the cloudy gloom of certain defeat shrouded his masklike features. He was a picture of tragedy about to unfold. He nodded slowly but none too confidently, it seemed, to the late Jack Blackburn's entreaty, "Chappie, this boy's way ahead; you gotta knock him out to win." Like a man with the weight of the world upon his shoulders, he arose wearily as the bell rang calling for the fight to be resumed.

Tommy Loughran once made a statement that Conn liked to fight too much for his own good. How true the Pittsburgh lad showed this crack to be in the thirteenth round!

Gone from his mind was any idea of playing it safe by backpedalling, blocking or dodging. He marched right out into the always dangerous Joe's fire. With the mighty effort of which all great champions are capable, Louis fired a tremendous right-hand blow between Conn's arms, landing flush on the jaw. This blow really finished Billy and enabled Louis to retain his title. Although Joe landed a multitude of punches before the finish, this first solid right-hander robbed Conn of all the sparkling vitality which had enabled him to withstand the champion's earlier bombardment and come back strongly.

Realizing the turn in the tide in his favor, Louis showed his ring smartness by solving the annoying problem of Billy's arm blocking by letting go booming uppercuts under and through the Pittsburgher's guard. These punches completed the job begun by that first cannonading right. Conn showed an ability to take punches almost unparalleled by a light-heavy as Louis crashed a fusillade of wallops about his curly head, before he went down under a barrage of almost twenty-five successive blows.

Thus ended one of the most gallant tries of all time for the heavyweight title. With his crown tottering on his head like an apple on a wave, Joe Louis was able to seize upon the first fatal error of his confident foe and turn defeat into victory. Conn gained much glory for his grand try and no doubt his praises will be sung for many a moon for the quality of his performance, but there still remained for him the memory of the sweet nectar of victory that changed into the bitter dregs of defeat.

* * *

RING graybeards chattered through their whiskers that it was the old story of history repeating again. The Frenchman who is supposed to have said, "The more things change, the more they are the same," must have had his mind on the boxing business, so spoke the boxing sages. Bill Farnsworth, Walter St. Denis and of course Dan Morgan called the fight a repetition of what took place at Coney Island on May 11, 1900, when James J. Jeffries knocked out Gentleman Jim Corbett in the twenty-third round of their heavyweight title match. For twenty-two rounds, the consummately clever Corbett had made a dub out of the burly Boilermaker. In the twenty-third, he grew careless even as Conn was to do forty-one years later, and was knocked out by the defending champion.

St. Denis, eminent publicist for Mike Jacobs' organization, a great admirer of Corbett, says that this fight established Corbett, in his mind, as the greatest of them all. "Corbett had been out of the ring for two years. His last fight had been against Tom Sharkey in 1898. He had lost the heavyweight championship of the world to Bob Fitzsimmons the year before and had come down with an illness shortly after. Yet he built himself back into good condition, challenged Jeffries and although he was thirty-four years old at the time, would have become the first and only man to win back the heavyweight championship of the world if he hadn't gotten too cocky in the twenty-third round.

"Why, he made Jeff look like a beginner for twenty-two rounds," said Walter. "The sight of that old timer handling that big powerful young fellow that way, showed me that Corbett in his prime would have beaten any man that ever lived," insists Mr. St. Denis.

* * *

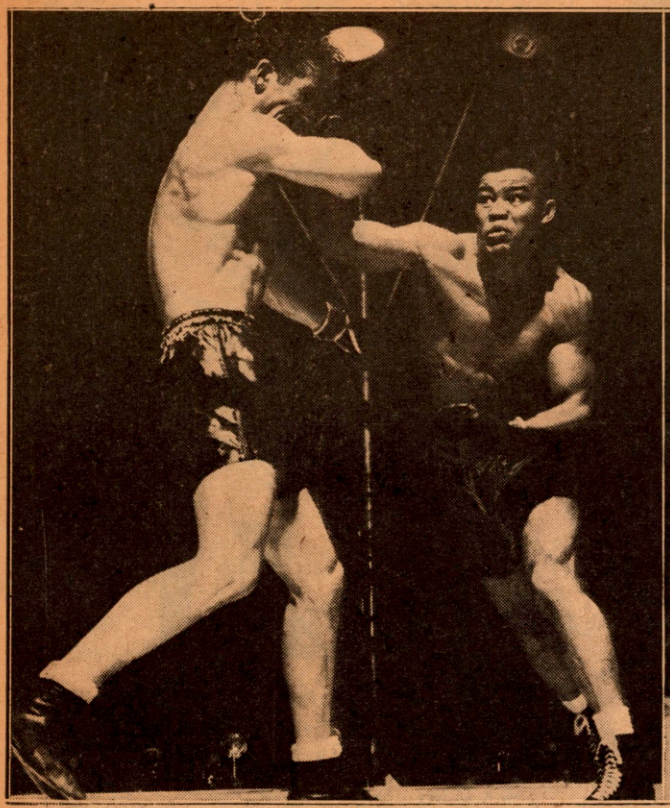
ANOTHER classic instance of turning the tide in the ring took place in New York's old pugilistic landmark, the old Pioneer Sporting club, recently razed. It happened back in 1909.

Like Corbett before him, the scientific Philadelphia Jack O'Brien was waltzing to a points victory over dynamic Stanley Ketchel, when suddenly in the tenth and final round, the building fell on him. Ketchel had landed one of his famous wallops just eight seconds before the final bell, and deposited O'Brien with his head in the resin box, dead to the world. The referee could have counted a hundred, so out was the Quaker City smoothie, but the bout goes down in the records as a ten-round no-decision contest instead of the kayo it actually was.

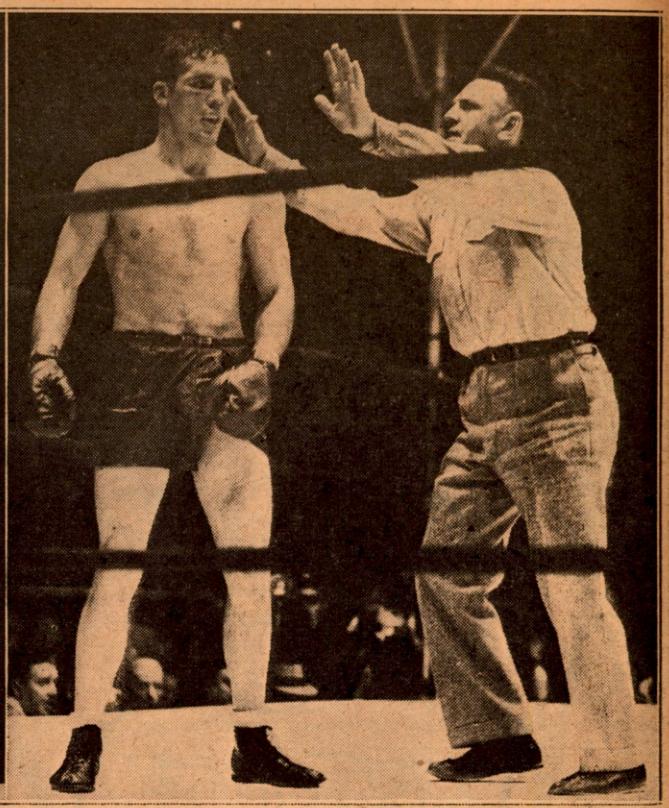
Poor Ernie Schaaf was started on his way to his tragic exit by a similar happening. On August 31, 1932, Schaaf met Maxie Baer for the second time in Chicago. This was a return match.

The sailor had won over the Livermore Larruper in a hectic brawl in New York's Madison Square Garden, eighteen months before. A fight which by the way is still spoken of with awe, because of the unbelievable amount of punishment both men took.

In the Windy City set-to, Schaaf had the better of another bitterly contested soiree, until the closing seconds of the tenth and last round, when Baer got over one of his rock-crushing rights. The blond sailorman went down as though pole-axed. He did not



Here we see Joe Louis landing the punch that took all the fight out of Billy Conn and brought about his downfall in their last championship fight.



And here, Referee Joseph, hands raised, halts Billy's attempt to resume the fight after being counted out. Billy's cockiness proved costly.

stir. He was badly hurt, and his handlers were quite panicky.

The round ended before the count was completed, and it was hours before Schaaf could be brought around to complete control of his senses. Baer was awarded the decision although Schaaf had had the better of things up until the time he landed the final wallop.

Not only did Baer's last minute smash deprive Schaaf of victory, it led to a great ring tragedy. Ernie suffered physical damage from this blow, that later cost him his life. He failed to come to following his fight with giant Primo Carnera, and succumbed the following day.

* * *

WHILE it is seldom mentioned today, the Conn fight was not the first one Joe Louis pulled out of the fire. Back in Joe's early days Lee Ramage was handing the Bomber as neat a lesson in boxing as any one ever received. Lee, a superb boxer, kept his left hand in Joe's face as though it belonged there. He made Joe miss by the tiniest of margins and never seemed to be there when Joe let his Sunday punch go.

"Ramage, when I fought him, was the cleverest boy I not only ever fought but the cleverest I ever saw," readily admits the sportsmanlike Louis. "He looked like he was trying to see how close I could come to hitting him without doing it. He moved his head just a little a bit of a way, and my glove would slide right off his chin. I didn't hit him once until the seventh round."

Modest Joe neglects to inform us that he went to work on Ramage's body when Lee's head proved too elusive a target. Lee wasn't strong enough to stand very much of even the 1935 model Bomber attack, and caved in under the Louis barrage in the eighth. In Joe's incredible record, Ramage appears as just another kayo victim of the Detroiter, but that's one fight Joe had to come from behind to win.

* * *

THE career of James J. Braddock in the ring should really be divided into two episodes. As a light-heavyweight, the Cinderella Man trod the boxing by-ways for ten long years, went through a fortune, battled his way through a crew of 175 contenders to a title shot, failed, became one of the most consistent losers in the business, and then retired, to all intents and purposes a finished, washed up light-heavyweight.

In this first half of his fabulous history, James had to change what looked like certain defeat into his most brilliant victory. This happened back in 1929 when James J. was boxing Jimmy Slattery for the right to meet Tommy Loughran for the 175-pound title. For eight rounds, plodding Jim was a perfect stooge for the wraith-like Slattery, one of the finest boxers that ever lived. In the ninth round, a single long right hander dropped the Buffalo wizard. Slattery arose but was in poor shape and Jersey James easily pummelled him into helplessness winding up a kayo winner of a fight in which he looked like a sucker up to the ninth round.

The second chapter of Braddock's career saw him gain his greatest glory, when disillusioned, and destitute, he decided to take a desperate last fling at the ring, in an attempt to make a few dollars to support his family. He was matched with Corn Griffin in a six-rounder preliminary on the Baer-Carnera card in 1934. Corn was accounted one of the likeliest prospects in the game at that time.

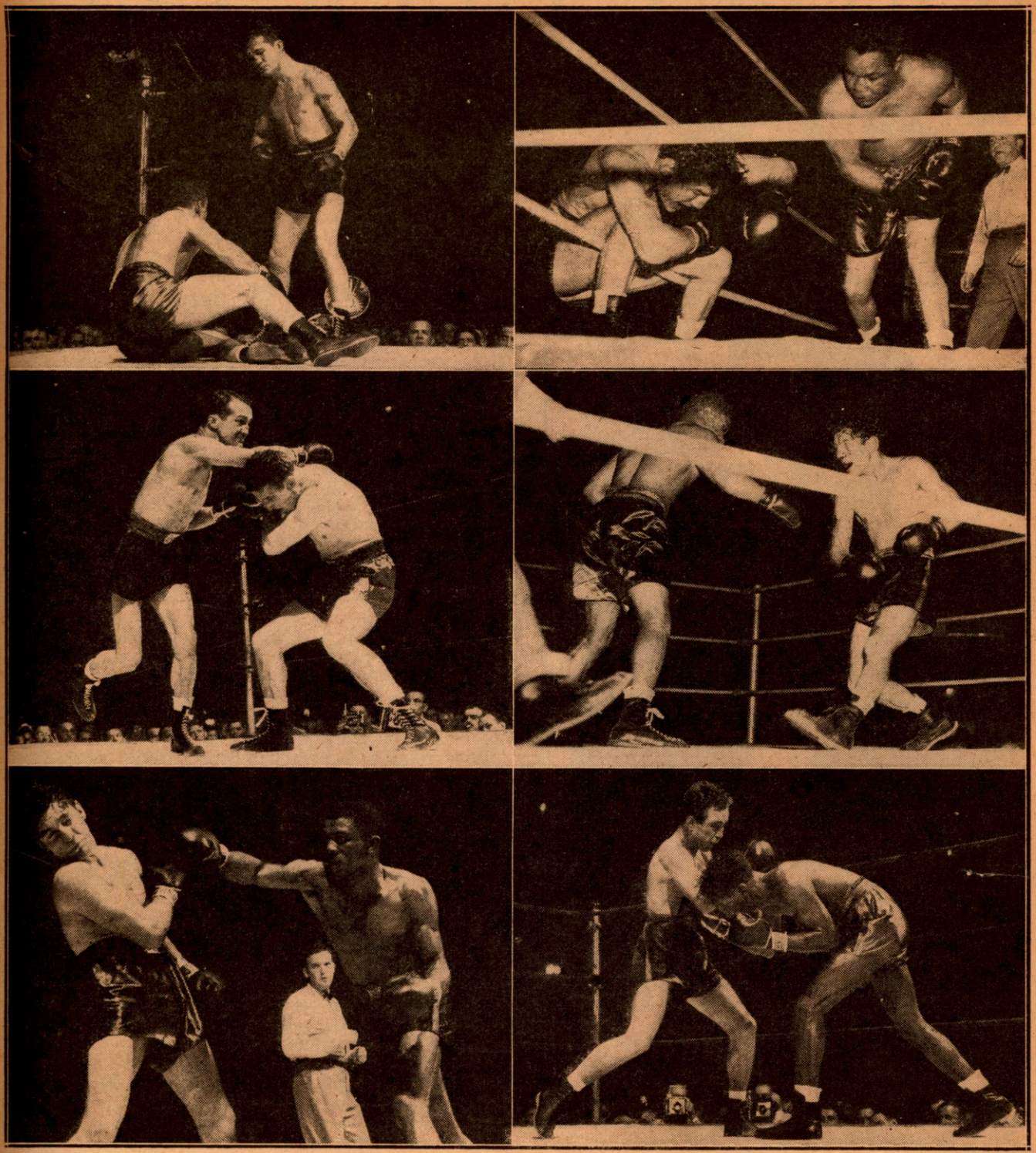
Braddock looked the part of a war-worn and weary has-been for the first two rounds as Griffin gave him a thorough going over, seemingly enjoying just a workout at James J.'s expense. In the third round of that fight something happened to Braddock. In some miraculous manner, the years fell away, and the fire of his Slattery fight returned. He sailed into the Georgia boy, battered him to the canvas with a whirlwind assault, and that was the beginning of the upward surge of the Cinderella Man to heights undreamed of by anyone in that large crowd.

* * *

A BOXER with a punch is apt to turn defeat into victory at any time, however limited he may be in other ring assets. Bummy Boy Al Davis is a perfect case in point.

Bummy's chief and only stock in trade pugilistically was a soporific left hook. Yet he was able to make considerable headway as well as considerable money *(Continued on page 47)*

IN THE NEWS OF THE MONTH



Upper left—Fritzie Zivic, making one of his perennial comebacks, shatters the hopes of Corp. Garvey Young of the Marine Corps by handing him a shellacking in their Garden bout. Here we see Young on the floor in the fifth from a right as the Marine was off balance following a miss. The bout was stopped by referee in the fifth round.

Center left—Garvey Young, showing a lack of boxing technique, covers up as Zivic lands a left to the head as Garvey evades a right. The Marine, a popular lad, proved that he was far overrated. Zivic's experience was far too great. Garvey must still go a long way to reach top rating.

Lower left—Bobby Ruffin receives a lesson in boxing from Bob Montgomery. Ruffin was outclassed and lost the ten-round bout in the Garden. Ruffin's head goes back following a hard right to the jaw. Bobby found his master in the clever Philadelphian who was at his best that night.

Upper right—Aldo Spoldi, Italian lightweight, is badly whipped by Henry Armstrong, whose comeback is gaining momentum. Here Spoldi is taking a count in the sixth round. Pacific Coast critics warn us not to ridicule Henry's comeback. He's "doing swell," they say.

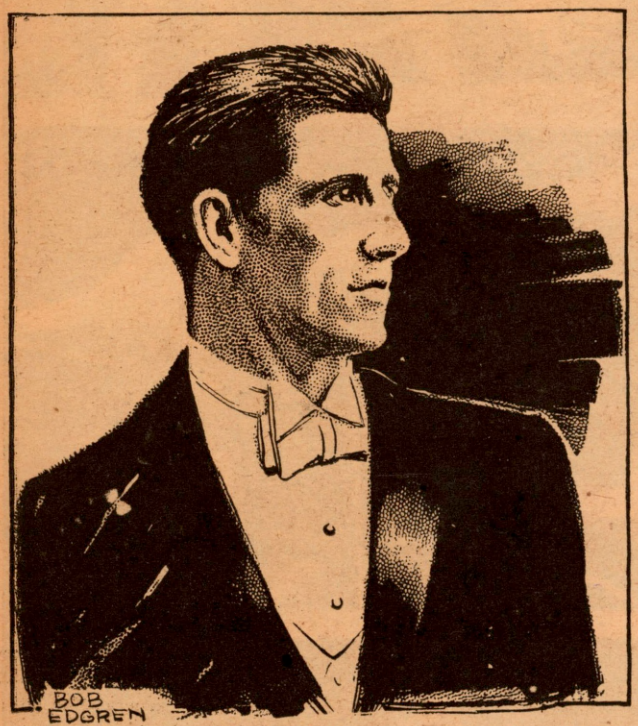
Center right—Just before the finish of the fight in the seventh, when Referee Roth halted the contest between Armstrong and Spoldi. The Italian is seen here in bad shape following a heavy bombardment.

Lower right—A champion is outscored by a great little boxer. Allie Stolz (left) catches Chalky Wright with a right uppercut. Stolz took the honors easily in an overweight match in the Garden.

RED LETTER DAY

Fiftieth Anniversary of Famous New Orleans Battle When "Gentleman Jim" Corbett Defeated Sullivan Recalls Glamorous Career of Old Champion — First Heavyweight Crown Contest Under Marquis of Queensberry Rules Had a Far-Reaching Influence for Good on Boxing Game

By RIGHT CROSS



James J. Corbett, the master boxer, the gentleman of the roped square.

LAST month marked the 50th anniversary of the Corbett-Sullivan battle for the world's heavyweight championship, which took place at New Orleans on September 7, 1892, and resulted in the passing of the title from America's most popular gladiator to the lithe, handsome youth whose fistic prowess flowered to full bloom on the sun-kissed slopes of California.

That famous conflict, which ended in the 21st round with Sullivan knocked out, lists as a red letter day in ring history, not merely because of the extraordinary sensation which convulsed the sporting world, coincident with the crashing of the premier pugilistic idol from its pedestal, but because it definitely set the seal of public approval on the use of gloves in heavyweight championship contests, as opposed to the bare knuckles and rough mauling tactics of the London prize ring.

For the Queensberry era of boxing came triumphantly into its own with the successful staging of the Battle of New Orleans. It was not the first important fight to be waged under Queensberry rules. Corbett had defeated Jake Kilrain in six rounds at the Crescent City on February 8, 1890, with what oldtimers were wont to call "the mufflers." Corbett's sensational 61-round draw with Peter Jackson, the crack Australian colored heavyweight, before the California Athletic Club, on May 21, 1891, was also a Queensberry affair, and there had been many other such matches promoted among leading boxers in all classes.

But these bouts only signified the sporting trend toward a milder and more scientific form of ring warfare. Across the ocean in 1890, Charley Mitchell had assumed the title of boxing champion of England. Mitchell held Sullivan to a 39-round draw in 1888, but thereafter confined his professional activities to glove competition, leaving the rather barren honor of claimant of the British bare knuckle championship to the not very capable Jem Smith.

In this matter of preference for gloves jousts, Mitchell was anticipated by John L. Sullivan. After the heavyweight champion defeated Jake Kilrain with the knuckles at Richburg, Miss., in 75 rounds, John L. announced that for the future he would defend his title with the mitts and abandon the old milling style entirely.

Meanwhile, Jim Corbett, who never fought under London rules, was rapidly forging to the front as a marvelously skilled glove artist. His colored rival, the great Peter Jackson, was also strictly a glove-performer, with many Queensberry victories to his credit.

Here then, was the cock of the pugilistic roost, John L., and the three outstanding heavies of the period adopting a policy which tended to the ultimate elimination of the London prize ring.

* * *

THE late A. D. Phillips, dean of American sports writers, who passed over to the great majority on November 29, 1939, at the ripe age of 88, was one of the last of the Old Guard of journalism who could boast of having seen Sullivan in action when the Strong Boy from Boston was in his prime.

In an article written for THE RING Magazine shortly before his demise, Mr. Phillips commented as follows on Sullivan's penchant for the gloves as a substitute for bare knuckles:

"Although Sullivan was the last connecting link between the bare knuckle period of pugilism under the London rules and the padded glove period, and was a contestant in the last big battle on the turf under the London code; a large majority of the bouts in which he participated were with the gloves.

"Sullivan won the title of American heavyweight champion from Paddy Ryan in 1882 with bare knuckles, in a bout that ended in the ninth round. Sullivan fought Charley Mitchell with bare knuckles, 39 rounds to a draw at Chantilly, France, in 1888. In the year following he defended his title against Jake Kilrain with bare knuckles at Richburg, Miss., winning in 75 rounds. That was the last bare knuckle fight in the history of the heavyweight championship in America or elsewhere.

"Sullivan's fight with John Flood on a barge near Yonkers in 1881 was with skin tight gloves and when Sullivan clashed with McCaffrey at Cincinnati in 1885, the fighters wore one ounce gloves. I saw most of his fights in this country, and was able to make a close study of the Boston Strong Boy's fighting qualities without the gloves and with gloves of different weights. I think I can say without fear of contradiction, that Sullivan was a greater, more powerful hitter with the gloves, skin tight or heavier, than with the bare fists.

"Of the fifty or more bouts that Sullivan fought during his career, only three were with the bare knuckles, one was with skin tight gloves, and one with one ounce gloves. All the rest were with gloves weighing two to five ounces.

"When he fought Jim Corbett at New Orleans and lost the title, he wore five ounce gloves, the requirement of the police. In all of his fights on the tour in which he offered from $50 to $1000 to those able to stand up for four rounds, he and his adversaries wore gloves. He wouldn't risk fighting those men with the bare fists. It was too dangerous.

"The preference shown by Sullivan for glove bouts is not difficult of explanation. Fighting with bare hands in those days was a prison offense, and it was therefore impossible to stage a bout in any place where gate receipts could be depended upon. The fighters therefore had nothing to look forward to except glory and the amount of the side bet.

* * *

"BUT for thrills in boxing, there have been few in the last 20 years that could hold comparison to the hundreds that were furnished us during one year in the days of John L. Sullivan. Sneaking into alley ways, down dark rat-infested cellars, across rough country roads, on barges or over roof tops, just to see two bruisers cut each other to ribbons, was something a red-blooded sport couldn't forego.

"Many a time I had my share of such adventure and to this day, when I think of my experiences, my spine straightens, my thoughts go back, and I sit enraptured as I picture those wild scenes with occasional raids that resulted in broken heads, bloody noses and black eyes. Those times are gone forever, but how can one forget the thrills that accompanied them!

"Some of the oldtime devotees of boxing were not content unless the ring was pitched in the woods, where the guardians of the peace were unable to penetrate, and the combatants fought to a gruelling finish. But the boxers themselves eventually got tired of being hounded from pillar to post, and they gladly welcomed the change to a comfortable hall where they could box without interference, provided they wore "pillows" on their mawleys.

"With the exception of Paddy Ryan and John Flood, all of Sullivan's knockouts were accomplished with gloves on his fists. The Boston Strong Boy found that gloves fitting closely on his large hands, were more effective in putting opponents to sleep than bare knuckles.

"Two men fighting with bare hands will, in the majority of cases, cut and bruise each other terribly, and under London rules they might battle for hours, or till one was exhausted, though not completely knocked out. On the other hand, a blow from a gloved fist landing on the point of the jaw, is quite apt to bring a contest to an abrupt termination. In proportion to the number of bouts now staged, the number of knockouts is doubtless 60 per cent greater than under London rules.

"Sullivan also found the small rings used in halls and theatres a great help to him. The Bostonian was a rusher, and if his opponent was restricted by the size of the ring, John L. had a better chance to catch and hit him.

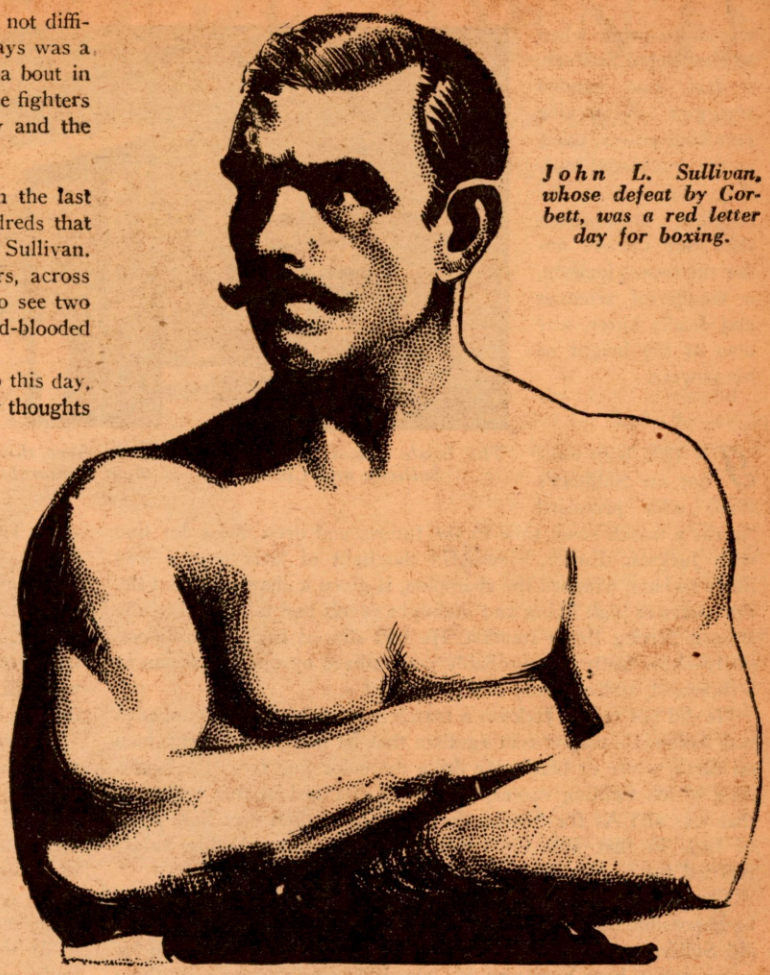
"The first clause of the London rules prescribed that the ring should be 24 feet square, and as it was usually pitched on the turf in woods or field, there was always plenty of space and no need for cramping the enclosure. As soon as glove bouts indoors became popular, and Queensberry rules went into effect, the code was amended to read '24 feet square, or as near that size as possible.' Very few rings in clubs or halls have been larger than 20 feet square, and most of them 16 to 18 feet."

* * *

THE halo of supposed invincibility encircled the massive brows of John L. Sullivan during a title-reign lasting exactly 10 years and seven months. He won the championship from Paddy Ryan on February 7, 1882, and lost it to Corbett on September 7, 1892. None of his successors on the heavyweight throne equalled that unprecedented lengthy period of fistic sovereignty.

Corbett's crown term lasted less than five years. Fitzsimmons was top dog a little over two years. Jeffries, up to his retirement in August, 1904, was boss of the big fellows for six years and three months. Tommy Burns was recognized as leader for nearly three years. Jack Johnson swayed the pugilistic sceptre for a trifle over five years, and Willard was the dominant figure for four. Jack Dempsey scored seven years and a fraction. When Gene Tunney retired he had been title-holder just two months short of two years.

Jack Sharkey's first reign extended just nine days over a year.



John L. Sullivan, whose defeat by Corbett, was a red letter day for boxing.

His conqueror, on a foul, Max Schmeling, lost the title to Sharkey in their second encounter a year later. It was less than a year later that Sharkey stepped down to be replaced by Carnera. The latter held on for 11 months and two weeks, losing to Max Baer, who only missed registering a full year on the throne by two days. Max's successor, Jim Braddock, won from Baer on June 12, 1935, and was a two year champ, with a few days over for good measure; being kayoed by Joe Louis on June 22, 1937.

The Brown Bomber, therefore, has been in possession of the world's heavyweight title over five years, and from all present indications, seems likely to hang on to it for a good many more.

* * *

FROM the foregoing data it can be seen that the two heavyweight kings who came nearest to touching Sullivan's long range record were Jeffries and Jack Dempsey, the first lasting six years and three months; the second, seven years, two months and 19 days. But even these notable scores fell far short of the record established by Sullivan.

Unquestionably, the long lease held by John L. on the title added greatly to the awe and admiration with which his faithful public regarded him. It is probably a bit difficult for modern fight fans to realize how seriously ring patrons took Sullivan's defeat. In the past decade, followers of boxing have seen champions come and go without experiencing a tithe of the dismay which shocked Sullivan's adherents when he took the full count for the first and last time in his glamorous career.

In his time, John L. had become something more than a champion scrapper. He had attained the status of a national institution, so to speak. We know now that Sullivan hit the down grade long before Corbett demonstrated the truth of that assertion. There were other heavyweights besides Gentlemen Jim who might have beaten him. Among these were Frank (Paddy) Slavin of Australia and the latter's colored countryman, Peter Jackson. The former

was in his prime when he challenged Sullivan, a fast, two handed slugger of terrific punching power, game as the traditional bulldog, and one of the toughest propositions that ever ducked under the ropes. Jackson, a wonderful scientist and deadly hitter, was also at the height of his powers.

* * *

The battle site. It was on the ground where this lumber yard now stands that Sullivan and Corbett fought their memorable battle in New Orleans.

IN 1891 both were hot on Sullivan's trail, who promised Slavin a match some time in the future, and drew the color line with Jackson. Either, viewed in the light of later events, was likely to have whipped the champion, if given a chance at his title. For years of high living and midnight revels had taken toll of the Boston Strong Boy's stamina. He had slipped back, and slipped badly—how badly was probably not realized by one sportsman in a thousand, and certainly not by himself.

He did not refuse Jackson a match because he feared him, such was Sullivan's magnificent egotism that he never feared any man on earth, white or black. He drew the color line from the beginning of his fighting career, and never changed in that respect—that was all! As for Slavin, the white Australian was simply out of luck in that Jim Corbett grabbed the plum Paddy vainly reached for.

Times have surely altered a lot since then. Nowadays it would be impossible for a champion fighter of any class to get hog-fat as did Sullivan when he began training for Corbett, and show in his every move how mediocre his physical condition was, without undergoing hostile criticism by the experts and sport writers.

Remember what a fuss Boxing Commissioner Bill Brown kicked up when he paid a visit to Max Baer's camp in 1934? Max was getting ready to fight Carnera, and the canny commissioner, who knows all there is to know about training, didn't like Baer's condition. Brown went the length of threatening to have the mill postponed on that account, but was overruled by his colleagues. As it turned out, Baer won anyhow. But Bill Brown hadn't erred in his judgment. Max looked all right to a casual observer, but he wasn't in the pink, and there were times during that battle when he let up in his attacks on Carnera. Ostensibly, he was clowning. In reality, he was resting because the pace was telling on him.

But few persons ventured to criticize Sullivan, because in a sense, he was above criticism. The average sport of that day just couldn't figure him losing. Where idol worship is concerned, you can't expect to find much common sense among the shrine worshippers, and no fighter before or since Sullivan's time was ever such a subject for widespread idolatry as the incomparable John L.

Meanwhile there existed a wise minority that was not blind to Sullivan's defects, especially in Western communities, where Corbett had built up something of a ring following, though the East to a man was flaunting the Sullivan banner. John L.'s prospective opponent did not underestimate Sullivan's punching powers. But, having engaged in a four-round boxing exhibition with the champion at San Francisco, just before the Big Fellow sailed for Australia in 1891, to make a theatrical tour, Corbett flattered himself that he had obtained a line on Sullivan's ring methods. Jim figured that he could make the slugger miss often, fool him with quick footwork, and gradually wear him down, and this was the strategy he successfully followed.

* * *

WHAT actually happened at the Crescent City on that fateful night of September 7, 1892, is best described in the following account, taken from the book entitled "The Boston Strong Boy," by Nat Fleischer, editor of THE RING Magazine:

"Train loads of visitors from far and near poured into New Orleans to attend that memorable battle. Each carried its quota of straight sports, gunmen, pickpockets and gamblers. But so keen was the public interest, that the gents of society's shady side of life were greatly outnumbered by respectable citizens of good standing.

"The Olympic Club was dressed in gala style for the big occasion. The wide tarpaulins that formed the roof were removed, leaving only bare rafters, so as to better ventilate the place. Above the bright stars twinkled down upon the spectators. But before the fight started, a heavy downpour of rain drenched the crowd and the tarpaulins had to be hurriedly replaced. The ring floor, contrary to present-day practice, was formed of turf and had become wet and soggy. To remedy this condition and protect the fighters' footing, sawdust was sprinkled heavily on the turf.

"When the men entered the ring it was plain to discerning eyes that the challenger was in far finer condition than the champion. Corbett, lean, supple and wiry, was the living personification of physical perfection. Sullivan's heavy body was impressively massive, and suggestive of brute strength. But John L. carried a lot of excess fat, and was certainly a long way from being in the shape our modern standards would demand of a champion about to defend his title.

"It was to be speed, youth and scientific generalship against bulky muscular power slowed down by age and fast living, a gifted exponent of a new style of boxing against old traditional slugging methods; and archaic milling tactics were doomed to defeat. One hour and twenty minutes later, the cool, smiling youth from California would be crowned the new world heavyweight champion, in the first battle staged for that title under Marquis of Queensberry rules with gloves.

"That tensed, expectant crowd was to be given an unforgettable thrill in the 21st round by the sight of John L. Sullivan lying helpless on the ring floor, knocked out for the first time in his spectacular career, his autocratic reign of over ten years as fistic monarch finished!

"From the start of the battle to its end, there was no doubt as to Corbett's superiority over the great battler whose punching powers had won all down the line, whose terrifying presence and thunderous voice had scared many a wilted pugilistic aspirant into submission. For John L. was clearly outclassed at every angle. He was outgeneraled, outpointed, outspeeded by the cleverest big man that ever stepped into a ring.

"The scientist triumphed over the exponent of brute force. Corbett displayed cleverness such as the excited spectators had never before witnessed. Thousands of dollars changed hands on the result, with the losers in a huge majority, as the Sullivanites had bet heavily on their vanquished hero, and they far outnumbered the wise, but comparatively few, fans who backed the Californian.

"Time and again Sullivan rushed his elusive opponent, delivering his famous thunderbolt right, but he might as well have been striking at a shadow. Corbett was always out of range. When John L. leaped forward furiously in attempts to corner Corbett, his young adversary invariably sidestepped with agile grace, and the Big Fellow blundered aimlessly into the ropes. If the Boston Strong Boy did manage to get in close, and cut loose with both hands, he found that Corbett had a knack of either blocking the punches, or tying Sullivan up in knots. Meanwhile Jim kept up the steady, unmerciful rain of jabs that Sullivan could not escape or block, and which gradually wore him down to a point of exhaustion.

(Continued on page 45)

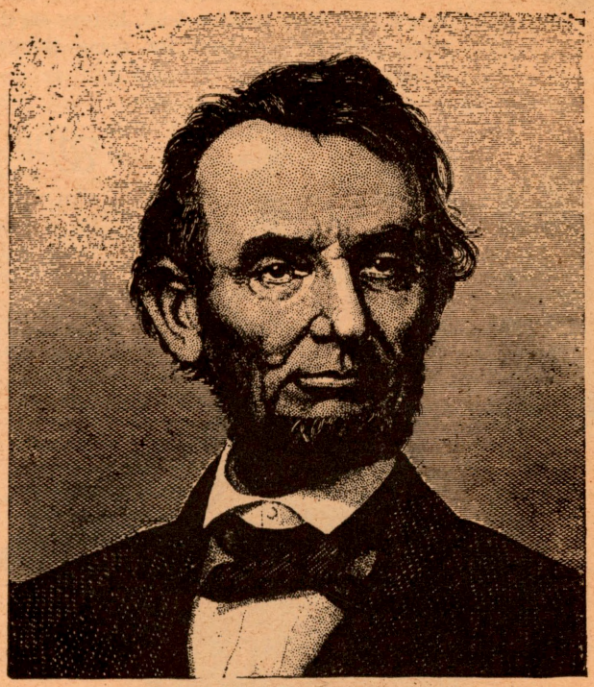
FIGHTING PRESIDENTS

George Washington, Andrew Jackson, Abe Lincoln and Theodore Roosevelt Were Advocates of Strenuous Scrapping Action in Their Youth—Growth of Fistic Science Through Nation's Armed Forces Dates Back to Revolutionary Days

By THE VETERAN

WHEN this greatest of all martial conflicts is over, with the Axis downed for a full count and victory's laurel wreath annexed by the United Nations, it will be interesting to note the culminating effect of the war atmosphere on boxing. For one thing, there will undoubtedly be more athletes in evidence possessing a thorough knowledge of, and liking for, the game than have ever before existed in United States history.

Many of these will make a profession out of it, and even those who do not, will take back into private life a love of the sport sure to prove a powerful influence in adding to the already national popularity of glove contests as a means of public entertainment. Uncle Sam's armed forces have gone in zestfully for boxing both as an amusement and important adjunct to their training exercises to an amazing extent, which is best judged by a glance at THE RING Magazine's manifold columns of news devoted to Naval and Army camp activities. Out of such a huge aggregation of enthusiastic leather-pushers it's a cinch that a goodly number of crack performers will emerge from the ruck.



Abraham Lincoln, who was adept with his fists and also was an expert wrestler. He fostered the mat sport among his men in the army.

Boxing was given a tremendous impetus during the First World War, and the A.E.F. developed plenty of fine pugilistic talent. From the ranks of the Marines came Gene Tunney to gain the world's heavyweight crown.

* * *

IT is worth noting that at the present time, beginning with the king of 'em all, Joe Louis, Army and Navy ranks include boxing titleholders or ex-titleholders of all classes. That was not the case in the First World War, when the names of champs and ex-champs were mostly conspicuous by their absence from U.S. combatant lists.

Yet it was in the First World War that our government first awoke to the realization of the fact that boxing was not only a relaxation par excellence for its fighting men, but also a valuable aid in the process of training and hardening them for the grim test of desperate struggles on bloody battlefields. The principle then adopted of fostering the glove game in the armed forces has now attained gigantic proportions, and fits so perfectly into the educational routine of our soldiers and sailors that boxing stands out preeminently as a reliably efficient agent in the development of hardihood and morale.

That the average military or naval recruit should take to boxing as naturally as the proverbial duck takes to water, is not surprising. Pugilism has ever possessed a strong appeal for men engaged in the stern business of waging war with lethal weapons.

During the American Revolution there were many professional pugilists in the ranks of the invading British armies. Off-the-reel scraps with bare knuckles were common enough among King George's soldiers. But it was only the officers who benefited by fistic entertainments as means of relieving the tedium of garrison life. In curious contrast to present-day conditions, such virile amusements were denied the rank-and-file. Enlisted men frequently performed as ring principals for the amusement of their superiors, but were strictly barred as spectators of a mill.

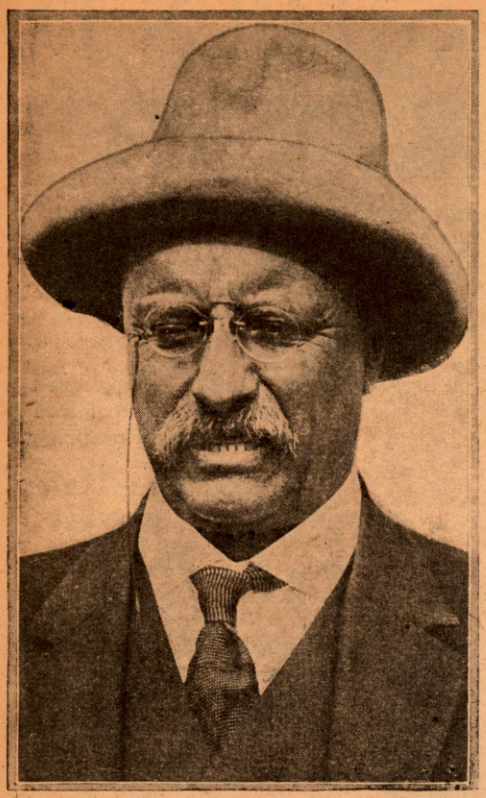
* * *

EARL PERCY, one of the commanders of British forces occupying the city of New York, was a prominent patron of the London Prize Ring, and often arranged contests in private which were witnessed by his friends and members of his staff. The "mufflers," as sparring gloves were then called, were generally used in these exhibitions. But sometimes the noble patron of the manly art gave his guests a taste of the "real thing" by having the principals fight it out with the bare fists.

No official record was ever kept of these affairs, but they were responsible for the development of at least one fighter who afterwards achieved a high reputation in the ring. He was Bill Richmond, a colored scrapper, born on Staten Island. Bill was a batman for an English captain, who amused himself by teaching the well-built young Negro to spar. Richmond, a natural-born fighter, developed such skill that he became more than a match for his tutor.

It was thus that he came under Earl Percy's notice, who utilized his punching services as a contestant at his slugging festivals. Richmond easily defeated every opponent picked for him. So impressed was the nobleman by Richmond's prowess that when the British troops finally evacuated New York and sailed for home, he took Bill with him.

With the earl as his backer, Richmond had a long and successful career in the London Prize Ring. He lost to the English heavyweight champion, Tom Cribb, in a tough battle lasting one hour and thirty-nine minutes, but sustained no other reverse and won many victories. Sir Arthur Conan Doyle credited Richmond with being the first native-born American to win laurels in the British ring. After retiring in 1815, he did a comeback and whipped Tom Shelton in 23 rounds, a feat deserving mention if it was only for the fact that the colored pugilist was then over fifty-two years of age.



Theodore Roosevelt, whose love for boxing was second to none in this country. He was an expert with the fists and attended many ring matches.

OFFICERS of the American revolutionary forces did not follow the example of their British contemporaries by staging boxing bouts. The prize ring was then purely an English institution, and it was not until 1816 that the first American heavyweight champ made his appearance in the stalwart person of Jacob Hyer, father of the more celebrated Tom Hyer.

But there never was an army on the face of the earth in which impromptu scraps did not take place, and the American soldiers of the 1776 era engaged in plenty of them—go-as-you-please, with no-holds-barred encounters, steamed up with savage ferocity, if little science.

Commander-in-Chief George Washington didn't approve of this sort of thing, probably on the grounds that his lads ought to conserve their energies for fighting the British, instead of mauling each other. History records that on one occasion he came upon the scene of a bare knuckle turnup between two of Light Horse Harry Lee's dragoons. The mill was at its height when the athletic father of our country went into action, dragged the men apart, and tossed them, one after the other, into squirming heaps on the ground.

* * *

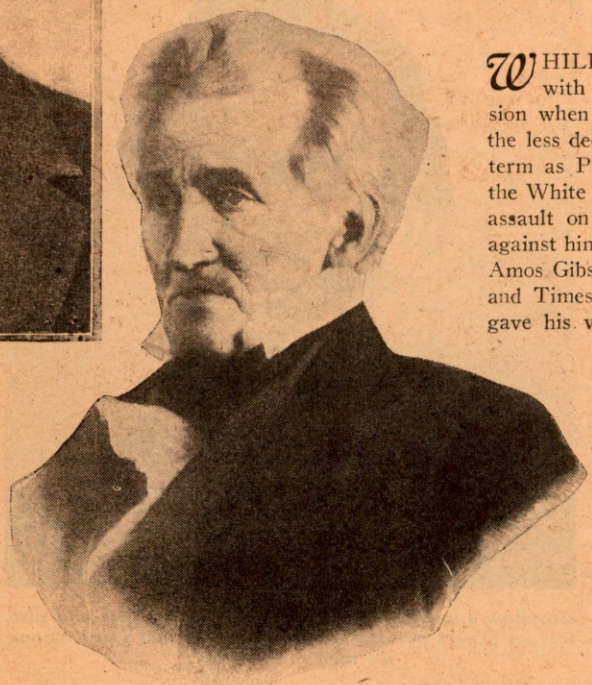
WASHINGTON was one of the finest amateur wrestlers in the country, six feet two in height, gifted with Herculean strength—in a word, the sort of referee that the toughest gladiators wouldn't feel like talking back to.

The most pugnacious of all our presidents, not even excepting the forceful Theodore Roosevelt, was General Andrew Jackson, endowed with the very fitting sobriquet of "Old Hickory." Jackson, whose renown as a deadly duellist in a day when questions of personal honor were decided on "the grass before breakfast," instead of the law courts, made him the terror of all his foes; had no objection to soldiers under his command settling arguments between them with Nature's weapons. During Jackson's campaign against the Creek Indians in 1813, he halted his troops at Fort Strother on the banks of the Tennessee River to await reinforcements. Supplies were short, his men were rather hungry and in a somewhat mutinous mood. One day, when inspecting the camp, the general found two soldiers under arrest, by order of their company commander, Captain Neville Truax.

On learning that their offense consisted of having engaged in a rough-and-tumble scrap for the ostensible reason of deciding which was the better man, Jackson immediately released the prisoners.

"If those fellows have guts enough to fight each other on empty bellies, they're the right stuff for the job we've got to do," the General told Captain Truax. "Let 'em fight it out if they want to. It'll help keep the boys' minds off their other troubles!"

Whether the principals in the case availed themselves of this permission to renew their bare knuckle feud, history sayeth not, but the incident serves to illustrate Jackson's penchant for doing things in rough-and-ready, unconventional fashion.



Andrew Jackson, the most pugnacious of all presidents, an executive who loved a good scrap either on a battlefield or in the ring.

* * *

WHILE Jackson did most of his fighting with pistols, there was at least one occasion when he resorted to a less fatal, but none the less decisive, method of battling. During his term as President, a friend called upon him at the White House, who had been threatened with assault on sight by a man who had a grudge against him. According to an account by Colonel Amos Gibson of the U.S.A. Army, in his "Life and Times of Andrew Jackson," the President gave his visitor the following advice:

"If that fellow goes for you," said Old Hickory, "don't strike at his head. You may miss and fail to knock him down. Hit him in the stomach and spoil his wind, sir. That's the surest way to take the fight out of a man.

"When I was a young lawyer in Tennessee a big chap deliberately picked a quarrel with me on the street. He was a giant, six feet four in his socks. I knew I had no chance in a fair standup fight with him. So, sir, as he made for me, I tore the upper rail off a fence right by and let him have the point full in the stomach. Sir, that big bully doubled up and fell in a heap in the mud. I gave him no mercy, but kicked him until he yelled that he had enough.

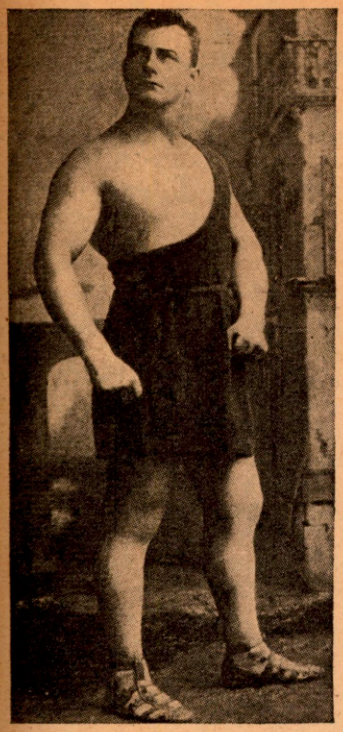
"A man who tries to practice chivalry in a street fight where the physical odds are all against him is an idiot. And I tell you, sir, if any scoundrel attempts to batter you, waste no time fooling around. Hit him in the belly, and when he goes down—keep him down!"

Thus spoke intrepid Old Hickory many years before Bob Fitzsimmons and his solar plexus punch became internationally famous. Jackson's scrapping theories did not conform to those of the Queensberry regime, but nobody can deny their solid effectiveness.

* * *

THREE of our Presidents, George Washington, Abraham Lincoln and Theodore Roosevelt, were good all-around athletes in their youth. Lincoln, lanky, tall and big-boned, and equipped with an abnormally long reach, lacked the beautifully proportioned lines that distinguished Washington's build. But, like Bob Fitzsimmons, another rather ungainly figure from a sculptor's viewpoint, Abe's unusual strength and agility made him a very dangerous proposition to tackle in any kind of a physical encounter.

Many stories are told of Lincoln's success in wrestling matches and impromptu scraps during his early manhood days, out of all of which he emerged victoriously. Around his home neighborhood



William Muldoon, who as a member of the Union Army, popularized boxing and wrestling, particularly the latter, among the soldiers.

he was looked upon as the undisputed big-shot scrapper, and made no bones about asserting his right to that honor.

His step-brother, John Johnston, became involved in a quarrel with a farmer named William Grigsby, and they decided to make a bare knuckles test of the matter. They were milling furiously, with the crowd cheering them on, when Abe made his appearance on the scene. Johnston was holding his own, until his opponent suddenly began using foul tactics and tried to gouge Johnston's eyes as they were at close grips.

At this juncture Lincoln thrust his way through the spectators, reached the struggling gladiators, caught Grigsby by the neck and heaved him out among the bystanders with as little ceremony as he would have thrown a sack of coal. Some of Grigsby's friends raised a howl of protest, but Abe stuck to his guns. Facing the crowd he roared defiantly:

"I'm backing up my bluff. If any of you fellows want to try it out, come on and whet your horns!"

There was no response to this rough adaptation of the old nursery rhyme challenge—"Dilly dilly, come and be killed!" The disgruntled ones knew Lincoln, and preferred to let the matter rest as it was.

* * *

NAT FLEISCHER, Editor of The Ring Magazine, in his book on the wrestling art, "From Milo to Londos," a history of wrestling from the days of the Pharaohs to the present, writes as follows regarding Old Abe:

"Strange as it may seem, the fact is that to Abraham Lincoln must go the credit for popularizing wrestling among the soldiers. Lincoln was a wrestler of no mean ability. He not only imparted his knowledge of the sport to others, but did considerable grappling himself.

"Few people ever think of Lincoln as a military man except in term of association with the Army of the North as its Commander-in-Chief, yet Lincoln was a brave, good soldier in his youth. In the Black Hawk uprising, after General Gaines, commander of the American forces, found that he could not check the rampage of the famous leader of the Sacs, he called upon Governor Reynolds of Illinois for aid. The Governor seconded the efforts of General Gaines with a call for volunteers, and among the first to offer their services to fight the Indians was Abraham Lincoln.

"The bulk of the Illinois volunteers came from New Salem, Menard County, and Clary's Grove, Lincoln's home, and because of his fearlessness the Grove boys insisted that Abe accept the post of captain. It was an office to which he did not aspire, and for which he felt he had no special fitness, yet he accepted because of the urging of his comrades.

"Being a hardy, outdoor enthusiast, Lincoln immediately put into effect plans for the recreation of his men during the idle periods, and included in his plans was a series of wrestling and boxing matches. The Clary's Grove lads were fully aware of Abe's prowess as an all-around athlete, hence his suggestion met with popular approval, as the boys expected he would join with them in competition, and in that they were not disappointed.

"Lincoln was most popular because of his hardiness and his strength, and as wrestling was his hobby, the sport became an everyday amusement in his regiment. Abe engaged in several bouts, and came within reach of the regimental championship, but failed to win it because he had one superior. Lincoln tossed seven men before he met defeat at the hands of Hank Thompson, a big burly fellow who won, not because of superior skill, but because of superior muscular power.

"Lincoln and Zachary Taylor were members of the same regiment. After their enlistment term had expired and Black Hawk again threatened the whites, a second call for volunteers was made, and both Lincoln and Taylor again enlisted, but this time only as privates. And it is significant to note that the two simplest, homeliest, and truest men in the regiment were these lads, both of whom later became President of the United States.

"It is also noteworthy that to Lincoln went most of the credit for the fine discipline of the men, due primarily to his entertainment with sports events, in which he was a master."

* * *

LINCOLN'S abnormal reach and stature, to which reference has already been made, stood him in good stead on one occasion when a call to hostilities involved something more serious than wrestling holds or the buffets of fisticuffs. A couple of years before he became a Presidential candidate, Abe was challenged to a duel by a gentleman with whom he had engaged in a bitter political debate.

Unlike Andrew Jackson, Lincoln did not believe in duelling as a suitable practice for settling arguments. Essentially, he was a man of peace. But at that time no man of any standing in a community could afford to refuse to conform to the demands of the code of honor, and the rising politician had no alternative but to take the test of combat.

But here Lincoln's well developed sense of humor and keen intelligence came into play. As the challenged party, his was the right to choose the weapons to fight with. And Abe selected cavalry sabres. The challenger was short and fat. Abe was over six feet, two inches tall. When the prospective combatants appeared on the battle ground, Abe's second handed him the long, gleaming sabre.

Lincoln, apparently with the idea of limbering up, swung the shining blade in circles around his head. Close by was a big tree, and Abe, with a single, swooping cut, severed a thick bough high up on the trunk. The bough crashed to the ground, and Lincoln stood contemplating it with a pleased grin.

Far different were the feelings of the diminutive, out-ranged challenger, who then and there refused to become the target for such unhealthy carving tactics. He tendered an apology, stating frankly that he might as well commit suicide off-hand as take a chance against an antagonist who could "murder him at his leisure," and the affair consequently terminated with no bloodshed.

* * *

BOTH the past and present furnish ample evidence of the never-fading interest shown by soldiers in affairs of the ring. During Wellington's Peninsular campaign against the French, when the British army occupied the heights of Torres Vedras in Portugal, there was no lack of pugilistic talent in the English ranks. Most of the British officers were enthusiastic patrons of the "Fancy," and amused themselves by promoting boxing matches among the privates, many of whom were professional ringsters.

The Commander-in-Chief himself did not patronize these affairs, Wellington's favorite sport was fox-hunting, but neither did he interfere with them. But during the winter of 1810, as he sat at mess with the members of his staff, their conversation was momentarily drowned in a veritable tempest of wild cheering by the soldiers. An aide had arrived from England with dispatches, and incidentally brought the anxiously awaited news of the result of the bare knuckle battle for the heavyweight title between Tom Cribb, champion of England, and Molineaux, the American colored fighter. Cribb had won in forty rounds.

The Iron Duke smiled, albeit a trifle ironically, when he heard the tidings.

(Continued on page 43)

IN the Big PARADE

Boxing World Hails Steve Hamas, Johnny Risko and Tom Heeney, Former Heavyweight Aces, Now Members of Our Armed Forces

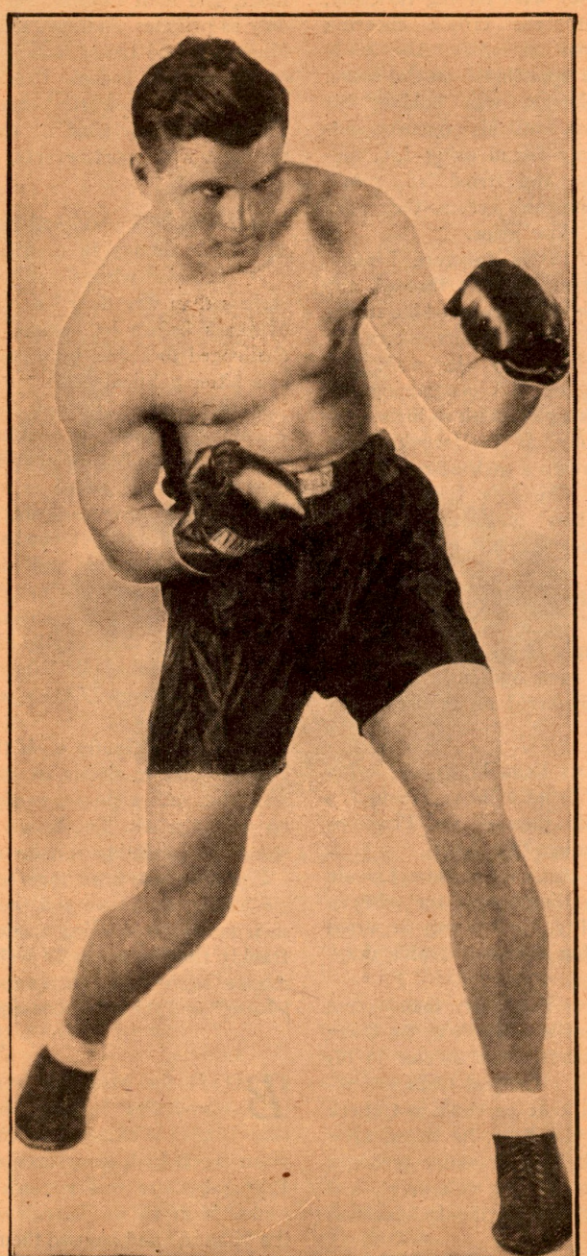
By TED CARROLL

BOXING WORLD HAILS HAMAS

NOT in a long time has the world of boxing been gladdened as it was by the joyous tidings that Steve Hamas one-time leading contender for the world's heavyweight title has been commissioned a lieutenant in the U. S. Air Corps. The holding of a lieutenancy in the air service is sufficient honor in itself but the circumstances surrounding the career of Steve Hamas make his achievement one long to be remembered.

At one time, and not too long ago, Hamas was a subject of much concern to all interested in fights and fighting men. He had suffered injuries in his second fight with Max Schmeling in Hamburg, Germany, in 1935 which had left him in a serious condition. Short of his best fighting form in this bout Hamas had absorbed a fearful drubbing before being stopped in the ninth round. Immediately after the fight he lapsed into a sort of coma and for some time was unable to grope his way out of a kind of mental fog which seemed to envelop his mind.

Upon returning to America, the late Joe Jacobs in discussing Hamas' case, informed the press, "When I went up to see Steve in his hotel room after the fight he was in bed, although he was sitting up. When I tried to talk to him he seemed kind of drowsy like and when he talked he sort of mumbled."



Steve Hamas, former Penn State four letter man, who is a lieutenant in the U. S. Air Force.

In the second Schmeling fight Hamas, like so many other fighters, had been too game for his own good. Outclassed by the man he had handily beaten in America a year previous he refused to quit and took dreadful punishment from the pounding fists of the well-conditioned Teuton. During the fight, incidentally, the European crowd expressed amazement at the willingness of Hamas' manager, old Charley Harvey, to allow his man to continue although so terribly beaten. The German crowd did not understand that in America, unlike Europe, it is the custom for a boxer to keep fighting as long as he can stand unless the referee intervenes. In Europe a boxer is expected to call it an evening when his chances of winning no longer exist, or his manager is supposed to call a halt himself. This can be done without the fighter losing any prestige or being branded a quitter, as would be the case in America. Europeans regard such action on the part of boxer or manager as showing common sense rather than lack of courage.

Therefore the Germans were dumbfounded as Hamas continued to be badly beaten round after round, and the European press commented bitterly on the uselessness of such a proceeding after a man was so clearly outclassed.

Some years later, Billy McCarney, wise to the ways of the Europeans, lost little time in putting a stop to the Schmeling-Dudas fight when it became evident that Dudas was out of his class and was hailed as a hero and humanitarian in the European press for weeks afterwards.

Hamas had no such luck. Returning to America, his condition took a dire turn and for a time his life was in jeopardy, as he was confined to bed for a period of almost a year. Of course, Steve never fought after that. Eventually recovering, he began a long, slow climb back to health which has culminated in his passing the difficult mental and physical tests required of an officer in the Air Corps.

Steve Hamas was one of the greatest athletes of recent times. A college man, graduate of Penn State, he was a Merriwell in athletic performance while at the Eastern institution from 1925 to 1929. A football player of All-Eastern calibre, he also excelled at baseball, basketball, boxing and track and field during his varsity days. Born in Passaic, N. J., he came of a family of athletes. His brother Mike had been one of the country's great basketball players and a member of the famed Passaic High School Wonder fives that electrified the basketball world back in the early twenties.

Becoming interested in boxing at Penn State, Steve, under the tutelage of Leo Houck, long time boxing mentor at the college, developed rapidly, showing unmistakeable signs of greatness as a pugilist. He lost one bout as a collegian to a giant New York University footballer, Galahad Grant, but thereafter was invincible.

Deciding to follow a career in professional boxing after his graduation from Penn State, he placed himself under the management of Charley Harvey and oddly enough, found his first pro

foes even easier marks than his college rivals. He quickly became the sensation of the heavyweight prospects. He knocked out his first twenty-five rivals in SUCCESSION! The first man to last the limit of eight rounds with him was tough Hans Birkie on November 27, 1931.

He had launched his pro career in 1930, and just two years later he was hailed as a Dempsey in the making when he knocked out Tommy Loughran in two rounds in the Garden. In this fight Hamas looked the part of the greatest big fellow since the old Manassa Mauler. He swept through Loughran's consummate defense like a prairie fire sweeps through the sage brush of an arid Western plain. Loughran's vaunted skill availed him nothing before the avalanche of gloves that rained upon him. Sports writers dubbed him Hurricane Steve, and he was all of that as he floored Loughran again and again, finally stopping the Philly Phantom in the second stanza.

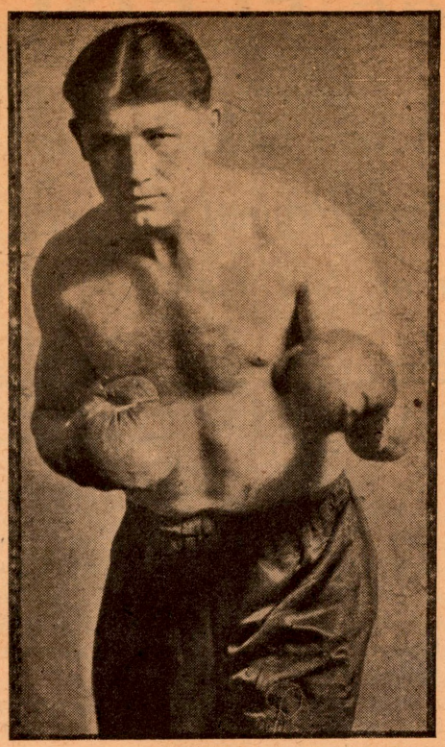
This was one of the two high spots of Hamas' career. The other was to come two years later, in 1934, when he was to hand Max Schmeling as thorough a trouncing as Der Maxie ever got. The socking sage, Dan Morgan, still waxes rabidly enthusiastic over the Hamas of the first Schmeling fight. Declares Dan:

"I say that Hamas gave Schmeling a worse licking than Louis did in the second Louis-Schmeling fight. If that sounds funny, let me explain. Louis got it over quick, but for the first nine rounds Hamas handed Schmeling as bad a licking as I ever saw anybody take. He busted the Dutchman up, dazed him, beat his body and then switched to his head and had him staggering all over the ring for the whole fight. Hamas that night in Philadelphia was a clever, aggressive fighter, who might have beaten any man that ever lived. He fought in a crouch, Schmeling stood straight up, and the Dutchman seemed all at sea as Steve pounded his belly and punched him all over the joint from start to finish. While the German waited and waited, Steve kept working, and did he go to work on that fellow that night!

"Those long layoffs hurt Hamas. He took off too much time between fights. He was a really great college fighter though, while he had it; the only college guy who could be compared with him was Bob Pastor. He was one college guy who could fight. When lots of those college guys got in there with a real tough one and got a good punch on the nose, they were looking to run out of the ring and phone Mama and say they'd be right home. But not that Hamas, he was all right. You can take my word for it, he'd 'a' been champion but for those layoffs between fights," concluded Morgan.

Examination of Steve Hamas' record discloses that there is much to Mr. Morgan's contention regarding Steve's layoffs. For instance, in 1934, he boxed Schmeling on February 13 and did not box again until October 5, eight months later! Then almost six months elapsed before he traveled overseas to engage Max Schmeling again in that near-tragic second setto on March 10, 1935. At the outset of his career he was one of the busiest of the big fellows, but when he once attained high ranking, his matches were widely spaced.

The Schmeling triumph established Hamas as the outstanding challenger for the title held at the time by Max Baer, and it seemed that the signing of articles for a championship match between Baer and Hamas would be a mere formality, so definitely did the ex-collegian seem to have clinched the top contender's spot. However, some sort of a hitch developed between Manager Charley Harvey and the then Garden boss, Jimmy Johnston. Fancying himself the victim of some sort of runaround, Mr. Harvey left the Garden office in a huff one day, and shortly after the sport world was amazed to learn that Hamas would meet Max Schmeling in a return bout in Hamburg, Germany. The American was to receive a $25,000 guarantee. Already set as the No. 1 contender, the advisability of risking so enviable a spot against a dangerous foe in a foreign land was questioned by many, but Hamas and Harvey went through with it, and the rest is history.



Baker Boy Johnny Risko, boxing's Rubber Man, now in the Army.

During his wearisome drive back to normalcy, Hamas reached the stage where he was able to officiate in boxing contests, and received an appointment as a ring official from the New York State Commission. This move apparently hastened his recovery. A family man with a charming wife and two fine looking children, Hamas' enlistment in the service occasioned considerable surprise. That he was able to pass the rigid requirements of the Air Corps was a source of pleasure to many who had previously been much concerned over his physical condition. His complete recovery, as shown by his gaining his commission, is something to be happy about, and fight fans and followers throughout the world will rejoice over Steve's return to mental and physical health, most desired possessions anyone could hope for.

* * *

RISKO IN THE ARMY

THE Baker Boy to the wars has gone. No longer a boy, but still young, vigorous, and powerful enough to serve in his country's forces, Cleveland's Rubber Man of the Ring, Johnny Risko, was inducted into the Army last month. Now 39 years of age, rubbery John fought his last fight of any note against Tony Musto in Miami two years ago, a performance that closed the curtain on a ring career that began back in 1924. For ten years the blubbery Baker Boy was the trial horse of the heavyweight division. In his day, no heavyweight could be considered as having "arrived" until he tangled with the Clevelander.

In his ring career Johnny missed boxing nobody among the ring elite of the period. The boxing world became Risko conscious for the first time when conflicting reports came out of Cleveland detailing his battle with Gene Tunney on November 18, 1925. Somehow the legend got around that Risko, then little more than an untried novice, had sat Gene on his panties and otherwise made things decidedly uncomfortable for the fast-rising Tunney. Various versions of the Risko-Tunney battle are still in circulation, but it has become fairly well established that the calculating Tunney kept the wild-swinging dough-mixer under careful control and that Risko's efforts, while persistent and pugnacious, did not harry the champion-to-be to any great extent.

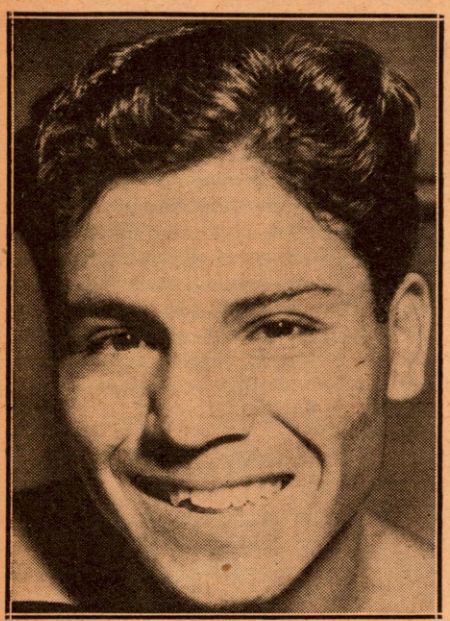
At any rate, the tale of the spurious knockdown raised Risko's stock considerably, and attention began to be directed to his efforts. Tunney hadn't been the first opponent of quality the Clevelander had been in there with even at that early date in his career. He had already engaged Jack Sharkey, Young Stribling, Jack Renault, crafty mittmen all, in bouts which had taught him plenty.

Risko's early days of 1924 and 1925 set the pattern for his entire ring history. Get 'em tough and the tougher the better. He barred no one. In those days a couple of great light-heavyweights, Jack Delaney and Paul Berlenbach, were all the rage. They were belting over big fellows with monotonous regularity. On the wave of reports of the Tunney fight, Risko rode into New York and got a match with Delaney. Delaney, a scientific one-punch kayo expert, had his hands full with the lumbering, unorthodox baker. He had to be satisfied with eking out a close decision over his rugged foe, when the two met in the Garden early in 1926.

John did well enough against the French-Canadian to warrant a match with the other sensation. *(Continued on page 46)*

Nat FLEISCHER says:

Lou Salica Champion in Alice's Wonderland; Myer Proved Longevity of Old Fighters Saga of Jim Corbett's Victory Over John L.



Manuel Ortiz, world bantam champion—except in New York.

NOT so long ago Lou Salica, then holder of the bantamweight title, lost to Manuel Ortiz in California, in a 12-round encounter. Ortiz was sure he could beat the faded Lou and guaranteed him $6000, which Salica received before he went into the ring. Manuel got peanuts.

There was no question about the verdict. There likewise was no question about the contest being a championship affair. The fighters signed for such a bout, Salica accepted the terms and money and the affair was sanctioned by the California State Commission.

There was no question about the conditions of the match. Salica signed to defend his title and he weighed in below the bantam limit. He lost the bout and his championship.

Yes, Chumley, he lost the title. But—NOT IN NEW YORK.

The New York Commission, headed by Gen. Phelan, amazed the boxing world by announcing that since the California encounter was at 12 rounds, and not the New York championship distance of 15, Salica still was the champion.

Not only that. The New York Commission went further and declared that the Salica-Benny Goldberg match in Detroit was for the world crown.

Decisions of this sort make the New York Commission's authority utterly nil outside of the state of New York. It is okay for the New York Commission to insist that all title fights within its territory be at the 15-rounds distance. But it is silly to say that anything which happens elsewhere, under rules which state and local commissions believe best suited to their particular conditions, is not to be regarded as valid.

However, this decision and other like verdicts of the Master Minds of the New York body may be laid to the psychology of the war. How else can you account for them, Chumley?

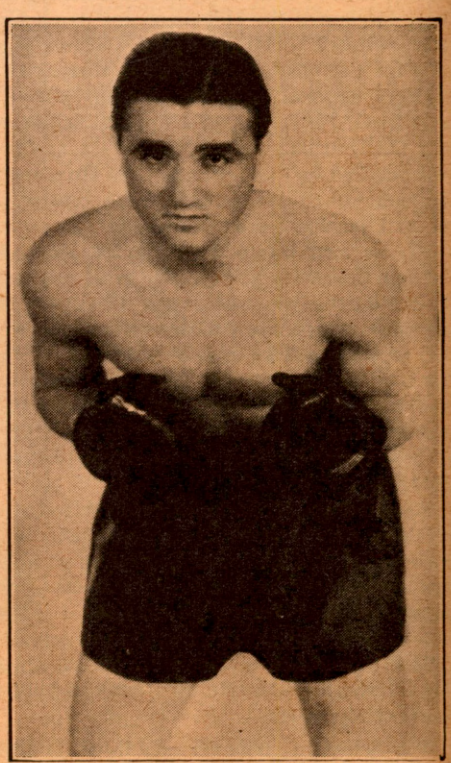
Some time ago New York and the National Boxing Association shook hands and agreed to abandon dual championships by a working agreement that enabled them, through the process of elimination, to have one pugilist head a division. Now this agreement is tossed into the ash can and a lad who not only fought for mere expenses because of the confidence he had in himself, but gained the decision over the bantam king in a fair-and-square shooting title match, is refused recognition as champion in the Empire State, the world center of boxing! That isn't fair.

A most amazing decision, indeed! The New York Commission, composed of men who have been identified with the sport for many years, should by this time realize that its jurisdiction rests wholly within its own domain and that other states have equal rights with New York in the conduct of boxing as prescribed by law. If a state's law has a ten-round limit to scheduled bouts, a contest staged in which a title holder agrees to defend his crown is just as legal in such a state as it would be if held in New York under our fifteen-rounds limit. New York's decision on Ortiz is highly ridiculous.

Our world champion is Manuel Ortiz. When this war is over, he'll receive a RING Belt, emblematic of the honors he now has. If Lou Salica were the sport I've always considered him to be, he would come forth and proclaim to the world that he lost his crown legitimately according to the rules of boxing and would refuse to accept the recognition New York's Commission has thrust upon him. He should openly declare that when he accepted the huge guarantee for defending his crown, and signed to meet Ortiz within the bantamweight limit in a championship fight, he did so with the full knowledge that his crown was at stake.

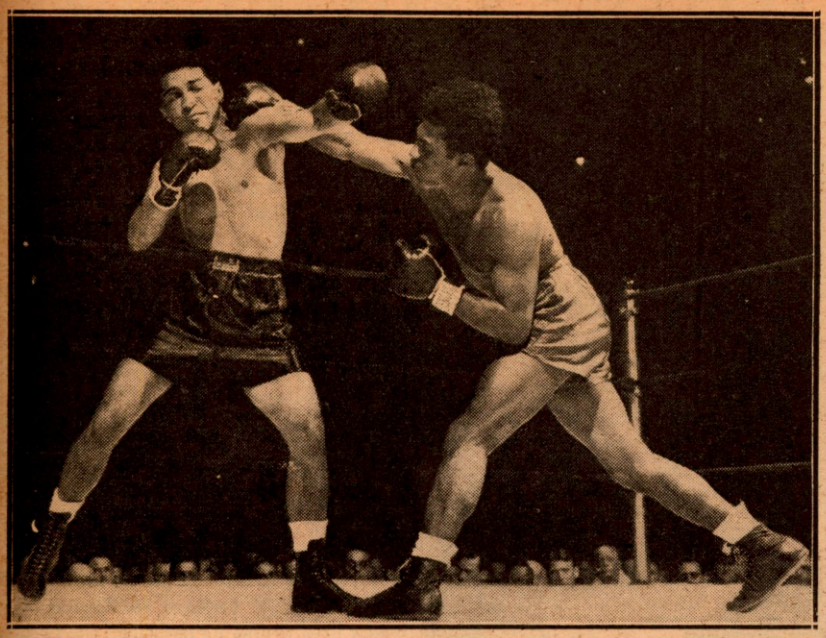
* * *

IN Australia, as in America and in England, the cream of the professional fighting talent is serving with the colors. But that does not prevent some of the best of the fighters from competing now and then and helping to keep up the morale by means of sports entertainment.



Lou Salica, "champion"—in New York.

One of the most active of the Australian fighters is the junior welterweight champion, Vic Patrick, a lad who scales between 138 and 142 pounds and who, like Lulu Costantino, Ray Robinson, Willie Pep and several other Eastern battlers of this country, has been rolling up a fine record. Vic at this writing has won 36 contests. He is a southpaw with a kick like a mule, but lacks cleverness. He is purely a fighter, of the slugger type, rugged as they come and hard as nails. When trapped, he is vicious. He seldom tires and because of his fighting qualities,



Cleo Shans of California lands a right to the neck of Maxie Shapiro in their Garden mill. The bout, which ended with Shans winning a disputed decision in a very close fight on the all-star card, was the best and most thrilling attraction.

has become a hot favorite Down Under. Several letters received by THE RING Editor from American soldiers serving in Australia, praise Patrick to the skies.

He is by far the best welterweight prospect in Australia, but until the war is over and Vic changes his soldier's uniform for civilian clothes, there won't be any chance of finding out how good he is by pitting him against our best lads. Vic's people are owners of large oyster beds, and it is Vic's boast that he has gained his strength and ruggedness by training on oysters. Hockey Bennell is the welter champ of Australia but Patrick's record is a far better one.

* * *

ASK the man in the street, "Which school of professional athletes dies youngest?" and, 10 to 1, he will reply, "The boxer."

But a survey shows that this is not so. The professional pugilist very often demonstrates an amazing tenacity for life, a remarkable longevity. He was raised in a school which taught him to take it, and once retired from the ring, everything is just soft by comparison.

Take the case of Billy Myer, the old Streator Cyclone, a great lightweight in his time. Billy died recently at the ripe old age of 82.

You see, Myer had lived a clean life. After his ring days had passed, he gravitated into a study of soils and grass and the like, and became the superintendent of the Saratoga race track.

Except in those cases where loose and careless living has been combined with a pugilistic career the average boxer lives longer than the average man according to the record. Jake Kilrain, another old time hero of the bare knuckle era, reached his 79th year, and just a few months ago Buffalo Jack Ryan, another ring warrior of the nineteenth century, attained the ripe old age of 90 before taking the count from the Grim Reaper. Dan Creedon, crack Australian middleweight of the Gay Nineties, passed away in July of this year at the age of 74 and Harry Gilmore, famed lightweight, died on September 10 at the ripe age of 88.

Considering the rigors of the old time ring game the longevity of these veterans is something to marvel at. The training and conditioning processes boxers undergo in their youthful days stand them in good stead later on in life, if they can resist Wine, Women and Song.

The Myer, Gilmore and Kilrain cases seem to preach a sermon to quite a few of the boys.

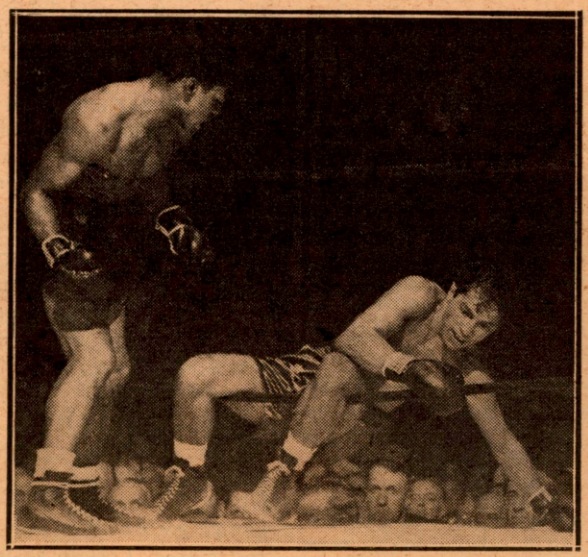
* * *

RECENT fights in Madison Square Garden prove that even with the big shots of boxing in the service and unable, except now and then, to get sufficient time off to enable them to take part in professional bouts, boxing can be carried on for the duration. Naturally the gates are smaller, but in most cases, especially in New York, California, New Orleans, Philadelphia, Chicago and Cleveland, the high spots in fisticuffs right now, the competition throughout the summer was keen and the returns far better than had been expected.

In New York, boxing paid during the outdoor season. Even the Garden where Mike Jacobs decided to operate when he found his hands tied so far as big outdoor shows were concerned, found the going pretty good with ordinary fighters, in most cases, appearing as the headliners.

All of which proves that there is still plenty of good club talent available in the big cities and a combination of these lads with veterans in deferred classifications and boys still waiting to be called to the colors will furnish the cards for the fall and winter sessions. While before the Pearl Harbor attack a majority of the promoters in the East paid little attention to the fighters in the flyweight, bantamweight and featherweight classes, now these lads are the nation's headliners in most shows.

Mike Jacobs, who for many years has paid no attention to the champs in the lower brackets, is now angling for the appearance of Manuel Ortiz, world bantam king. He also is paying attention to fighters like Chalky Wright, feather champ, and other top-notchers in these classes—Cleo Shans, Maxie Shapiro, Beau Jack, Jimmy Edgar, Lulu Costantino, among others. Action is what the fight fan wants to see and he is willing to pay, whether he gets such action from the big or the small boys. In the boxing game today, the old adage, "Beggars can't be choosers," has been brought to the front. Promoters are no longer choosey. They take what they can get and make the best of it.



In their return engagement, which Shans also won, Shapiro is here shown tumbling through the ropes after a flurry of blows landed. Shans and Shapiro are among the fighters in the smaller divisions who are making it possible for promoters to carry on during the war without financial losses.

* * *

WHILE THE RING seldom takes cognizance of a claim of unfairness raised by a manager when a decision is rendered against his boy, it must take sides with Lee Savold in his defeat at the hands of Tony Musto, at a time when Lee was getting back into stride as a heavyweight contender. Though his showing was not the best of his career, he had a fairly good margin on Musto in their ten-rounds mill in Washington.

Referee Eddie Lafond thought so, and so did the majority of the 7000 spectators, but the judges saw it otherwise and Savold's climb was temporarily halted.

WHEN Ray Robinson handed Cowboy Ruben Shank a nifty shellacking and knocked him out in the second round of their bout in Madison Square Garden, he proved that stylists make little difference to him. Eventually Ray crashes his iron fists to the danger spot and it's all over with another kayo victim added to his list.

As fine an expert as Nate Lewis, Chicago fight manager, goes on record with the statement that the Harlem Negro is one of the best welters he has seen in forty years, and that's saying a lot, coming from the Bald Eagle of Chicago.

Robinson has been tested against all kinds of fighters—set-ups and good 'uns—and has come through with flying colors. There isn't a pugilist in the field today who is Ray's equal as a welter. Whether he'll be able to keep up his winning streak after he is inducted into the Army shortly remains to be seen. Army life is different from the kind Ray has been leading, and as in the case of other famous ringmen who are in the service, Ray will find that Army discipline and routine take much out of an athlete.

* * *

NEW YORK and New Jersey boxing fans gave a royal send-off to Freddie "Red" Cochrane on his last appearance in a pro ring in this country until the war is over. The world welterweight king, who, two days after his overweight bout with Fritzie Zivic, reported for shipment to Pearl Harbor to join Ken Overlin, deserved all the plaudits he received. His contest with Zivic was secondary with the fans. They came to see it because they wanted to cheer the lad who became the first world champion to enlist in the service of his country. That he lost, meant little.

With thousands of dollars at stake, Freddie decided that his time belonged first to Uncle Sam, and for this he was widely condemned by many along Jacobs' Beach, who sneeringly remarked that he did so only to avoid a championship bout with Ray Robinson. But those who knew the little Jersey redhead fought his battles publicly until the plan which originated in New York City to crown a war-time champion in Robinson to replace the man who was in the Navy fell by the wayside.

The Ring Editor is proud of the part he played in protecting the interests of a ring champion in uniform. Whether Cochrane measures up to the standard of past title holders in his class makes little difference. He is the world champion and will retain that rating by The Ring until such time as he is able to face an opponent at the weight either during the war or when it is over, and lose to him in the ring.

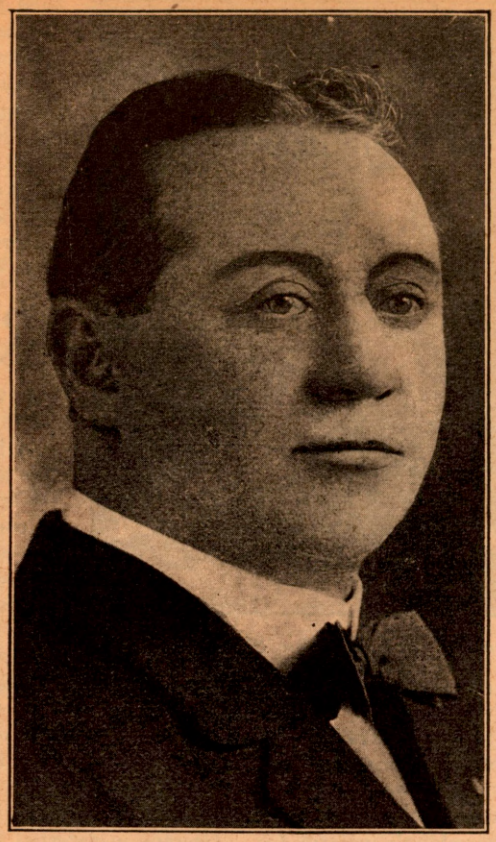
* * *

THE two outstanding fights of recent months in England, where every fighter of note is in the armed forces, were those in which little fellows competed. In one bout, Peter Kane, who has reduced himself to a flyweight, knocked out Joe Curran of Liverpool, and in the other, a slashing affair, Flyweight Champion Jackie Paterson defeated Phil Milligan. Kane scaled 111½ pounds for his bout.

Writing about Paterson's victory, Norman Hurst, one of England's best boxing writers, says:

"I think that Paterson is a great champion and will be compared favorably with Jimmy Wilde. While he beat Milligan comfortably, he had to fight every inch of the way to do so."

In a message to The Ring, Paterson said that he hopes some day to prove his worth to Americans.



Jack Skelly, lone survivor of the three nights' New Orleans carnival which wound up with "Gentleman Jim" Corbett winning the world heavyweight title. Skelly was knocked out by George Dixon in the eighth round.

IN another part of this issue of The Ring you will find a story of the fight in which Jim Corbett took the heavyweight title from John L. Sullivan at New Orleans fifty years ago. You will find the story of the implications and repercussions of this contest, which had a tremendous bearing on boxing the world over.

With this anniversary, with the completion of a movie about Corbett, with the appearance of a new book on Sullivan's life, it is interesting to go back to the story of the twenty-one rounds at New Orleans.

Not in years has the detailed account of that fight been printed anywhere and it is a pleasure to roll back the years and bring to light again the punch-by-punch yarn of the rise of "Gentleman Jim" Corbett.

The Cincinnati *Inquirer* sent a staff man to New Orleans to do the fight, and here is how he described the twenty-one rounds:

First Round

At 9:07 the giants shook hands. Sullivan led with his left and missed. Corbett stopped another left. Sullivan swung hard with his right and missed again. Corbett danced around in a tantalizing manner. There were hisses from the crowd. Sullivan rushed Jim to the ropes, but did not land. Up to this time Corbett had not led and was hissed roundly for not doing so. Sullivan rushed, swung his right, but fell short. Sullivan's lips were clinched together, and he looked savage. Corbett was all smiles; not a single blow reached him. Although John rushed him no less than five times and led with left and right half a dozen times, he did not touch the Californian. Corbett did not attempt to lead.

Second Round

Sullivan was angry and Corbett smiling. Sullivan tried to get to him but fell short. Again he tried it but failed, again Sullivan landed with his left open hand on Corbett's face very lightly. Finally Sullivan rushed him to the ropes and landed lightly with his left and right, Corbett getting away by heavy ducking. Corbett got back with the left on his stomach, his first lead in the fight. They kept fiddling and Corbett kept dancing around. Sullivan attempted no more leads until nearly the close of the round, when he hit Corbett on the shoulder with his right. Just as the gong sounded Corbett pushed his left hand into Sullivan's stomach and was loudly cheered.

Third Round

Sullivan led, but by an easy duck, Corbett was out of range. Sullivan rushed; Corbett ran, but turned and stopped him. Sullivan landed on back lightly. Sullivan again got home on back with left as Corbett ran. Corbett landed twice on the stomach hard and strong, and got away without a return. Again Sullivan led and missed. Corbett again landed on stomach, followed up by another. He was loudly cheered. Sullivan rushed and touched lightly and received a soaker in the stomach. Corbett, by beautiful ducks and side steps, avoided several viciously aimed left-handers.

Fourth Round

Sullivan tried, but again it was the old thing. Corbett was out of range. Sullivan pushed forward for a rush and then stopped and as he did Corbett put his right on his face lightly. Sullivan thought he had him cornered. He feinted two or three times for territory to lead, but Corbett got away. Sullivan swung hard with his right, but it was the empty air. Corbett countered lightly on the nose, and Sullivan, rushing

(Continued on page 37)

News of Camp Crowder

By CORPORAL CHARLES LESEMANN

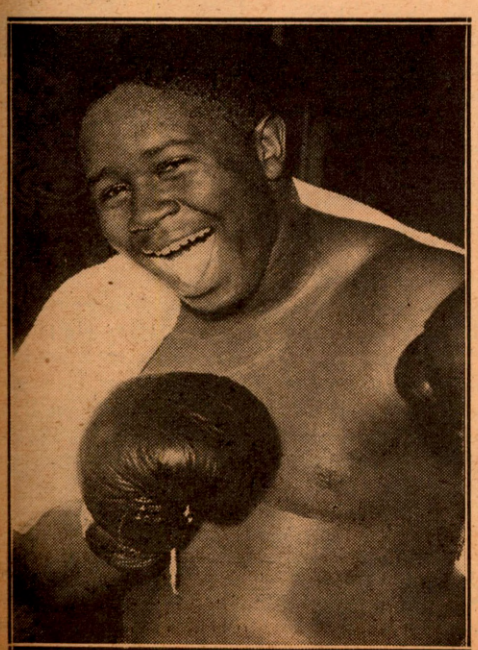
OF all of the sports incorporated as part of Camp Crowder's vast physical training program, boxing holds the highest degree of popularity, judging from the interest manifested by personnel of the Missouri signal corps station. Thousands of officers and enlisted men jammed the camp field house for a recent post boxing tournament. Four nights of fisticuffs were reeled off, and several likely looking prospects were uncovered.

First Lieutenant William F. Krickhan, Jr., athletic officer in charge, presented a twenty-five-dollar war bond to Corporal Harold Stevens, Minneapolis welterweight, who was selected as the outstanding boxer in the tournament. Trophies for champions and runners-up in all weight divisions in novice and open classes were presented by Colonel Robert A. Willard, commanding officer of the Camp Crowder Signal Corps replacement training center.

Col. Robert A. Willard is shown awarding a championship trophy to Robley Himel, novice class lightweight champion. Looking on, from left to right, are two other novice winners, Mike Yoblonski, heavy, and Cecil McGrew, welter. Holding the box of trophies at right is Cpl. Charles Lesemann, RING *correspondent, who refereed the finals.*

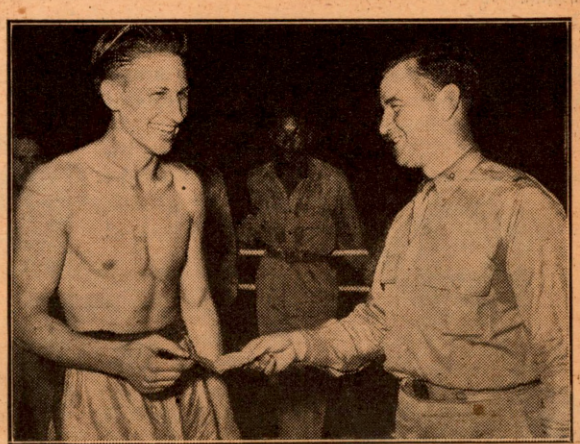
Corporal Stevens, winner of the outstanding boxer award, had to work hard to gain his prize. He and Charles (Chuck) Kasik, former Duke University mittman, clashed in the finals, and their bout was one of the best of the tournament. Stevens, a tall, rangy, light-haired youth, fired straight, sharp punches that broke up Kasik's strongest attacks.

In the second round, Kasjk staggered Stevens with a hard right to the jaw, but Stevens, boxing beautifully, covered nicely and then rallied to regain the upper hand. Stevens, who prior to his army induction fought in Golden Gloves tournaments of the Minneapolis *Star-Journal*, proved himself a cool, calculating boxer who isn't easily ruffled in the ring. He kept his wits at all times; he overlooked no clean advantage. His timing was almost perfect and though he isn't a heavy puncher, he had enough sting in his wallops to make his opponents respect him.



A wrestler? No, this is Mose Pointer, 267-pound St. Louis Golden Glover of 1939, who lost a close one to Stewart Verplank in the open heavyweight tourney at Camp Crowder. Fistic critics think highly of both winner and loser.

Corporal Stevens' victory over Kasik was his third in the tournament. He advanced to the semi-finals by whipping Joe Kroski, and in the prelude to the championship card, he came through with a knockout over Odell Chapman, Negro entrant in the open class welterweight division. Throughout the entire tournament, Stevens labored under the handicap of a painful shoulder ailment. He had to take several heat treatments, and



Cpl. Harold Stevens, former Minneapolis Golden Glover, receives $25 War Bond from Lieut. William F. Krickhan, Jr., for outstanding boxer award at Camp Crowder. Stevens is a welterweight. He won the camp's open class tourney by outpointing Charles Kasik, former Duke University battler.

when he met Kasik, he came into the ring with his shoulder taped for added relief.

Stewart Verplank, who formerly trained under Wally Hally, lightweight contender, at Fort *(Continued on page 44)*

BOXERS in the SERVICE

Larry Cisneros, ex-welterweight star, now in the U. S. Army.

JAMES P. CHRISTY

IT was farewell to the prize ring, the paint brushes and the palette for James P. Christy of Chicago, Ill., on Saturday, August 15, when he donned the silver wings of the United States Army Air Forces to become a commissioned officer as a graduate of the second class of instructor trainees here.

In civilian life, Christy was a rare combination of fighter and artist. After winning distinction as the North American champion featherweight boxer of the Catholic Youth Organization in 1934 and the Central States featherweight champion of the Amateur Athletic Union the same year, he went on to win the national featherweight crown of the Golden Gloves Tournament in 1935.

Christy then entered professional boxing and was regarded as a leading contender for the world's featherweight title after beating such men as Lew Feldman; Mike Belloise, the former champion; and Freddy Miller.

In 1936 Christy was appointed by President Roosevelt to membership on the Advisory Board of the National Youth Administration.

The young fighter managed to weave art courses into his professional boxing career. He was graduated from the Chicago Academy of Fine Arts in 1937, continued his art studies at the Art Students League in New York the same year.

In his work as a commercial artist, he drew enticing travel pictures of the Virgin Islands and Puerto Rico for steamship companies. These places now bristle with United States guns all ready for visitors of a different sort from Tokyo and Berlin.

Eddie Gannucci, who fought around Sacramento as Eddie Ganns, now in the Army.

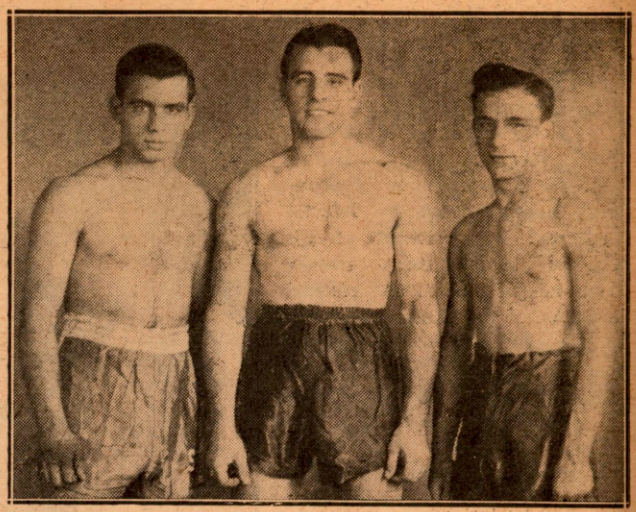
Christy took his primary flight training at the Spartan School of Aeronautics in Oklahoma; then became an instructor at the Springfield Flying Service, where he remained until he enrolled in the instructor trainee class at Randolph Field. He is one of many pro fighters in the service.

* * *

PETE MISTO

PRIVATE PETE MISTO, one of the best known amateur welterweight champions in the Middlewest is now stationed in Arizona. Since coming to the Southwest, he has had eleven winning fights, and recently decisioned welterweight professional champion Private Jim McCormick of Detroit, who is stationed at a nearby flying field. This gave Misto the service men's championship in the Valley of the Sun. It is said that McCormick has only lost three fights out of his professional career.

Private Misto is accredited with having a terrific left hook, and has won several Golden Gloves Championships in Youngstown, Ohio. He is well-known in pugilistic circles in Cleveland, Youngstown, Pittsburgh and other Midwestern cities. He is the son of Mr. and Mrs. E. Misto of Campbell, Ohio.



The Adragna Brothers of Pittsburgh, Sammy (left), in Army; Jackie (center), a corporal in Air Corps, and Mimmie, in the Fighting Marines.

* * *

JOE BLISS

THE Fourth Engineers Battalion at Camp Gordon boasts of the Fourth Division heavyweight champion in First Class Private Joe Bliss. Joe is a former Golden Gloves champion who has shown his boxing skill in many sectors, including New York City.

Joe is a likeable fellow. His comrades speak highly of him both as a soldier and as a boxer. Joe doesn't find much time to do training now other than the kind prescribed by Uncle Sam, but he keeps in boxing trim by following the sport as often as is possible during his spare time. When Joe was transferred from the 22nd Infantry recently, the camp paper had this to say about him:

"Company B of the 22nd Infantry regretfully announces the transfer of its star boxer, the heavyweight champion of the division, Private Joe Bliss, who has been shifted to the Engineers. But we still claim first honors on him and he shall always be our favorite."

Joseph A. Maruco, North Adams, Mass., lad who is in the Navy.

Frankie Scivinsky, Camp Croft fighter.

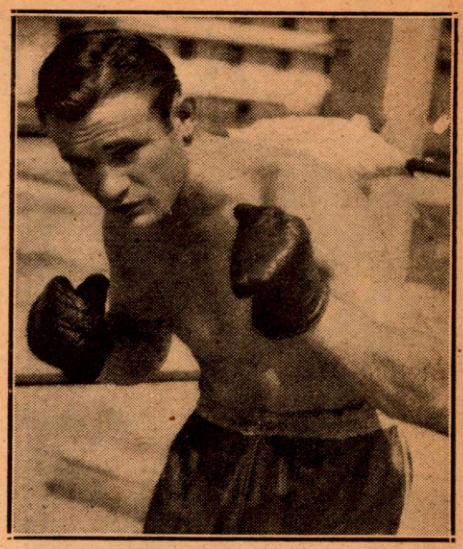
* * *

EDDIE GANNUCCI

EVER hear of Eddie Gannucci? No? Well you have heard of Eddie Ganns, at least you who come from California? Eddie Gannucci and Ganns are one and the same fellow, Gannucci is the name

James P. Christy of Chicago who has swapped gloves for Wings.

Pvt. Joe Bliss, Fourth Division Heavyweight champ.



Pete Misto, Middlewest scrapper who is in Arizona.

by which the Army knows him and Ganns is his nom-de-guerre. Eddie fought three years in the vicinity of Sacramento, California. He quit the ring last year.

Eddie is one of the army of boxers who never reached the big time, but gave all he had at the smaller clubs and had plenty of thrills out of boxing while he lasted. When he quit, he became the boxing instructor at the Sacramento Y.M.C.A., and seven months ago he enlisted. He was a welterweight. Eddie is now at Fort Ord on the Pacific Coast.

* * *

NAT LEHRER

NOT many fight managers are in the service, but the few who are rate high in the profession. One of them is Nat Lehrer, who as a pro fighter, used the name of Nat Lewis in the ring. He is a member of the 213th Coast Artillery at Fort Ontario and is manager of Herbie Kronowith, star welterweight who likewise is wearing the Coast Artillery emblem on his sleeves.

Lehrer is well liked by his comrades for whom he has put on many boxing shows.

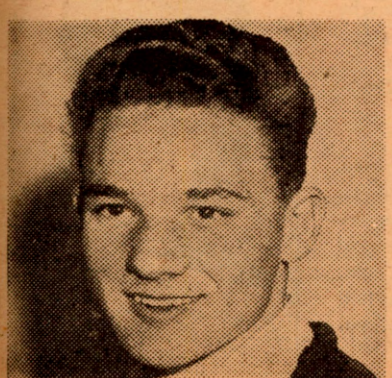
* * *

ADRAGNA BROTHERS

PENNSYLVANIA, the state from which the Zivic boys, a quintet, come, has the unique distinction of harboring more family fighters than any other state in the Union. Besides the five Zivic boys, it is the home of the two Yarosz brothers, the Conn brothers and the Adragna boys, three in number. The three Adragna lads have all joined the service as soldiers, they can be relied upon to give as fine an account of themselves as they did in the roped square. Jack and Sammy are in the Army while Mimmie, the youngest, is in the Fighting Marines. A fighting family indeed!

Corporal Jackie fought as a welterweight, Sammy as a lightweight and Mimmie as a feather. But the Japs and the Huns will soon learn that the three lads are heavyweights when it comes to exhibiting fighting qualities. Sammy is in the Coast Artillery Anti-Aircraft Unit that is now in Ireland. Jackie is in the Air Corps at Drew Field and Mimmie is completing his basic training with the Devildogs at Parris Island.

Our hats off to the Fighting Adragna family. THE RING extends its congratulations to Ma and Pa Adragna.



Bernard Bredemeier, popular Richmond, Va., boxer in the Coast Guard.

FRANKIE SCIVINSKY

"I WAS a steel worker before I joined the Army and a boxer and baseball player," writes Pvt. Frankie Scivinsky of the 36th Infantry at Camp Croft, "and because I have a lot of friends who I know will appreciate it deeply should you publish my photo, I'm requesting you to do so." Well it's in, Frankie, and I hope you and your friends get as much kick out of seeing your picture in THE RING as we of THE RING staff get in having the privilege to publish it.

Private Scivinsky comes from Follansbee, West Virginia. He is 24 years of age, and worked for twelve years as a steel worker. He has engaged in 36 bouts and according to his comrades in arms, he can both take it and dish it out.

* * *

JOSEPH A. MARUCO

NORTH ADAMS, MASS., is proud of the boys it has contributed to the armed forces and among those sent by this community, is Joseph A. Maruco who was a transformer coil winder in the General Electric Company's plant. Like many other North Adams boys, when the war broke out Joe couldn't resist. He joined the Navy and has been on duty at Norfolk since.

Maruco was a star amateur boxer before joining. He won the 160 pound championship of Virginia this year. He had intended to follow the sport more closely, but the war comes first with Joe and he is doing a swell job with the Invading Landing Force Equipment section at the Naval Operating Base.

Joe likes the Navy. He hopes, when the war is over, to get back into the boxing game just for the fun of it.

* * *

BERNARD BREDEMEIER

ONE of Richmond's most popular amateurs now in the Coast Guard, is Bernard Bredemeier, the 1941 kid sensation from Richmond, who won the Virginia featherweight championship at the age of 16. He enlisted in the United States Coast Guard and is currently stationed at the Norfolk Training Station.

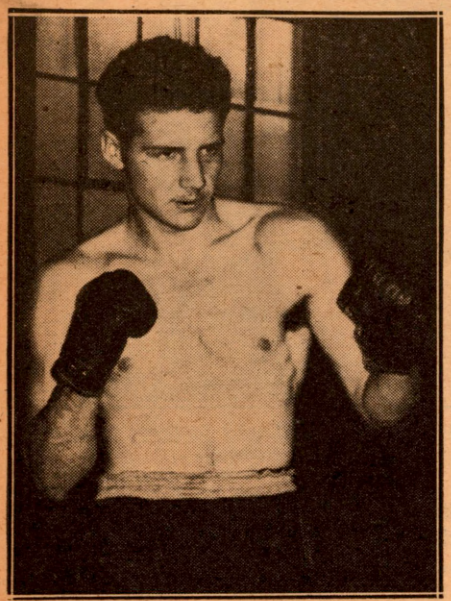
Young Bredemeier rolled over a grand total of seven State champions in 1941

(Continued on page 47)

Nat Lehrer, ex-Brooklyn fighter and manager, at Fort Ontario.

ROOKIES *of the* RING

By
HARVEY THORNE



Tony Falco, star welter prospect from Middletown, Conn.

TONY FALCO

TONY FALCO, sensational welterweight prospect, from Middletown, Conn., is now knocking on the door of top flight competition. Tony, who is now 20 years old, started boxing at the age of 15, under the tutelage of Jim Higgins, boxing manager who discovered him at the Middletown Y. M. C. A. He trained lightly for two years and at 17, Higgins, with the aid of Frankie Milano, well known Connecticut handler, launched him on his career in the amateurs. Falco boxed 67 bouts as an amateur. His record shows 62 wins, 3 draw decisions, and 2 losses. He twice boxed Jerry Moore, New York Golden Glove star, to a draw. Falco defeated Moore on three other occasions.

Tony left the amateurs in January, 1941. He boxed eight straight bouts without defeat, six of them via the kayo route. He was then forced into a temporary retirement by an appendectomy. He returned to the ring after an eight months layoff and has won 16 out of 17 starts.

His total pro record now stands with only one defeat in 24 fights and 15 kayoes scored in 23 wins. In his only defeat, Tony dropped a two point decision to the more experienced and highly thought of Billy Murray, stablemate of Melio Bettina. This was Falco's first eight rounder.

Danny Faver, likely looking Brownsville youngster.

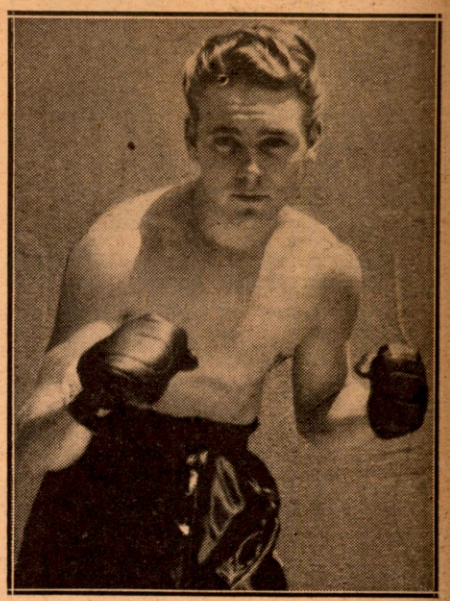
He numbers among his victims most of the better young welters of central New England, including Red Doty, Al Renick, Leo Sawicki, and Bobby Howard. He has also defeated Joe Torres; Irish Johnny Dean, Philly veteran; Lennox Dingle, Philly colored star; Al Evans, New Bedford puncher; Red Graber, of Philly; Lou Holt, White Plains; and Terry Mendez of South Norwalk.

Falco aims to follow his cousin, Willie Pep, recently crowned New England featherweight champion, and win a shot at the New England welter title. In the interim, he works as tool maker in a defense plant. The bidding of Uncle Sam to join in the fight will find him ready for the all out battle.

* * *

SLIM TERROR

PANAMA CITY and its vicinity, where Uncle Sam's fighting men are stationed in large numbers, is now the stamping grounds of many fighters from Central and South America. Most of the pugilists are among the best in their division as has been exemplified by their fine showing against top ranking men.



Walter "Baby Face" Stevens, Newark's flashy lightweight.

One of the best, is Slim Terror, a native of Honduras, where he holds the 135 pounds championship. He is being handled by Young Panama Joe Gans who has whipped the lad in such good condition that he has become a hot favorite with Uncle Sam's forces. Terror has whipped Al Torres, Battling Gomez, K.O. Romero, and Breezy Boy among others. His only defeat has been at the hands of Aquilino Allen, one of Panama's best.

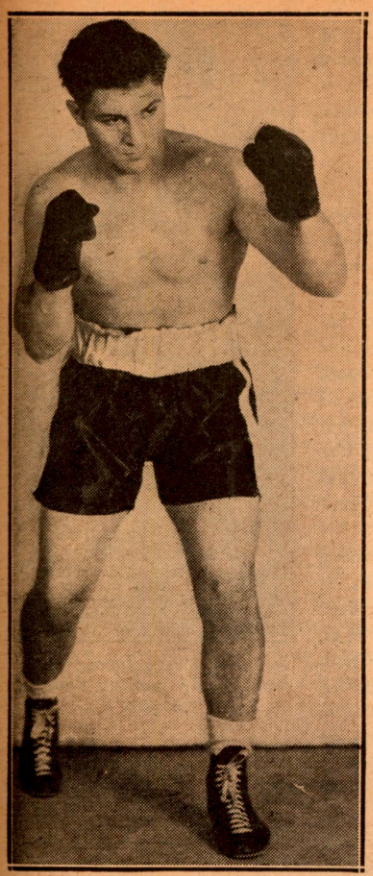
* * *

NELS BROADHEAD

CANADIAN boxing circles think well of Nels Broadhead, the Eastern bantam king who started his career as an amateur in 1939 under Bill Eustace, his mentor. Nels hitch-hiked from his dad's farm, 28 miles, to train three times a week. After one month's conditioning, he thought he was ready to start his amateur boxing and in his first bout, he beat Frankie Dillis, Toronto lightweight, handily. That gave him the necessary confidence in himself and he has done well since.

He beat Tops Telline, Northern Ontario bantam champion in six rounds; Joe Malte, Syracuse, in four; Lou Adler, Montreal, six; Eddie Petrin, Canadian bantam king, in eight via the knockout route; then in a title bout with Petrin, Nels lost the decision in ten. He has lost only one out of nine fights to date.

Eddie Wilson of Philadelphia, a good lightheavy prospect.



Charley Chaney, nephew of the great George K.O. Chaney. Charley is making fine headway in Baltimore.

LEO MATRICIANI

LEO MATRICIANI, former amateur State and Golden Gloves heavyweight champion has taken part in 24 amateur bouts and has met such outstanding boys as Teddy Wint of New York, Jimmy DeChard of Washington, James Prendible of Boston, and Lou Brooks of Wilmington. His record as an amateur is 20 victories with 4 losses. Since turning pro, Leo has had five bouts, winning the first three by K.O.'s, losing his fourth to Horace Thompson, colored champ of the U.S. Navy, and in his fifth, he reversed this defeat when he won over Horace very easily.

He is handled by Freddie Barth. Leo is only 20 years old and stands 6 feet 2 inches and weighs 195 pounds. The Maryland fans have gone for Leo in a big way. He has a fine following. This young giant seems to possess plenty of class and is a hard puncher with either hand. Leo bears watching as he is the best looking prospect that the Baltimore fans have seen in years.

* * *

DANNY FAVER

FOR a kid who's never had any boxing experience till only a few months ago—seven, to be exact—Danny Faver has been doing quite well in the ring. Full of fighting fervor, Faver has found favor in the eyes of the fight fans by his gameness, hard punching and pleasing style. Although a quiet kid outside the ring, he turns into a fierce battler once the gong sends him out to face his foe.

This is how Danny Faver became a fighter:

One afternoon, Pal Silvers, former boxer, saw Danny in a street fight and was impressed by the thorough manner in which Faver battered his foe around. Pal recommended Danny to fight manager Jack Bluman. And now Danny Faver is a fighter. His crude movements have been smoothed out by Whitey Bimstein, noted trainer of many champions, and his punching sharpened. Danny has participated in 13 bouts to date. He has won 4 decisions, scored 8 knockouts and lost one duke.

Among the boxers he's flattened are: Kenny Blackmar, Joey Taccaro, Frankie Wyatt, Willie Reynolds, Gregory Hidalgo and the tough Joe Goetz. Danny has decisioned James Cooper, Carlos Morin and two others. Faver has shown marked improvement with every ring engagement.

Born in Brownsville, Brooklyn, on May 29, 1922, Danny left Brooklyn Automotive School and went to work in a tailor shop to help support his family. Later he got a job pushing a clothes rack for the City Carriers in the garment center—where he's still employed.

Strength, courage, the lust of battle and a desire to learn everything he's taught should make this hard-punching Hebrew a real fighter before long. His stablemate, Maxie Shapiro, sometimes boxes with him in Stillman's gym and Danny is able to pick up many valuable boxing points. Shapiro says that even when Faver tries not to punch hard, the kid's blows carry the kick of a mule.

His boss, Jack Bell, is Danny's co-manager.

* * *

BOBBY GARCIA, JR.

BOB GARCIA, JR., is the son of Bob Garcia the Mexican wildcat of years ago, who at that time was considered one of the best fighters at his weight. Well the saying "Like father, like son" in this case proves true, for Bob, Jr., is now following in the footsteps of his once famous dad. Junior, for two years, has been under the watchful eye of his manager, Pete Jagodinski, better known in the fistic world as Polock Pete. He has had eight pro fights and in each, Bob has been the victor by a knockout.

He belted out Robert Taylor in one, Ray Griffin in one, Johnny Rocket in one, Henry Blackwell in five, Charlie Blum in two, Preston Drew in six, Steve Nuss in one and Henry Mills in two.

Bobby is quite a tall youngster for his weight. He stands around five feet ten and weighs one hundred and thirty-seven pounds. He possesses a good left hand and his right carries plenty of dynamite as his pro record indicates. With Pete doing his business and with Izzy Silbert training him, Bob Garcia, Jr., is on the way to great heights in the fistic world, and the Baltimore fans are with him.

* * *

EDDIE WILSON

ONE of the best light-heavyweights turned out in Middle Atlantic amateur circles in many moons, is Eddie Wilson of Philadelphia, who at 168 pounds, scales just a little beyond the middleweight division and finds it necessary to battle man in the higher bracket. Eddie as a simon-pure engaged in 70 bouts of which he won 68, and lost only two. He has rolled up a record of 45 knockouts and 23 decisions. He was the Golden Gloves Junior National Champion of the Middle Atlantic States and also won the Middle Atlantic AAU championship.

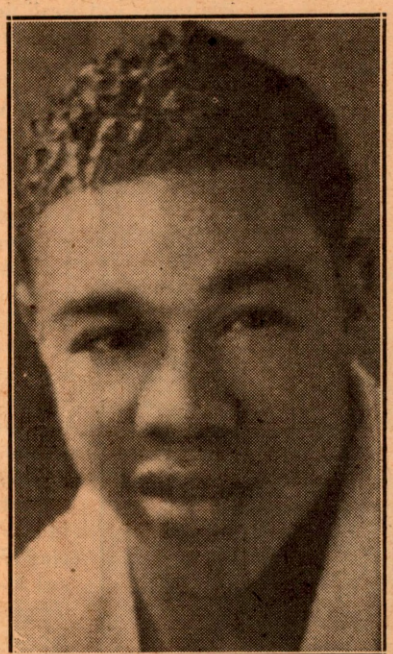
As a professional, Eddie has had up to this writing sixteen bouts and has lost only one, to Bob Jacobs. He drew in six with George Miller, Cleve Bailey and Tony Cisco and scored knockouts over Tony Mona, George Gano and Tampa Reds. He has victories over Billy Guy, Cleve Bailey, Andy Bistak, Bunky Wall, George Miller, Felix De Paolo, twice, and Flash Lightning, twice.

Slim Terror, Honduras 135-pound champion now in Panama.

* * *

FRED GOULD

IN St. Louis, there is a young fighter who is the image of Joe Louis as the Brown Bomber appeared in his youth. His name is Fred Gould and he is called



Fred Gould, St. Louis lad who looks like Joe Louis.

Nels Broadhead, Eastern Canadian bantam king.

fans the punching power of a heavyweight. Charley Chaney is the name and he weighs 155 pounds. It may be that Chaney has inherited his punching power from his famous uncle, George K.O. Chaney, the hardest hitter in the history of pugilism, according to many ring experts. In eight bouts, Chaney has scored five kayoes. He stopped Roscoe Perry, Tony Cordell, Howard Bennet, Georgie Spears and Willie Wheatley. The last named boy was hit in the belly with a smashing right hand that sent him sprawling on the ring floor with his head bouncing around like a rubber ball. Willie was out for two hours and had to be sent to a hospital for observation. In the other three bouts, Chaney made mince meat out of Howard Bennet and cut Panther Red to ribbons in two outings.

Chaney stands 5 feet 5 inches and by his mates, "Young Joe Louis." Gould is a youngster who loves fighting.

Gould has engaged in a number of bouts and has won most of them. He lives in St. Louis and says that lack of boxing in his locality makes it difficult for him to make greater headway than he has, but he hopes to pile up enough victories to cause promoters to engage him elsewhere.

* * *

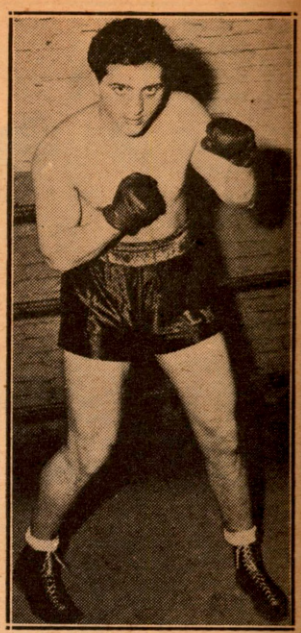
CHARLEY CHANEY

BALTIMORE, Maryland, a city that has brought out five world champions and a host of other great scrappers, is all agog over a boy who, though he has had only eight pro bouts, winning them all, is showing the has the shoulders of a 200 pound heavyweight. He moves around with the grace of a veteran. He is very hard to tag and seldom wastes any punches. Like his Uncle George, Charley is a terrific body puncher.

The promoters are having trouble getting opponents into the ring with this new thunderbolt. Charley had boxed eighteen months in the amateur ranks before Joe Poodles and Heinie Welsh decided to turn him loose among the pros. The trail of beaten hulks that Chaney has left behind him has skyrocketed him in ten weeks from a four-round preliminary boy into a semi-windup performer.

The press boys are praising Charley's prowess to the hilt. It looks like Baltimore fight fans will see another George K.O. Chaney in George's nephew Charley, who is on the brink of stardom.

Old-timers will recall the great deeds of the "Kayo" King. He was a terrific slugger. Charley fights much like him.



Leo Matriciani, former Amateur champ making good as a pro.

* * *

WALTER (BABY FACE) STEVENS

WALTER STEVENS fell into the fistic world at the age of 14. At that time Maxie Fisher, his manager, was a leading contender to the lightweight throne. Maxie used to run a training spot in his back yard for the neighborhood kids. One day Walter came over and joined the class. He took his boxing lessons very aptly, beating everyone in the class from 115 pounds to 126, himself weighing 115 pounds. After a year of careful guidance, Fisher launched Walter on his amateur career at which he banged out a record—eleven wins out of twelve starts, eight ending in knockouts. He lost only one decision.

Walter made his professional start in 1940. In two years, he has engaged in 31 bouts, winning 17 by the K.O. route, gaining 12 decisions and losing only two 8-round bouts, to Ruby Garcia and Artie Tedesco. He has beaten such boys as Earl Mintz, K.O.'d Steve Ozga, George Harper, Vince Cartabond and Frankie Franandez.

His two latest victories were six-round decisions over Harry Diduck and Pete Manchio at the Queensborough Arena. He hits hard with either hand and knows how to box.

The golden-haired Newark youngster, whose appearance is that of a cinema idol rather than that of a leather-pusher, proved immensely popular at the Long Island City fight club.

Both wins were mighty creditable ones, as the rugged Manchio and the well-conditioned Diduck are capable prelim boys with a good store of amateur and professional experience. Stevens showed much savvy in taking dukes over these two in spirited six-rounders, which had the customers in an exuberant frame of mind.

Jimmy Wilde, trainer of World's Champion Red Cochrane, trains Baby Face Stevens. Walter was born in Newark on May 7, 1923.

Bobby Garcia, Jr., son of the former Mexican Wildcat. Bobby is following in the footsteps of his famous dad.

The Ring's Honor Roll

Presenting Another List of Amateur and Professional Boxers Who Are in the Service of Their Country—Many Brothers Are Members of the Armed Forces

By JIMMY HEARNS

BROTHERS in boxing in the armed forces of Uncle Sam are no novelty. There are at present eleven such cases in the Army and Navy. Though Pennsylvania leads, Illinois is not far behind. The Sparrow family of Chicago boasts of two lads in the service, Harry and Teddy Sparrow. Harry, who is 24 years old, is in the U.S. Coast Guard and at the present time is on coastal convoy duty. He is a product of the Chicago C.Y.O. and started fighting in 1934 at the age of sixteen. He then weighed only 105 pounds and fought on up to a welterweight. He has had 190 bouts—winning 158, fighting 11 draws and losing 21. His record follows:

1934—C.Y.O. juvenile champion. Held in Chicago.

1935—C.Y.O. 112-pound runner-up. Held Chicago Stadium; lost inter-city bout, Chicago vs. New York. Held Wrigley Field, Chicago.

1935—Won inter-city bout, Chicago vs. South Bend. Held South Bend, Indiana.

1936—I.A.C. 125-pound champion. Held in Chicago; won international bout, Chicago vs. South America. Held Soldiers' Field, Chicago.

1938—C.Y.O. 135-pound runner-up. Held Chicago Stadium.

1939—I.A.C. 135-pound champion. Held in Chicago; reached quarter-finals, Chicago Golden Gloves Tournament; picked as 135-pound alternate on team to fight New York; won on International Card, Ireland vs. Chicago. Held Soldiers' Field, Chicago; C.Y.O. 147-pound runner-up. Held Chicago Stadium, Chicago.

The fighting Sparrow brothers of Chicago. Harry (left) is with the Coast Guard and Teddy is in the Navy.

1940—Lost to Saveo Canadeo, finals, Chicago Golden Gloves Tournament. Picked as 147-pound alternate on team to fight New York; won on International Card, Hawaii vs. Chicago. Held Soldiers' Field, Chicago.

1940—C.Y.O. 147-pound champion. Held Coliseum, Chicago.

1941—Won inter-city bout, Chicago vs. Butte, Montana. Held Butte, Montana.

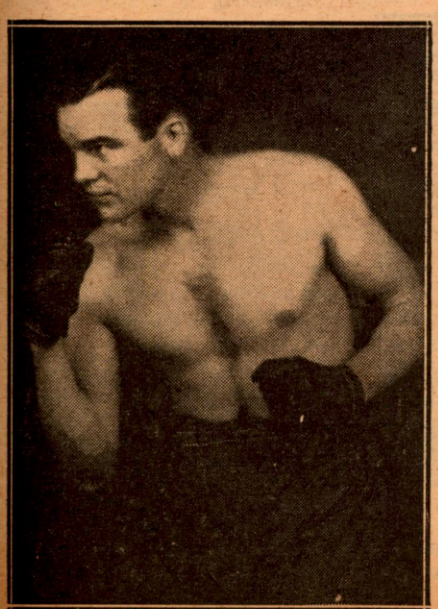
The younger boy, Teddy, 20 years old, had 53 fights before enlisting in the U.S. Navy, winning 44 and losing 9. He started as a flyweight and fought on up to lightweight, which is his present weight. He was lightweight champion of the Great Lakes Naval Training Station while in training there and now is the Navy Pier lightweight champion, where he is attending the Naval Aeronautics School, in Chicago. Teddy is also a C.Y.O. boy.

Both boys became interested in boxing through their older brother, Eddie, a former amateur and professional boxer. Eddie, now retired with a wife and son, intends to join the U.S. Marines as soon as his home and business is straightened out.

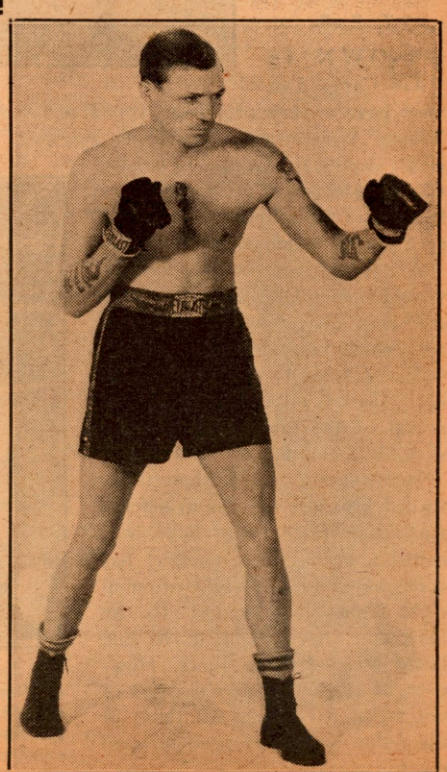
* * *

WASHINGTON, D. C.'s favorite son, Phil Furr, is now answering the call of a bugle instead of the clang of the gong. The well-knit Capital City veteran is in the U.S. Army. A span of more than a decade takes in the career of Furr, during which time he engaged everybody of note in his division, from the great little Henry Armstrong down to lesser worthies of the roped square.

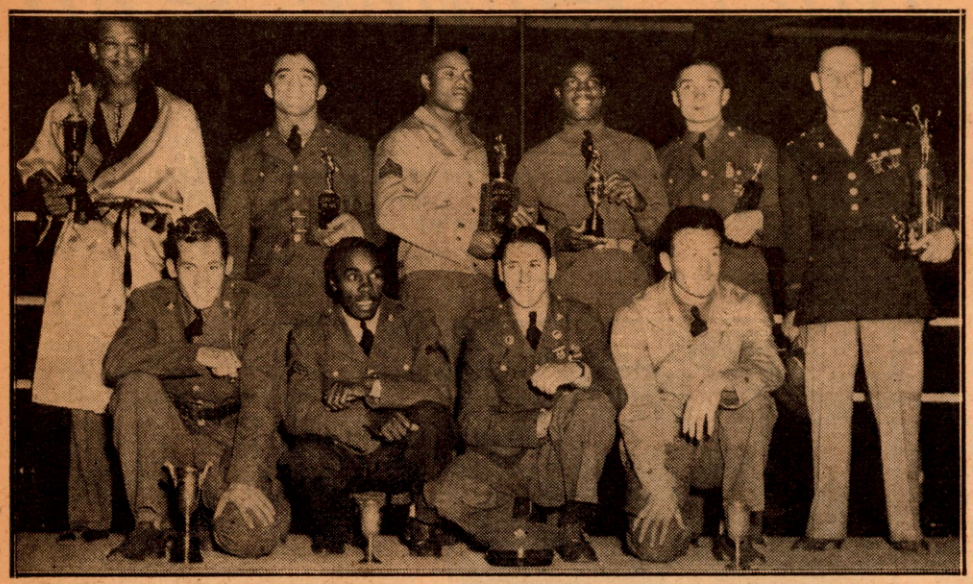
The saga of his record when unfolded reveals a good share of defeats, occasional interpolations of brilliance and a flock of good showings all over the East. He was a good tactician in the ring, but his main stock in trade was a right-hand blast which



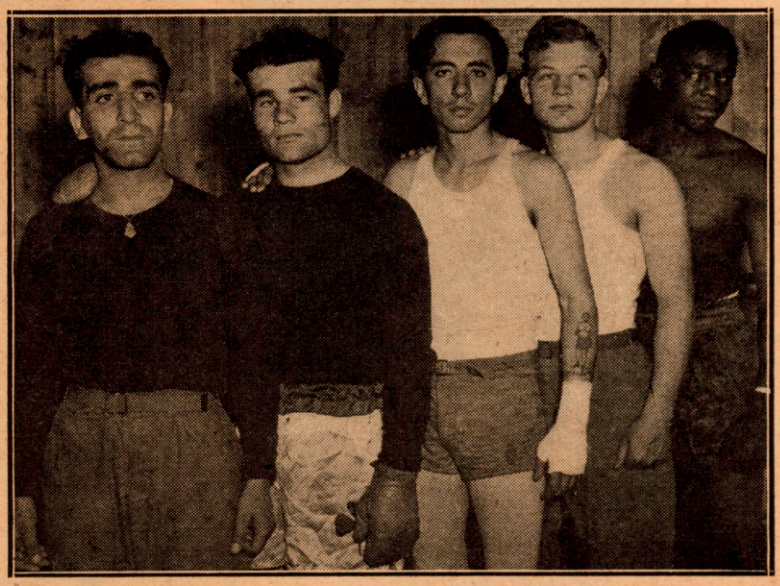
Corporal Wayne Armstrong, who is middleweight leader of Camp Lee.



A tough one is Phil Furr, star 147-pounder, who now lists Uncle Sam as his manager.



The nine Quartermaster Replacement Training Center boxing champions climbed through the ropes at Ft. Warren recently to pose for this picture with Lieut. Col. L. R. Smith, QMRTC special service officer and the man in charge of the weekly fight programs. Left to right, the champs and their weight classes are: Back row—Cpl. Ernest MacDonald, heavyweight, and Pvt. Vic Nardoni, light-heavy, both Californians; Sgt. Emanuel James of Paris, Texas, middleweight; Pvt. Robert Taylor, Chicago, welterweight; Cpl. Steve Kenjalo, Pontiac, Mich., junior welter, and Colonel Smith. Front row—Pvt. Dudley DeJean, New Orleans, lightweight; Cpl. Charles Cartwright, Canton, Ill., bantamweight; Buster Spataro, Omaha, featherweight, and Pvt. Ernie Costabile, Hazleton, Pa., junior lightweight. MacDonald, James Taylor and Cartwright are from the Fourth regiment. DeJean, Costabile and Kenjalo are from the Fifth, Nardoni from the First.



Five famous Golden Gloves who are winning laurels for Camp Upton. (L. to R.)—Pvt. Anthony D'Avanzo (Babe Donetti); Cpl. Patrick Teel; Pvt. Anthony Tufo; Pvt. Adam Pianga (Young Kid McCoy), and Pvt. George Jackie Wilson.

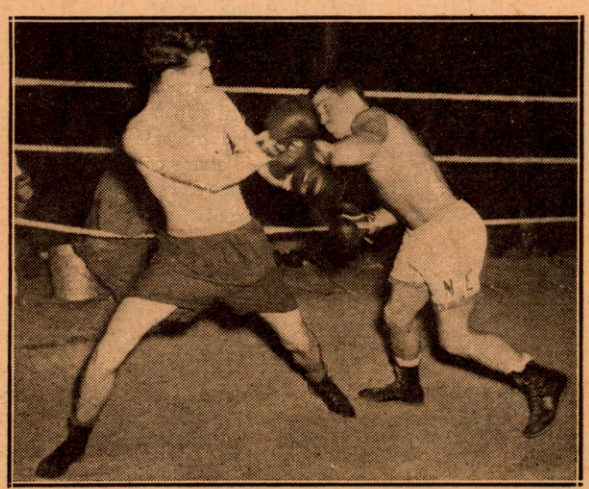
was on a level with some of the artillery pieces now handled by Phil for potency.

* * *

DOWN in Camp Lee they have a very promising young middleweight prospect—Cpl. Wayne Armstrong of Newcastle, Nebraska. Armstrong, who recently copped the Camp Lee Golden Gloves 160-pound title, has the backing of the soldiers, who always turn out to watch their idol fight.

Armstrong won the open middleweight Golden Gloves championship of Sioux City, Iowa, in 1940, and represented his state in the National Golden Gloves Tournament at Chicago. He was eliminated in the first round of the tourney, dropping a very close decision.

In the spring of 1940, Armstrong turned pro. His first fight, a four-rounder with Don Broullard, was called a draw. Since then he has come along in fine style, winning eight fights by decision, six by knockouts, having one draw, and being stopped three times. However, he has never had the count of ten tolled over him. All three of the fights he was stopped in were due to cut eyes.



Pvt. John Duffy steps back gingerly as he attempts to ward off the rush of Pvt. Floriant Desmarais in one of seven exciting boxing bouts staged at Camp Pickett by MRTC soldiers. Desmarais, who was at one time New England amateur flyweight champ and has engaged the leading stars of the pro 127-pound ranks, stopped Duffy.

In Armstrong's fifth fight he was stopped by Young Kingfish in the first round. Wayne was leading, but a cut over his left eye forced him to discontinue activities for the night.

Armstrong is well-liked by both Richmond and Hopewell boxing fans, where his pounding fists and first class boxing ability have made him a popular favorite. Here is what the Hopewell paper had to say about him the day after he decisioned John Finazzo of the fighting Finazzo clan:

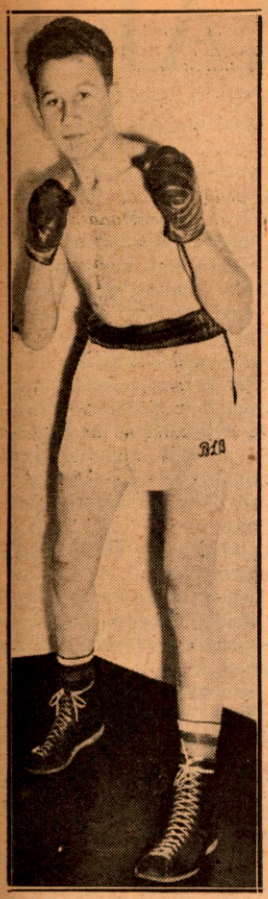
"So the semi-final, a six-round bout between Cpl. Wayne Armstrong of Camp Lee and John Finazzo of Baltimore, went on. This was by far the best bout of the evening and one of the best ever seen here."

After the war is over and Germany and Japan have been crushed, Armstrong plans to continue his boxing career regularly. That is his aim.

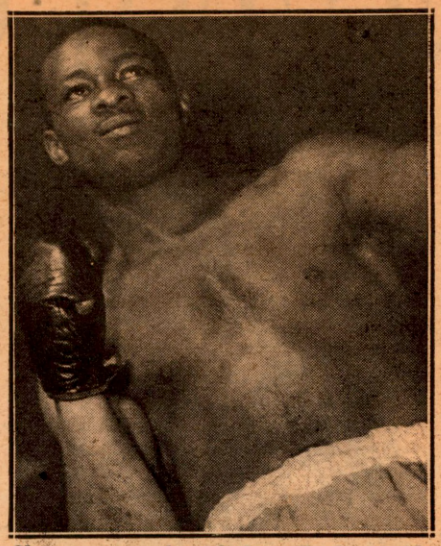
Armstrong is a modest young man who takes his career seriously. If plain common sense, boxing ability, and a fighting heart can win a title, and it has in many cases, then some day Wayne will be wearing the purple robe of champion.

* * *

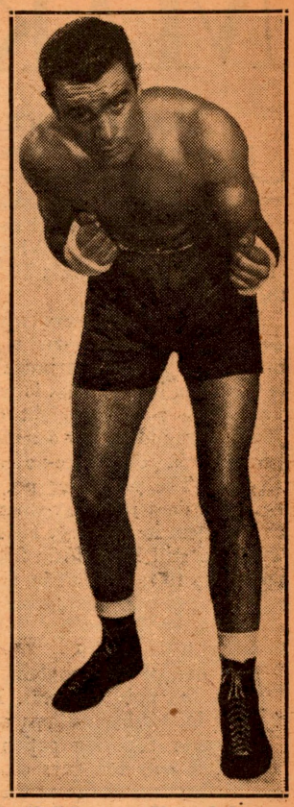
LI'L PIGGY HUTCHINS, the Richmond lightweight champion and one of Virginia's cleverest mittmen, has enlisted in the Navy and has just completed his preliminary training at the Norfolk Training Station. A former mascot for Eddie Mooers' Richmond Colts in the Piedmont League, Li'l Piggy is now 17 years old and is one of the most popular young amateurs in the Old Dominion—in fact, he has a monopoly on popularity trophies in the Virginia capital. This is proven by the fact that



Li'l Piggy Hutchins, Virginia lightie, now a bluejacket.



Champ . . . is the title Jesse Raybon holds in the light-heavy ranks at the Quartermaster Replacement Training Center of Fort Francis E. Warren.



Al Schnares, United States Navy, who has crossed fistic lances with a host of fistic luminaries.

"Hutch" has competed in three Central tournaments and won the "most popular boxer" trophy twice and was a runner-up on the other occasion.

Navy duties kept Li'l Piggy from competing in the Virginia tourney this year, but the curly-haired ex-bat boy steals the spotlight on every ring card on which he participates.

* * *

FROM Corporal Eddie Stinson of Fort Francis E. Warren, we received the following:

"Haaay Rube!" That's the circus cry for turning out troupers, but if you want to see the soldiers of the Fighting Fourth fall out of their barracks in record time, just say—not loud or you'll get run over—but whisper, "Jesse Raybon is fighting tonight." Then quicker than you can repeat "To heil with Hitler," every ticket in the regiment for the weekly boxing show will be sold.

Cpl. Eddie Mosure, nineteen-year-old boxing veteran, who has been at Fort Bragg for two years.

Raybon is once again light-heavyweight champion of this Quartermaster Replacement Training Center, a title he first won last October, lost in December, and regained recently by a four-round decision over Chet Szymanski of the first regiment.

Like most of the boxers on the fourth regiment's championship squad, Corporal Raybon learned the fistic art the hard way. On the "Dead End Street" of his home town, he traveled with big boys and often he had to give them the St. Louis Blues with his bare knuckles in order to prove to them that he was as much a man as they.

His first gym training was at the St. Louis Community Center under George Foster, who Raybon believes to be one of the best trainers of today and athletes of yesteryear. Under Foster's wing, Raybon rapidly developed an enviable record around the home town and often he was overmatched in order to get an opponent.

When queried about his boxing record, this fighting quartermaster usually laughs good-naturedly and replies that he has no record to boast of. On the contrary, he has had more than forty simon-pure bouts, emerging thirty-four times the winner. The bouts he lost were to some of the best dukesmen in his locality. Included in this list is James Reddick, Olympic star, who beat him in the finals of the Ozark A. C. tournament; John Southern, who made him yell uncle in the semi-finals of the Golden Gloves, and Chet Szymanski of the QMRTC, who, Raybon claims, is the cleanest fighter he has ever met.

Jesse is a well-versed conversationalist, always ready to debate Darwin's or Newton's theory intelligently, or get groovey like, "um is ole 'cruit and hepped all root." At Vashon High, he was a triple-threat fullback for four years and during that time, the school never lost a game.

Hometowners still chat about his thrilling broken field runs and super-man type of blocking. Whenever he laughs now, he reveals an upper incisor missing, the result of a spectacular flying block.

Irish Johnny McGrath, Newburgh, N. Y., protege of Tony Canzoneri, in Army.

Bob Ranes, another knuckle tosser in the U. S. Navy.

K. O. Donoho (actual initials), boxer down South with Air Corps.

MAKING THE GRADE

By FRED EISENSTADT

GEORGIE KOCHAN

MANY of the experts who watched Ray Arcel train a tough and awkward youngster at Stillman's gym about a year ago—Georgie Kochan—shook their heads and muttered, "Whoever has that clumsy kid is sure stuck. He'll never make the grade."

But the experts were wrong. The boy did become a fighter—and a good one. His manager is too keen a judge of fighters to pick a fistic lemon. That is why Joe Gould, who made a heavyweight champ out of Jimmy Braddock, has a middleweight title prospect in the once-awkward Georgie Kochan. The youngster not only loves to fight but does just that whenever he faces an opponent in the ring. He's full of fight. True, he still lacks fistic finesse, pugilistic polish, so to speak, but he makes up for it with rugged and courageous fighting. Kochan is a terrific puncher and keeps tossing blows at a lively clip.

He's one of the toughest and strongest boys in the fight business. He just keeps moving in, tossing wallops at all times.

So eager for ring action was Kochan that after only ten days of gym work he got his baptism of fire at the White Plains Community Center. He made such a fine impression that Georgie fought six straight weeks at that arena by popular request, and made a great hit at each showing.

Born at Akron, O., on August 25, 1921, of Croatian parents, Georgie left grammar school at 14. Eager for a life at sea, he fibbed about his age and joined the Merchant Marine. He made seven crossings in six years, and sailed all over, touching many strange foreign ports.

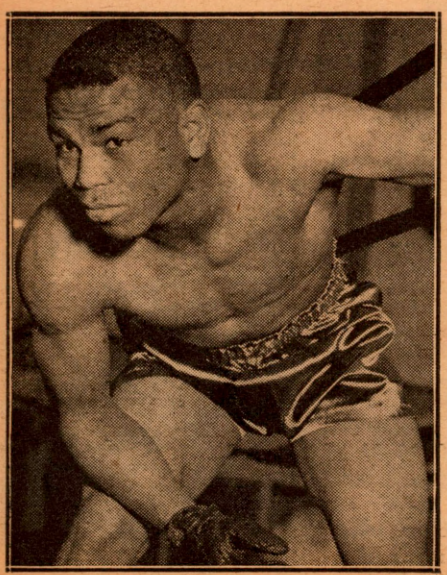
Kochan had ten amateur bouts, winning them all. As a pro, he has already engaged in 30 battles, losing only three. He drew with Larry Fontana, kayoed Augie Angarano and Larney Moore and several lesser fistic lights. Georgie had all but three of his opponents on the deck. He is a fearless fighter.

Kochan joined the Coast Guard eight months ago. He uses 100 percent of his ring earnings to purchase war bonds. He is a second class machinist but hopes shortly to attain first class rating, as he will in the fighting game, if he continues to show improvement. His thrilling battle with Vinnie Rossano at the Queensboro Arena several weeks ago, followed by a slashing draw with the seasoned Vic Dellicurti, established Kochan as a main event fighter. He is now ready for battles with the better class middleweights at the larger clubs. Win or lose, Georgie is sure to give the fistic followers what they came to see—an exciting and entertaining evening.

"When you consider the fact that Kochan has very little time in which to prepare for fights," pointed out his shrewd little pilot, Joe Gould, with his usual twinkle-eyed smile, "you must admit the kid has been showing quite well in his battles. Clean living, courage and a willingness to mix it regardless of who his opponent is or what his reputation might be—that's what has made Kochan the fighter he is.

"Fighting," said Kochan, "keeps me in a fighting state of mind not only for ring battles but for our enemies in war. When my chance comes to fight them—well, any Jap or German or Italian who comes face to face with me, is in for a hell of a lot of hell."

And Kochan meant every word he said.



Cecil Hudson, San Jose, Cal., who is ranked high in coast welterweight circles.

* * *

CECIL HUDSON

SOMETIME before winter sets in, New York fight fans are certain to see a wild and wooly ringman in action in their midst. His name is Cecil Hudson, and he hails from San Jose, Calif., the town that turned out Aurelio Herrera, Tillie (Kid) Herman, Young Carmen, Jackie Jurich and other good scrappers.

Hudson currently is the big noise in coast fistic circles. In 1941, the Negro welterweight headlined 11 times at the famous Hollywood Legion Stadium. He sold out the cinema club every time he went to the post.

When Hudson hits Broadway, as he expects to do, he will be accompanied by Tony Palazolo, one of the best known managers in the game. Since Hudson went under the wing of the ex-Bostonian, he has been roaring along like a forest fire.

Just before he joined Uncle Sam's Army, California Jackie Wilson rejected an offer to fight Hudson. The match would have attracted a gate of $15,000 at the big Olympic Auditorium in Los Angeles. Welterweight champion Freddie (Red) Cochrane also rejected an offer to fight the steady-swinging Hudson.

Los Angeles critics tab Hudson as the "new Henry Armstrong."

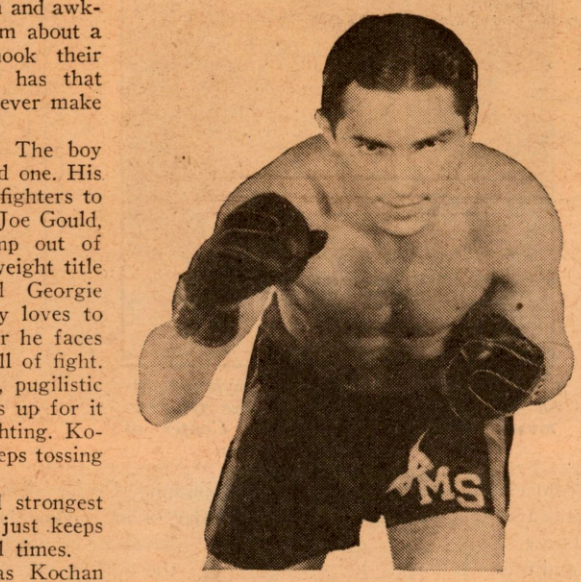
They assert, and many experts on the Pacific Coast think justly so, that Hudson belongs in the same bracket with Robinson, Cochrane, Wilson, Servo, etc.

Before coming to Hollywood Stadium for his name fights, Hudson beat a flock of fine talent in San Jose and Oakland. He gave Joe Peralta a one-sided beating. This same Peralta beat Chalky Wright a year later in the East. Hudson gave Red Green, better than average fighter, a trouncing at Hollywood. Cecil had Green out on his feet several times. Hudson beat Larry Cisneros, tough New Mexico boy, and won every round from the Yucatan Kid.

Hudson drew with Jimmy Garrison and Rodolfo Ramirez. There was quite a division of opinion on that one. Many thought Hudson had the shade in both fights. Recently Hudson stopped Cotton King in Oakland in five rounds. King came out of the battle with a broken nose.

The Hudson-Ramirez match was a hand-to-hand bayonet encounter. It was a wild mill of leather for ten heats. Hudson came

Mario "Chico" Morales, ex-flyweight king of Cuba, now going great guns among U. S. bantamweights.



Maxie Shapiro, New York's sturdy lightweight contender, doing good work.

strong in the last three rounds and several of the critics tabbed the colored clouter the winner. The official verdict was a draw.

Because of Hudson's walk-in, punching style of fighting, he is always in an interesting fight.

Other fighters in the Palazolo stable who will likely be seen in action when Tony heads East are Jimmy Doyle, promising lightweight, and Mike Delia, hard hitting lightweight. Both are sensational battlers.

* * *

MAXIE SHAPIRO

THE pugilistic career of the most popular East Side boxer, Maxie Shapiro, is indeed an interesting one. Interesting not alone because it is dotted with decisions over numerous top-ranking featherweights and 135-pound fighters, but because of the amazing change his fistic style has taken in the last year or so. Maxie started to fight only a few years ago—June 14, 1938, to be exact—and in that length of time has engaged in nearly 75 professional battles. At the start of his career, Shapiro displayed a tendency to box cleverly—to step around his rival, light-footed as a cat, and jab him with snappy lefts; to counter leads with swift right hooks; to make his opponent miss ridiculously by ducking his head or bobbing and weaving.

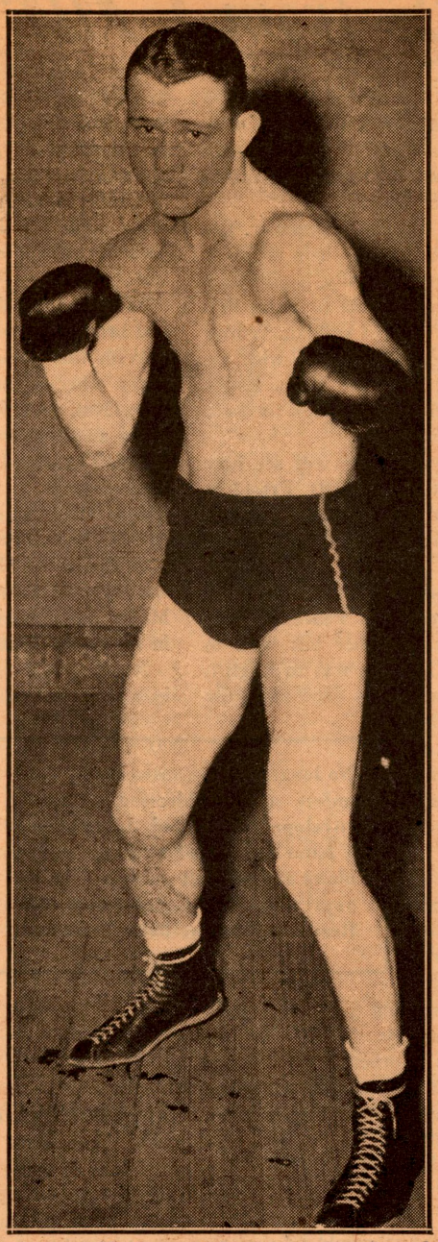
By dint of his superb boxing, he gained many victories. Maxie has outpointed such fighters as Monty Pignatore, Johnny Campo, Bobby Ruffin, Al Reid, Bobby "Poison" Ivy, Pat Foley, Red Guggino, George Salamone, Charley Varre, Leo Rodak, Sal Bartola, Nick Castiglione, Jackie Callura, Harry Teaney. Shapiro scored kayoes over Lee Harper, Nicky Jerome, Jimmy Lancaster, Lou Fortuna, Everette Rightmire, Wishy Jones, Chief Crazy Horse, Joey Silva, Mickey La Marr and a host of others. That he recently lost two thrillers to Cleo Shans doesn't make Maxie less of a drawing card than he was before.

There is no questioning the fact that Shapiro can punch. In a recent bout at Madison Square Garden with Chester Rico—an exceptionally tall, clever boy with a long reach—Maxie nailed Rico with a punch on the jaw, and toppled the Bronx Italian to the canvas for a nine-count. It is to the credit of Rico that he was able to survive so terrific a blow. By clever boxing, Rico came through with a draw.

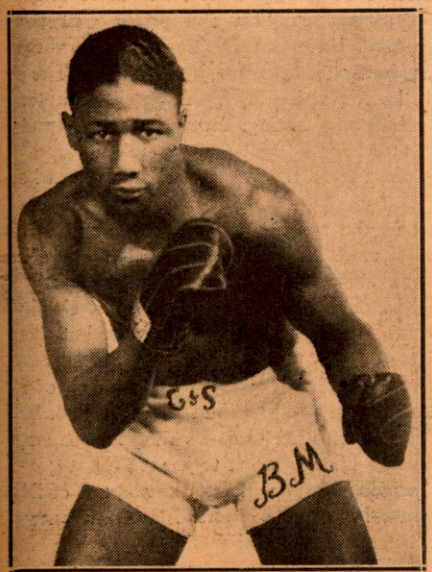
Maxie has become a genuine slambanger who likes to outfight an opponent rather than outbox him. Shapiro still retains his snappy left jab, but he now prefers to hook with it, and his hook now carries sufficient power to drop a man. Maxie has become a walloper instead of a boxer—and the change is not a bad one, for it has made the East Side Hebrew one of the most dangerous lightweights in the game today. In victory or defeat, he gives all he has and therefore has become one of the best cards in New York.

Maxie, notwithstanding the fact that he lost two decisions, one a split one, to Cleo Shans, thinks he is deserving of a shot at Allie Stolz or Sammy Angott.

The outstanding fact about Shapiro is that he never disappoints. His fights have all been sensational. His manager, Jack Bluman, has received many wires from the West Coast asking him to bring Maxie out there for fights, but is holding off in the hopes that he may yet get a title bout for his boy if they remain in the East.



George Kochan, U.S. Coast Guard and Akron, O., whose thunderous punching has made him a popular card around New York City.



Bernie Miller, canny welterweight campaigner from New York City.

* * *

BERNIE MILLER

THERE is no need—especially these days, when talented boxers are scarce—for promoters and matchmakers to seek far for a first class boxer to show at their club. Bernie Miller is at all times ready to meet any lightweight or welter—it makes little difference to him. This is no vain boast or challenge either on the part of the Negro boxer or his manager. A glance at Bernie's record will prove that he has beaten and kayoed several sterling welterweights.

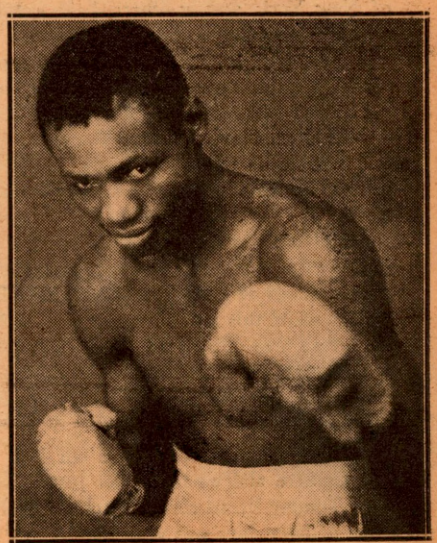
Miller has decisioned such scrappers as Francisco Montanari, Johnny Craven, Domenick Barone, Johnny Rinaldi, Frankie Cardinal, Johnny Bellus, Jimmy Fantini (twice), Johnny Alba, Frankie Terranova (twice), Pete Mascia. Kayoed Jerry Fiorello, Henry Claypoole, Primo Flores, Joe Bagnato, Nick Pastore, Joey Zodda, Johnny Alba, Al Gillette, Johnny Lo Bianco and a score of other well-rated lads.

The above should give you an idea how good a boxer Bernie Miller is. He is fast, exceptionally clever with his fists and punches as hard as a middleweight. Bernie is a clean, solidly-built lad who wastes no time in the ring. He starts to fight at the sound of the gong and is at all times trying for a knockout. Early in his career, Bernie defeated the classy Danny London—a showing which stamped the youthful Negro as a definite comer. Shortly after, when he trounced the hard-fighting Julio Gonzalez, that established Miller as a lightweight threat. And he's been just that ever since.

Born in Jacksonville, Florida, on November 26, 1918, Bernie came to New York at an early age. He left high school—where he starred at basketball—to work at odd jobs. He started as an amateur in 1936 and triumphed 40 times in 44 starts, and won the New York State lightweight title.

Bernie began his professional career about

(Continued on page 36)



Dan Calcagno, a 147-pounder out of Puerto Rico, now boxing in Panama.

LETTERS *from Our* READERS

TODAY is the Fourth of July, a day honored and revered in your great country. We in Australia join with you in celebrating one of the really great days in world history. We in Australia cannot and will not forget the wonderful and timely assistance given this country by the United States.

This war has drawn our two countries still closer together. We have met your soldiers and we respect them for their behavior and their general deportment. We have periodically heard your great President over the radio and we have come to claim him as one of us. We hear the cheery, friendly voice of William Winter speaking from San Francisco every Saturday night. I wish we had more William Winters commenting over the radio. Every time I hear his cheery voice, I wish I were near enough to cheer him and give him the hand of true friendship.

If you print this letter I trust William Winter will see how greatly we Australian people appreciate his broadcasts. President Roosevelt, General MacArthur, William Winter and General Doolittle are certainly four names that will long and proudly be remembered by Australians.

As for me, there's another name that will always be numbered among the really worth-while men of my life. Peace has her heroes no less renowned than war. Nat Fleischer has been to American and world boxing what Lord Lonsdale was to English boxing. In my humble opinion, Nat Fleischer has done more for the sport of boxing than any other single man. My greatest wish is that one day I will be permitted to grasp the hand of the man whose magazine, THE RING, and whose many books on the world's greatest sport, have given to me my happiest hours.

I'm glad our two countries are fighting side by side; damn glad and mighty proud of the alliance. You and we have had great fighting men, Nat, and these men, yours and ours, have fought in the ring like men, civilized gentlemen. Today our men and your men fight together in a grimmer, more deadly struggle. Today the Jim Jeffries, the Jack Dempseys, the Jim Corbetts, the Benny Leonards and a host of other stalwart Americans fight alongside and with the Young Griffos, Frank Slavins, Bob Fitzsimmons, Peter Jacksons and other great Australians.

I feel certain that the average Australian did not realize the real significance of your Fourth of July anniversary. To those of us interested in boxing in this country, the main importance of the day was that another great boxing contest would take place. The presence of so many of your splendid young men in this country and the stirring addresses of your President and the mayor of New York, among others, have enabled us to realize the true worth of that day to our great friends. We join whole-heartedly with you, Nat, because our aims and aspirations go hand in hand with the splendid sentiments embodied in your declaration.

I have a son with the fighting forces, a son of whom I am mighty proud. With him are many young Americans, brothers in arms and friends of whom we cannot speak too highly. This war is not of our making, Nat. Your people and my people are a sport-loving race, wanting only to live in peace with the rest of the peoples throughout the world.

Just as we fight our games to a finish, so will we fight on until the mad dogs of Europe and Asia have been counted out.

And while this war is raging, we still can find time to pursue our great love of sport. Baseball and boxing are prime favorites with the troops in Australia. At baseball, your fellows are naturally the winners. At boxing, you also have so far had the edge on our chaps.

We remember the day when our Bob Fitzsimmons licked your Jim Corbett, and we remember just as vividly the occasion when your Tommy Burns made a hack of our Bill Squires. Our greatest thrill of later days was when the Brown Bomber made a chopping block of the Nazi representative, Max Schmeling. What Joe did to the Hun on that occasion is a true indication of what Uncle Sam, John Bull and Democracy Incorporated will do to Hitler, Hirohito and their dummy, Musso.

Today the foundation stone of the American Embassy was laid at Canberra, and the central figures in this history-making occasion were John Curtin, Australian Prime Minister, and Nelson T. Johnson, America's first ambassador. Nelson T. Johnson's words:

"This mortar does not simply mean the combination of water and brick, but means the cementing together of our two nations."

With this union with your great people, I feel, as I am sure every other Australian feels, nothing but good can result. And now, Nat, just for a brief space let's drop the sword for the glove and review the ring deeds of your boys during recreation hours. The No. 1 place must go to Tom Moyer, tall, lithe, hard-walloping U. S. soldier. Winner of an All-American Golden Gloves and winner of an Amateur Union championship in 1938. In 1940, he was beaten in the final of the Golden Gloves by "Sugar" Ray Robinson. He has had two pro fights in Melbourne at this writing, and although the opposition has not been of class, Tom Moyer has displayed enough class to insure his going a long way in the game. Watch this boy, Nat.

Ring results in which American boys opposed Australians in a special ring tournament here, follow:

Syd Lemco, 137½ pounds, lost to Jackie Daniels, 140 pounds.

Lee Orey, 156, drew with Reno Devalie, 154.

Jack Taylor, 151½, drew with Jack Moriarty, 145½.

Laurie Ganns, 128, stopped Young Melrose, 128¼.

All the first-named lads are from the United States.

I still get THE RING, for which I give you my heartfelt thanks. It is a real gift.

R. A. CUMES,
Beenleigh, Australia.

No letters will be answered by mail unless a self-addressed, stamped envelope is enclosed. If you have a letter of general interest, send it along and we will publish it under your name in "Letters from Our Readers." Don't hesitate. Write now.

* * *

RECENTLY I read where Judge Cunningham, one of the New York state boxing officials, said that lack of good teachers and lack of pride were the two big factors in the poor caliber of fighters today. I agree with him. A pupil usually can be only as good as is his teacher. That is common knowledge. The intrinsic teaching of boxing is no simple matter.

The competent teacher of boxing almost has to be somewhat of a philosopher, physician, dietician and pretty well able to understand human nature. He must have thorough knowledge of the boxing science, gained only by years of experience. The principal departments to be emphasized by the high class mentor are position, hitting, blocking and hitting, footwork, the elements of offense and defense, attack, ring craft and generalship.

Managers are too often given the credit for the success of some top-flight ringster.

Behind the scene, in the making of every ring great, is the handiwork of the good teacher. There are probably only a small handful of good teachers of boxing in the country today.

There are many who class themselves as teachers, simply because they know a few of the minor fundamentals, but there is far more to it than that.

Joe Louis is a good example of how fortunate a boy of some ability was in the hands of a good teacher. The late Jack Blackburn, a star lightweight of the Joe Gans-Battling Nelson era, did a good job in expounding his ring craft to Joe.

Without doubt, champion Louis will feel the absence of Blackburn in the ring corner in future contests. Blackburn knew Joe like a book, knew his every strong and weak point.

HOMER AMUNDSEN,
Tacoma, Wash.

I WAS very interested in your articles whereby you are endeavoring so hard to make the various Services of the U. S. A. take up the sport of boxing, and I hope you are successful in your efforts. You usually win in your crusades. I am preaching the same for the benefit of the South African troops, and I am pleased to say boxing is receiving every encouragement in all training camps, while even up in the "front line" in Libya, boxing tournaments are held between the battles.

Not only do our South African boys box among themselves, but on occasion they have competed in tournaments in which British Imperial soldiers, Australians and New Zealanders took part, and with all due modesty I am pleased to be able to say that the South African "mitt merchants" acquitted themselves well. At one mixed tournament we won five out of the eight weight divisions.

If I had my way I would have every Service man issued with a pair of boxing gloves, the same as he gets issued with a pair of socks, and this pair of gloves he would have to carry with him as part of his equipment.

CAPTAIN ST. JOHN "TINY" DEAN,
Staff Officer: Sports,
O.C. Troops, South Africa.

* * *

BEING a reader of your great boxing magazine for eleven years, I must say it can't be beat. That not only is voiced by me but by many other soldiers here. It is too bad they don't go in for boxing here. By that I mean competitive boxing. Reason for that is because this is a replacement center and they come and go too fast to try boxing on a big scale. They have a fair-sized gym here and some soldiers take advantage of it by doing a little friendly sparring. But that's as far as the channel of boxing runs. I, too, am a draftee and have been here two months—somewhat longer than the average.

Maybe, Nat, you remember who I am. I'm the young manager and boxing writer from Milwaukee. Many times I wrote you on various boxing questions. I'm hoping to get to an air base where boxing is done on a larger scale. Hoping to land something on the instructing line. I believe I am well qualified for that because of some experience I had in the training and managing line. I used to work for a city recreational department as a boxing instructor whose gym produced several national amateur champions and some good Mid-West pro boys. So, Nat, wish me luck. It's my ambition after this is all over to be somebody in the great game of boxing.

Nat, I, too, eat, sleep and talk boxing. So you can fully understand what I mean. Keep up the good work. This country needs men like you to bolster its morale. We soldiers swear by you and THE RING.

PVT. RAY HELING, A.A.F.
Jefferson Barracks.

* * *

THE Territorial Boxing Commission of Hawaii held a meeting on Monday, August 3, 1942, and named Kui Kong Young, world's bantamweight champion for the following reasons:

1. For the past two years we have been trying to get Salica to meet Young.

2. The Territorial Boxing Commission is a member of the N. B. A., and all we have done in the past year is to write and wire and get nothing but promises.

3. Salica was here last year and was really treated royally. He left the Hawaiian Islands with about eight thousand dollars for two non-title fights. In the Young bout, he made me give him four thousand dollars or he wouldn't get in the ring with Young. Over the radio, in the papers and at boxing commission meetings he swore up and down that he would fight Young for the world's title. Then, at the last minute he wanted eight thousand dollars. When the money was raised, Mr. Rose and Salica left town.

4. For the past two years all Salica has done was fight men in overweight bouts and then fight for the title and win with the same men. It's the same old story all the time.

5. In 1940, Jimmy Murray was promoting here in Honolulu and he ran an elimination tournament to get a man to fight Salica. The four boys who took part in this were Tony Olivera, Little Dado, Little Pancho and Kui Kong Young. This tournament was sanctioned by the Territorial Boxing Commission of Hawaii and the National Boxing Association. As usual, there was no Salica to box the winner, Kui Kong Young.

6. In the July ratings of the N. B. A. they had Salica, Ortiz and Young in that order. Ortiz did nothing in the past two years but box a series of fights with Tony Olivera, Kenny Lindsay and Chavez. Not only did Young beat Ortiz in Los Angeles, but he knocked him down five times. In the past year Young has beaten two world's champions. But so far Mr. Abe Greene of the N. B. A. has not answered our letter on this matter.

Mr. Fleischer, we are asking THE RING's help. You have settled world's title mixups before and all we are asking is a fair deal. If the N. B. A. makes rules, they should be made to abide by them, and we are willing to box Salica or Ortiz, his conqueror, here or any place you may suggest for the benefit of the Pearl Harbor Naval Relief Society. All I ask is training and traveling expenses.

We here in Hawaii are getting tired of the N. B. A. and their promises, for we are members in good standing and we should have recognition.

Mr. Fleischer, I will close for now, hoping I will hear from you at your earliest convenience on this matter and will abide by your decision. I remain, yours for a fighting champion, Kui Kong Young.

CHARLES MILLER,
Honolulu, T. H.
(Manager of Kui Kong Young.)

* * *

HOW'S this for an all-time list of the lighter divisions—greatest of all-time top man being listed, from flyweights on through the light-heavies. The heavies will be discussed later in this letter. The all-time king of each weight: Flyweight, Terry McGovern; bantamweight, Terry McGovern; featherweight, Terry McGovern; lightweight, Joe Gans; welterweight, Joe Wolcott; middleweight, Stanley Ketchel; light-heavyweight, Bob Fitzsimmons.

When it comes to the heavies, it stands to reason that Sullivan stands no chance in the ratings. From other sports you can see the improvements of the moderns over the "ancients." With other sports so far advanced, the earlier stages of ring history also must have been far inferior. Muldoon, in his book, said Corbett was scared stiff in his big fights—with less subtle implications. So, I guess Corbett's wonderful ability as a boxer is mostly a myth. Burns didn't amount to a thing, and neither did Hart—to whom Jeffries "gave" his championship. The recent editions, up to Louis—from Tunney's day—have been inferior. So, of the real specialists who were champs you have left Fitzsimmons, Jeffries, Johnson, Dempsey and Tunney, with Louis. (Willard not in there with that bunch.)

Dempsey had a faster punch than Louis, was faster on his feet—but probably not so darned effective with his mitts at any distance. Jeffries was a glutton for punishment, and could hit hard. Fitzsimmons could really hang a wallop on anyone, despite his weight handicap. Of these four sluggers, it seems to boil down to Louis and Dempsey.

When it comes to the boxers, there are Johnson, Tunney—and no one else. Johnson seemed to be a much harder hitter than Gene, most underrated of the champs. Tunney never was in bad condition for a fight, and used his brain more than the others in his preparations for bouts. And, he never was dishonest in his dealings, so that lets Johnson out of the running—as Johnson claims he lay down in the Willard fight.

A tourney between Dempsey, Louis and Tunney would be a real thing to see. A round-robin affair with plenty of action packed into every second. How about you giving your idea, Mr. Fleischer, as to how you think it would come out?

I take Tunney—what do you say?

PVT. B. H. GARDNER, JR.,
Camp Beauregard.

IN OUR QUESTION BOX

By NAT FLEISCHER

Orrier Sherren, Atlanta, Ga.

Q.—How many times did Tommy Farr and Joe Louis meet?

A.—Only once in New York City on August 30, 1937, 15 rounds. Louis won the decision.

Kenneth Ward, Winthrop, Me.

Q.—Did Joe Louis ever fight a fellow named Apostoli? What were the receipts for each of the Schmeling vs. Louis fights? What has happened to Pedro Montanez and Sixto Escobar?

A.—No. First fight, $547,531; second, $1,015,012. Get all such queries answered through Nat Fleischer's "All-Time Ring Record Book," please. They have retired from ring work.

Herb Galewitz, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Q.—What has become of Yussel Goldstein? What do you think of Ruben Shank's chances when he meets Ray Robinson? Is Harold Green a good welterweight prospect? What were the results of his last four fights?

A.—Yussel retired. Robinson will win. Green is a good prospect. Won six-round decision over Julian Malavez in two rounds and Al Dolce in two rounds.

Bill Heitala, Copper Cliff, Ont., Can.

Q.—Name most of the good fighters Gunnar Barlund defeated in his prime. Was he rated high at that time? What was the result of the Armstrong-Zivic contests?

A.—Ben Foord, Abe Feldman, Alberto Lovell, Buddy Baer, Chuck Crowell, Tony Musto, Junior Munsell, Jack Roper, etc. During 1937 and 1938 Barlund occupied a high position in our rankings, often being among the first ten. Zivic beat Armstrong for the title by a 15-round decision and defended it against Armstrong by stopping him in 12 rounds.

John Blackmer, Denver, Colo.

Q.—Was there ever a fighter by the name of Adolph Klein? How many fights has Lulu Costantino had and how many has he lost?

A.—Don't recall any. He has had 63 fights, losing in two and drawing in four.

John Kouri, Montreal, Canada.

Q.—I'm interested in a pro boxing career. Who would you suggest as a manager from my city? I am 19 years of age, five feet ten inches and weigh 155. What will I be at 25?

A.—Sorry, I don't know. Look up Maurice Foreman, Medical Arts Building, Montreal. You should be about five feet 11 and one half inches and weigh around 170.

Ned Brown, New York City

Q.—The memorial plaque honoring Joe Humphreys bears the likenesses of Humphreys' four favorite fighters, can you tell me who they are?

A.—Jack Dempsey, Terry McGovern, Jimmy McLarnin and Tony Canzoneri.

Victor Allaire, Pownal, Me.

Q.—What were the dates of these fights—Carpentier vs. Ted Lewis, Carpentier vs. Marcel Nilles and Carpentier vs. Joe Beckett?

A.—Gorgeous Georges stopped Ted Kid Lewis in one round on May 11, 1922, Nilles in six sessions on May 6, 1923, and twice knocked out Beckett in the first round on December 4, 1914, and on October 1, 1923.

Marc Salois, Montreal, Canada

Q.—What are the ages of: Paul Hartnek, Patsy Perroni, Junior Munsell, Willie Reddish, Nathan Mann and Buddy Walker?

A.—26, 30, 28, 26, 27 and 23.

Terry Smith, Albion, Mich.

Q.—Is training with cables good for a boy who wishes to have fast footwork, fast hitting and blocking ability? What were the dates of the Johnny Colan-Tommy Tucker, Pastor-Maurello, Cochrane-Young, and Bivins-Pastor fights? Was Jack Dillon ever kayoed?

A.—Cables will not help from the speed angle. They are good for strengthening the body, not to acquire speed. Nov. 10, 1941, May 22, 1942, May 8, 1942, and April 17, 1942. Dillon was never stopped.

George Pentram, Philadelphia, Pa.

Q.—From whom did Tommy Loughran win the lightheavy title and how?

A.—Loughran beat Mike McTigue on October 27, 1927, fifteen rounds, at New York.

Joe Bliss, Camp Gordon, Georgia

Q.—Has Roscoe Toles a fair chance of getting to the top? What seems to be his greatest fault? What is his fighting weight?

A.—Very little. Inconsistent—is an in and outer. 200.

Q.—Has Gunnar Barlund quit the ring? What is he doing now?

A.—Yes. Don't know.

Q.—Has Max Baer retired for good?

A.—He says no, but he probably has.

Q.—Have you still got the book "How to Box," with a foreword by Jim Corbett?

A.—Yes. $1.00.

Q.—How old is Fred Apostoli?

A.—Twenty-eight years old.

D. J. Flanagan, Norfolk, Va.

Q.—Who was the winner of the fight between Max Schmeling and Young Stribling?

A.—Schmeling scored a 15-round knockout, the referee stopping the contest a few seconds before the final gong.

Wendell C. Tinney, Charlemont, Mass.

Q.—Have Roscoe Toles and Pat Comiskey's pictures ever been on The Ring cover? How tall is Comiskey and how tall is Toles? Since Lee Savold won his last nineteen bouts, who were his first two opponents in those bouts? Will Jimmy Webb fight again?

A.—Comiskey's yes, on April, 1939, issue. Comiskey is 6 feet 3 and Toles, 6 feet 2. Savold has won only 12 bouts at this writing since being knocked out by Bobo on August 12, 1941, not nineteen. Unfortunately boxing writers don't take the trouble to investigate the phoney data submitted to them by press agents and carry records that are not correct. He started his present winning streak with a four-round kayo over Claudio Villar in Washington on August 27, 1941, then stopped Lou Brooks at Wilmington in six rounds. Webb appears to have definitely retired. At present he is working for a moving picture chain in Dallas.

Dick Sampey, Wilmington, N. C.

Q.—In what round did Manuel Ortiz stop Leonardo Lopez and how many rounds was the last Godoy-Lovell fight?

A.—The Ortiz-Lopez scrap was held in Mexico and we were unable to find out which round the knockout was scored in. It was in an early round, however. Twelve rounds.

Q.—Is Jackie Wilson still the N.B.A. Featherweight Champion? Hasn't Willie Pep the longest professional win streak?

A.—Yes. Yes.

Q.—In a recent RING issue, you had Lee Savold as winning 18 straight bouts. According to my checking, I find that Savold has had only 11 fights since his K.O. at the hands of Harry Bobo. Were the others unimportant "White Hope" bouts?

A.—The statement which you saw was an error on our part. No, there were no additional "White Hope" bouts. He has had 13 contests since the Bobo knockout.

John Blackmer, Denver, Colo.

Q.—What is the nationality of Ruben Shank? What happened to Rody O'Dooley after he joined the armed forces?

A.—Russian-Jewish. He is still in the service. We have no reports on his whereabouts since he enlisted.

M. Crowley, Chicago, Ill.

Q.—Where was Casper Leon, old-time bantamweight, born? What was the date of his birth? His death? When did he arrive in America? Was Leon the first of his nationality to take up boxing?

A.—Palermo, Sicily, December 8, 1872, April 6, 1926. When a small tot. No. Other Italians had tried boxing before him. However, he earned the sobriquet of being the father of all Italian fighters in America.

Carl Kresge, Allentown, Pa.

Q.—Joe Louis gets great writeups in all of our newspapers. However, does he also receive such good publicity in England and other foreign countries? Is he recognized there as one of the "greats" of boxing history?

A.—Yes, Louis gets a great deal of good notices in other countries. Of course, the war has cut into newspaper chatter about him at the present time. He is most certainly recognized as a "great" all over the world, as his record speaks for itself.

Don Mates, Cleveland, O.

Q.—Has Tommy Yarosz ever been beaten and by whom? What has happened to Al "Bummy" Davis and Georgie Pace? Have Fritzie Zivic and Billy Conn ever met in the ring?

A.—Yes, he has lost to George Silvasy and Johnny Lawer. Davis was honorably discharged from the Army because of a physical defect and is back in New York where he has started, anew, his fistic career. Pace is in the Army at Camp Dix. Conn and Zivic have fought, with Conn winning a decision on December 28, 1936.

Walter Hebbing, Corona, N. Y.

Q.—Whom do you consider as some of the best prospects around?

A.—Offhand, a few are: Ham Wiloby, Corona bantamweight sensation; Charley Hayes, Detroit middleweight; John Thomas, Los Angeles lightweight star; Reggie Osborne, New York prelim boy; Hezzie Williams, Chicago light-heavy; Jimmy Edgar, Detroit powerhouse; Sonny Horne, sensational eighteen-year-old middle; and a raft of others whose names evade me.

Mario Centayo, New York City

Q.—What is the record of Santiago Sosa, Cuban lightweight? Is he a good fighter?

A.—This year he has won decisions over: Charley Varre, Matt Dougherty, Cotton King (twice), Juan Villalba, and Joe Peralta. He has scored knockouts over: Justo Jiminez—7, Radames Salazar—8, Panchon Martinez—2, Battling Nelson—2. He has not lost this year. Yes, he seems to be a first rate fighter, according to his record.

Making the Grade

(Continued from page 33)

a year later, meeting the best featherweights right at the start—and beating them. He didn't taste defeat until he became a lightweight. Bernie boxed a sensational 10-round draw with the welterweight champion of Canada, Maxie Berger, in 1940. It was a thrilling battle. In a return bout, the clever Hebrew turned the tables on the colored kid, who at the time weighed only 131 pounds.

Miller has engaged in 44 fights to date. Has won 23 decisions, scored 13 knockouts, boxed one draw, and lost seven verdicts—some of them very close.

Since placing himself under Gleason's care, Miller has won eight fights in a row—three decisions and five knockouts. Bernie will just keep plugging along until he gets the chance that should have been given him a long time ago—an opportunity to show in the Garden.

* * *

DAN CALCAGNO

A FIGHTER from Puerto Rico, who the natives think will take the place of Pedro Montanez as a welterweight attraction, is Dan Calcagno, 147 pounder, who is one of the army of Central American fighters who has invaded the lucrative Panama district. He is the lad who upset the applecart when he knocked out the highly touted South American, Antonio Fernandez, in seven beats. Though defeated in a return engagement in 12 rounds via the decision route. Dan showed enough in both of those contests to make himself a hot favorite. He is a two-fisted battler who fights much as did Montanez when he came to this country and gained top rating.

Calcagno fought a vicious twelve round draw with Raul Carrabantes of Venezuela one month after his return engagement with Fernandez.

* * *

MARIO MORALES

A FORMER fighter who couldn't make the grade, Tommy Conti hopes to some day pilot Mario "Chico" Morales to the world bantamweight title.

The former flyweight champion of Cuba has learned all the boxing skill that was Conti's when the latter was rolling along on a string of armory victories before he retired from active fighting a little over a decade ago, and the victories that Morales has scored since his arrival here from his native land just 14 months ago already have stamped the boy as a pugilist worth noting.

An an amateur back in Cuba, Mario engaged in twelve contests, of which he won eleven and in all only had six professional fights before coming here, yet had the talent to win the flyweight crown.

In twenty-six bouts in this country, Morales has tasted of the sweets of victory twenty-one times and was held to two draws. However, it has been in his last half dozen fights in which the clouting Cuban has really begun to find himself.

It was back in Madison Square Garden three months ago where Morales took the measure of Freddie Pope, Columbus bantamweight star, to earn for himself a place in THE RING Ratings, and since that fight, Mario has scored four consecutive kayoes to make his presence felt among the 118-pounders.

Nat Fleischer Says:

(Continued from page 22)

forward, went into Corbett's straight left with his mouth. Corbett's right next found lodgment on Sullivan's ribs. They were fiddling when the gong sounded for the close of the round.

Fifth Round

Two light exchanges opened the round. Sullivan rushed but was met with a stiff left in the face. Sullivan swung with all his might and Corbett just missed it. As Sullivan pushed forward for a rush, Corbett met him with a straight blow on the nose, which turned on a big tap of blood. Corbett followed it up with several on the injured spot. He followed again with a hard left-hander on Sullivan's face, and in the rest of the round had the big fellow at his mercy. Corbett was cheered loudly. Sullivan's face was smeared with blood when the round closed.

Sixth Round

The big fellow landed better after he had been sponged in his corner. He was fairly fresh, but was not so brash to take the lead. They both fiddled for some time. Corbett landed the first blow. It was a light one on the stomach. Sullivan led with the left and they got to a clinch. The next time he attempted a lead Corbett met him with a swinging left on the nose. Again he tried it, but fell short. Two left-handers from Corbett turned on the tap again from his nose. Corbett, by a straight lead, landed his left lightly in his face.

Seventh Round

This round was noticeable for the fact that it marked the greatest number of rounds Sullivan had ever fought Marquis of Queensberry rules. Sullivan was the first to start. He moved up but did not lead. Corbett landed in face with his left; Sullivan was now on the defensive, but Corbett landed on his stomach. Again John's left and right were short in a rush, and Corbett smashed him full in the nose with a swinging left-hander. Then Sullivan stepped forward and got a hot one on his bleeding proboscis. It was the old story, another left on Sullivan's smeller, which now bled profusely. Corbett rushed him to the ropes, and a left-hander with a right following landed on Sullivan's stomach. There was no hissing now, but everybody with money on the California boy was cheering loudly.

Eighth Round

Sullivan again stepped to close quarters, with hands down, and got a left on the side of his face. They fiddled, and then Sullivan led, but Corbett was not there. Sullivan landed a good right on Corbett's face, but he got a bad one in his left eye. Twice he put up his hands to brush the blood away from his eyes. Up to this time but one clean blow had been landed on Corbett. The latter put his hand hard on Sullivan's face. He then feinted, to pull Sullivan forward, and hit him full in the face with his left. A second later he hit him in the face with his right, but it was light.

Ninth Round

Sullivan led and then swung back-handed, but missed. Sullivan swung his right, but Corbett by a side step got out of the way, and landed with his left on Sullivan's face. Sullivan tried again, but ineffectually. Corbett got home good on Sullivan's stomach with his left. Corbett landed his left on the stomach clean without return. Sullivan attempted to rush, but was stopped with two beautiful ones on the injured nose.

Tenth Round

This round opened tame. Both were willing to rest, and to spar without leading. Corbett stopped a hard left-hander from Sullivan. Sullivan led two or three times, but with the open hand. Sullivan finally attempted a rush, and got a counter on the face, but it was light. The round was exceedingly uneventful. Sullivan had lost his spirit of aggressiveness, and Corbett was content to rest.

Eleventh Round

Sullivan swung his right and turned clear around, but in doing so caught a left in the face. He led again, but missed. Corbett landed with left in stomach. Corbett feinted with his left, but swung his right on face. He followed with left in John's stomach. Corbett again led from stand-up position and landed full in Sullivan's face without a counter. As Sullivan pushed forward, Corbett upper-cut him in the stomach. Another left in the stomach made Sullivan wince. Corbett had all the better of the round. He had, in fact, been struck but once clearly during the fight thus far.

Twelfth Round

Corbett again opened it with a left on the stomach. Next he got home a swinging left-hander on the stomach without return. He repeated the dose, and again he had nothing to take away. Sullivan landed with his open hand on Corbett's face, but got left on face in return. Sullivan's guard was now down very low to protect his stomach. Sullivan tried to rush, but could not catch Corbett. He smiled tantalizingly, and just managed to keep out of range. He landed his left three times in succession on Sullivan's face, and there was great cheering for Corbett when the round closed.

Thirteenth Round

Sullivan landed an open-hander on shoulder. There was a long siege of sparring, and Sullivan got out of range of a hot left-hand swing. Corbett put left on Sullivan's face lightly the first part of the round. Sullivan attempted to come up, but Corbett put his left in Sullivan's face and kept it there for a full second. The great champion up to this time appeared as a novice in the hands of the Californian. The latter showed himself master of the art in every motion, but his blows lacked force.

Fourteenth Round

Sullivan led, but Corbett by a side step was out of range and caught him with a left-hand counter. Sullivan landed an open-handed slap on Corbett's face. The champion acted more like he was sparring than fighting, and all his leads were open ones at that. Corbett's left again got home on the mouth. Sullivan landed his left on the neck. Corbett had not indulged in any runaway tactics. He simply kept out of range, and after the second round did as much fighting as Sullivan, who was on the defensive most of the time.

Fifteenth Round

Sullivan showed more spirit in this round. He tried to rush, but didn't reach. Every one of his blows fell short and he received two rights in the face in return. Then Corbett put his left clean on Sullivan's stomach without a counter. Sullivan stepped up for a lead, but before his hand came forward, Corbett lit in his face with left. Sullivan tapped with his open left and received a straight left on his sore nose. Corbett then walked around and every time the big fellow led his side step took him out of danger. The last blow in the round was a swinging left-hander on Sullivan's victualing department.

Sixteenth Round

Sullivan's left eye was swollen. Sullivan stopped a left. Corbett put his left on Sullivan's nose and then on his stomach in quick succession. Both were good blows. The latter made him flinch. Sullivan led, and they got to a clinch. Sullivan hit twice while in a clinch, and there were cries of foul. A moment later in a hot rally Corbett split Sullivan's lip with a straight left-hander.

Seventeenth Round

Sullivan slow in coming up. He led twice, but both were short. His left-hand blows were simply open-handed taps. Corbett put his left clear on Sullivan's face without catching anything from the big fellow, and then got home with the same hand on Sullivan's stomach. Altogether the round was spiritless and neither did anything worth recording. Corbett did what little fighting there was.

Eighteenth Round

The first blow in the round was a left straight on Sullivan's face. Corbett backed from Sullivan, and when the latter came forward smashed him on the nose. A moment later he swung his left on Sullivan's ribs. The big fellow received another visitation from Corbett's left. Sully returned with his right on the ribs. Corbett straight-jabbed with his left on Sullivan's mouth and followed with his left on the sore. A second later, when the big fellow attempted a rush, he was stood off by another straight left which he ran into.

Nineteenth Round

Both were easy at first. Sullivan landed on the breast with his left. He tried another, but Corbett was out of range. Corbett put his left twice in fast succession in Sullivan's stomach. It was like two drum taps. He landed another in the same place. Sullivan rushed, but Corbett stopped him with three red-hot ones on the mouth and nose. Corbett wound up the round by hitting the champion hard in the face with his left. The crowd cheered loudly for Corbett. Sullivan in this round was very slow, while Corbett was as fast and fresh as he was at first. The showing of the Californian up to this time was magnificent.

(Continued on page 44)

NEWS *of the* MAT WORLD

By EDDIE MERRILL

Rube Wright, crowned by the California Athletic Commission as successor to Jim Londos. He is the recognized heavyweight wrestling champion of the world so far as California is concerned.

"DEVIL DOG SARGE" is now a "Dog Face" at Camp Roberts. Wrestling fans throughout the country will instantly recognize this grim-appearing bayoneteer as "Sarge Bob" Kenaston, ex-junior heavyweight wrestling champion of the world. Now a member of Battery C, 53rd Field Artillery Training Battalion at Camp Roberts, he is well on his way to earn distinction in the Army after serving six years with the U. S. Marines. Veteran of more than 3,000 professional bouts in this country, as well as in principal cities abroad, "Sarge Bob" won, in 1938, the championship from "Cowboy" Dude Chick at the Hollywood Legion stadium.

The National Wrestling Association of America awarded him a diamond-studded, gold-plated belt emblematic of the crown, which he relinquished one day prior to his induction in the Army at Portland, Oregon. He started to exchange holds and grips with members of the service in 1930 and lost only 4 matches in the 500 in which he participated. He held the 175-pound all-service title for several years and pinned many of the best wrestlers in the country in his hey-day.

Still in excellent physical condition and devoid of any battle-scars from tussles, "Sarge Bob" is now training Field Artillery recruits in the finer points of military skill. To the present list of outstanding athletes undergoing training at Camp Roberts, "Sarge Bob" is a welcome addition, eager to participate in the greatest battle of his career to pin down enemy invaders.

* * *

WRESTLING IN CALIFORNIA by Bernice Sandboe, follows: A new wrestling champion has been crowned by the State Athletic Commission of California. After 19 weeks of spectacular action, the International Heavyweight Tournament staged at the Olympic Auditorium has come to a close and Rube Wright is now wearing the diamond-studded championship belt presented by Promoter Ray Fabiani and the Commission. Rube Wright should make a good champion. He is a fine, clean-cut young man, a typical Joe American sort of a guy. Also he is without a doubt one of the finest scientific wrestlers in the business today. Ask any wrestler, promoter or mat authority and he will tell you that big Rube is one of the best.

An unpleasant note was struck when Frank Sexton ran out on the tournament. No matter what Sexton may have felt were his reasons for doing such a thing, it was uncalled for. He has received a life suspension in California because of his failure to take part in the final round.

We have since discovered that this is not the first time Sexton has evaded matches not to his liking, and we hope that he mends his ways since he is one of the finest young wrestlers we've seen. He should be a better sport.

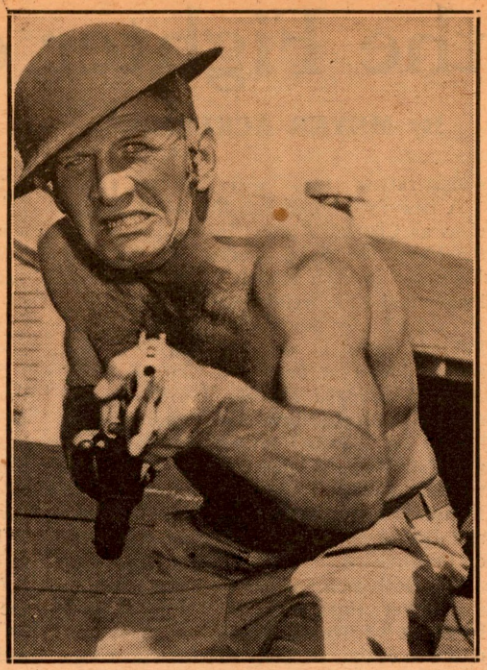
However, now the Tournament is over and Rube Wright is the kingpin of the cauliflowers. He should be a credit to the sport—a modest, friendly fellow who will uphold the dignity of his status, and yet fight like a tiger to defend the cherished title. So far he has battled Dan O'Mahony, Vic Holbrook and Alberto Corral in defense of his title and has come through admirably. He has a fine repertoire of holds, is strong as the proverbial ox, and is fast and cagey on his feet for so large a man. We truthfully believe that wrestling has one of its finest champions.

Jack Pfeffer and his Swedish Angel are now back in New York but it was like pulling a bulldog away from a dog-fight to get them to leave California. Pfeffer is anxious for his Angel to have another whack at Rube Wright and the new champion is ready and willing but will not leave California for the match. Whether Pfeffer will leave his beloved New York during the fall wrestling season is a moot question, but there is a possibility that he and the Angel may return for the match.

* * *

Doc Sarpolis, well known sportsman, has joined the colors. He is stationed in Texas for several weeks' basic training and will then go to Officers' Training School. We think this a fine example for our matmen to follow and hope that we will be calling many of them Lieutenant before long. The Army has a large number of our best young wrestlers, and many are in the Coast Guard.

The handsome Hungarian, Sandor Szabo, has just signed a movie contract with a major studio out here and he will probably be your favorite screen hero now as well as your favorite wrestler. Szabo is in line for a fine role in "Mission to Moscow" the story written by Joseph Davies, minister to Russia.



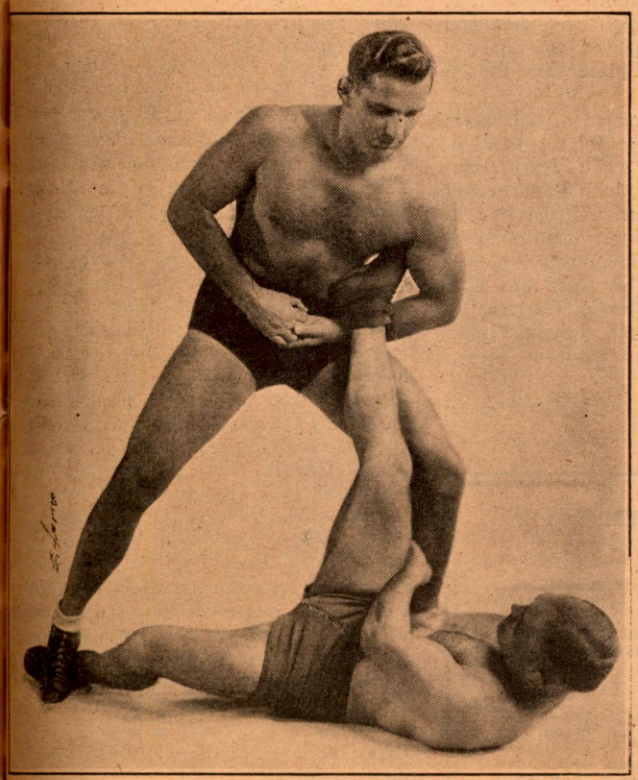
Devil Dog Sergt. Bob Kenaston, nationally known pro wrestler.

* * *

Cliff Gustaffson, the fine young Swedish wrestler, has arrived in California from Minneapolis and is getting ready to challenge Champion Rube Wright. Gustaffson has a win over Bronk Nagurski to his credit.

* * *

In WAAC-town, Des Moines, Iowa, Promoters Pinkie George and Harry Caddell continue to give the fans whirlwind shows. The Dusek brothers, Rowdy Rudy LaDitzi and Hassan Baba, brother of Ali Baba, are the chief villains while handsome Gene Bowman and Ken Fenelon are the favorites with the fans. The girl wrestlers are taking over Des Moines by storm—Gladys Killem Gillem, Dorothy Rutledge and the Leo Daniel Boone Savage of the female scufflers, Elvira Snodgrass, are the top femme attractions.



Karl Sarpolis, who has joined the Army and is in Texas, preparatory to going to an Officers' Training School.

* * *

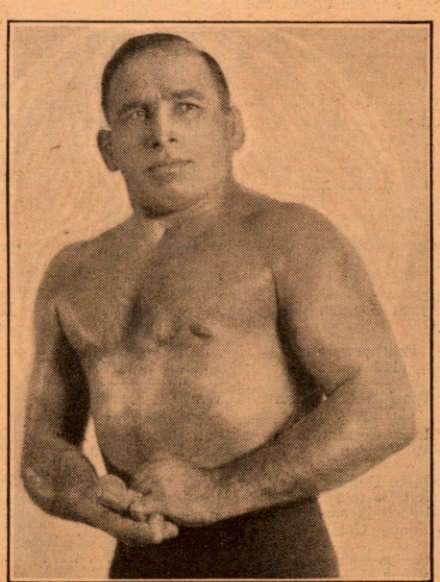
WRESTLING may not be as popular around the country now as it was a few years ago, as is attested to by smaller attendances, but the popularity of the Dusek brothers,—five of 'em,—hasn't suffered any. In fact, Rudy, the general manager of the firm of Dusek Brothers, Man-Killers Extraordinary of the Grappling Game, is more popular now than ever. While the veterans like Ed Strangler Lewis and Sandor Szabo among others, are still at it on the Pacific Coast, there isn't a matman in America who takes part in more matches each month than does Rudy and his brothers.

Age means nothing to these boys. They just go on and seem to gain more followers as the months roll by. The answer is simple—they give what it takes to arouse enthusiasm among the followers of the sport. They demand action and there isn't a combination in the field that gives more than does Rudy and his clan.

When Farmer Burns was alive, so big was his school for wrestling and so much demand was made on him for teaching, that he found it necessary to obtain the aid of others and among those whom he selected, was an old pupil, Rudy Dusek, leader of the famed Riot Squad. Today, Rudy carries on where America's greatest teacher left off. When Burns died, the most colorful character in American wrestling passed with him, also passed the last of the famed wrestling instructors who numbered among others William Muldoon. Dusek has no school for instruction, as did Farmer Burns, but he has taken in tow lads who have displayed some ability and showed themselves good prospects and by working with them, teaching them the necessary tactics for present day wrestling, he has brought forth many who are now headliners around the country.

So well has Dusek done his teaching, that today he rates more stars of the trade tutored by him than any other professor in the business, past or present. He has surpassed the mark of Farmer Burns. Young men seeking to become wrestlers went to Rudy when they learned of Farmer Burns' death and Dusek, who knows the Burns' method of tutoring, inside and out, took them on.

Rudy Dusek is a tough teacher. He has made it a habit to inform the matmen of the future that wrestling is no plaything. They must be sincere in becoming wrestlers, or Rudy will have nothing to do with them. If they have the stamina, if they stand up under his thousand and one assorted holds, show speed and ring generalship, can take it and dish it out, then the Nebraska Bohemian is willing to handle them.



Rudy Dusek, a master of the wrestling art. He is equally efficient in cleverness as in rough work. He is also excellent in schooling others.

The Rudy Dusek School of Bone-Bending is turning out wrestlers aplenty. There are 'clean wrestlers' and 'pier sixers.' Dusek has made a habit of keeping up with the times in the teaching of his students. He studies their build, their characterizations, their all around make-up. If Rudy thinks that a wrestler is fitted to be the popular type, he teaches him one style. If the master thinks the scholar is of the villainous type, then he goes in for rough and

(Continued on page 41)

Robinson, the Fighter of Month

By MEYER ACKERMAN

FREDDIE RED COCHRANE and Chalky Wright were the only two champions to see action last month in overweight contests.

The titleholders batted .500, as Cochrane lost his overweight tilt to Fritzie Zivic in Madison Square Garden in a fight in which the Redhead displayed gameness, while Wright scored two knockouts, belting both Curley St. Angelo and Joey Marinelli out of the picture in two rounds each.

Otherwise action was quite scarce, with most of the fighters in the armed services unable to obtain furloughs for gloved warfare.

The upset of the heavyweight class was turned in by durable Tony Musto, the rock-ribbed Chicagoan who took the measure of Lee Savold. The victory established Musto in eighth place among the big fellows while the loser was dropped two notches. Harry Bobo, with failing eyes, was taken out of the divisional rankings, while Arturo Godoy was moved into ninth place. Tami Mauriello, who continued his fine work among the big fellows by knocking out Italo Colonello in two rounds, solidified his fourth place ranking.

The light-heavyweight class was at its lowest ebb with only one ranking fighter seeing any action. Johnny Colan turned in victories over Tommy Campanella and Al Boros, but because these triumphs were against mediocre opposition, Colan remained in ninth position. It stands to reason that Ken Overlin and Billy Soose won't see any action for some time as they are stationed away from the boxing scene, and as soon as some 175 pounders break into the picture with enough talent to warrant consideration, they will be so rated.

A new face broke into the middleweight class as Charley Burley, formerly rated in the 147-pound division, belted out Holman Williams in nine rounds. Burley can no longer make the welterweight limit. It was Ezzard Charles, however, who again spotlighted the class with a sparkling five rounds knockout over Jose Basora. Fred Apostoli whipped Saverio Turiello to remain in sixth place, and Kid Tunero turned back Dan Calcagno to solidify his eighth place standing. Williams' ninth rating was taken by Burley, while Jacob La Motta, the Bronx Express, rolled over Vic Dellicurti and Jimmy Edgar to bracket the lower end of the division.

Ray Robinson, of course, stood out in the welterweight class by his two-round knockout of Ruben Shank and his one-round knockout of Tony Motisi. He is this issue's Fighter of the Month. Fritzie Zivic, by his overweight triumph over champion Freddie Cochrane, replaced the inactive Jackie Wilson in second place while Wilson was placed third.

Marty Servo was dropped a peg. Cocoa Kid, with a victory over Johnny Jackson, remained in fifth place while Henry Armstrong's knockout of Rodolfo Ramirez and victory over Jackie Burke, lifted him to sixth place. Danny Kapilow also moved up a notch while Tony Motisi was removed from the rankings. In his place was Earl Turner, who stopped Jimmy Garrison in seven. Tenth place found Jimmy Edgar, who despite his loss in Madison Square Garden to Jacob La Motta, a middleweight, rebounded from that defeat to kayo Ernie Pelaia in the tenth.

Chester Rico led the lightweight class by his triumph over Terry Young in Madison Square Garden to remain firmly entrenched in third place. Willie Joyce and Juan Zurita retained their fourth and fifth place rankings, Joyce whipping Joey Peralta while Zurita whipped both Henry Woods and Chester Slider.

Slugger White made his reappearance into the division, taking over sixth place from Leo Rodak by whipping the Chicagoan in their bout down in Baltimore. Cleo Shans, who repeated his victory over Maxie Shapiro, moved up a peg from eighth to seventh place.

Tippy Larkin, who remained inactive, dropped down to eighth place. Beau Jack, correct name Sidney Walker, finally made the Ratings, being dropped in ninth place on the strength of his victory over welterweight Billy Murray, and one round knockout of Carmine Fatta. Another new face, John Thomas, a highly regarded Californian, rounded out the division.

Among the featherweights, Wright, as mentioned previously, scored two-round kayoes over Curley St. Angelo and Joey Marinelli. Lulu Costantino continued to win, whipping Frank Franconeri. Costantino retained first place in the 126-pound division. Franconeri was then kayoed in a round by the unbeaten Willie Pep. Pep also kayoed Poison Ivy in ten and beat Nat Litfin to jump into second place.

Mike Raffa and Sal Bartola were dropped to third and fourth places, respectively. Pedro Hernandez and Benny Goldberg remained fifth and sixth, respectively. Carlos Chavez moved into seventh place by whipping Tony Olivera, while Vince Dell 'Orto was placed eighth and Harry Jeffra, ninth. Jackie Callura, who scored over Davey Crawford, took the latter's last spot.

Mario Morales was the most active of the bantamweights with knockouts over Eladio Colon, Curley St. Angelo and Raul Garcia. He was placed from eighth to fifth. Peter Kane was taken out of the bantamweight class and put among the flyweights, where he prefers to be rated as he still can make that class limit. The removal of Kane lifted the bottom part of the order up a notch, and made room in tenth place for Luis Castillo, heretofore mentioned among the flyweights.

Pete Kane's knockout of Joe Curran in eleven rounds placed the former in second place among the flyweight clan, in which class he has asked to be rated instead of as a bantam. Curran was dropped one peg. Small Montana, who remained inactive, was removed, and the removal of Castillo made room for Norman Lewis who beat Jack McKenzie during the month.

Here then are the month's results:

Tami Mauriello knocked out Italo Colonello in two rounds. Tony Musto upset Lee Savold. Buddy Walker took the measure of Clarence Jones. Buddy Scott walloped Claudio Villar. Georgie Parkes stopped Mike O'Dowd in a round. Martin Goldberg and Billy Metcalf drew. Joey Maxim stopped Jack Marshall in eight rounds.

"THE RING'S" RATINGS FOR THE MONTH

For the month ending September 10:

Heavyweights (Over 175 pounds)	Light-Heavyweights (161 to 175)	Middleweights (148 to 160)	Welterweights (136 to 147)
World's Champion Joe Louis	World's Champion Gus Lesnevich	World's Champion Tony Zale	World's Champion Freddie Cochrane
1—Bob Pastor	Jimmy Bivins	Ezzard Charles	Ray Robinson
2—Billy Conn	Anton Christoforidis	Georgie Abrams	Fritzie Zivic
3—Melio Bettina	Ken Overlin	Ernie Vigh	Jackie Wilson
4—Tami Mauriello	Lloyd Marshall	Tony Martin	Marty Servo
5—Pat Valentino	Billy Soose	Freddie Welch	Cocoa Kid
6—Roscoe Toles	Alabama Kid	Fred Apostoli	Henry Armstrong
7—Turkey Thompson	Booker Beckwith	Nate Bolden	Danny Kapilow
8—Tony Musto	Freddie Mills	Kid Tunero	Freddie Archer
9—Arturo Godoy	Johnny Colan	Charley Burley	Earl Turner
10—Lee Savold	Jack Coggins	Jacob La Motta	Jimmy Edgar

Lightweights (127 to 135)	Featherweights (119 to 126)	Bantamweights (113 to 118)	Flyweights (Up to 112)
World's Champion Sammy Angott	World's Champion Chalky Wright	World's Champion Manuel Ortiz	Title Vacant
1—Allie Stolz	Lulu Costantino	Lou Salica	Jackie Paterson
2—Bob Montgomery	Willie Pep	Kui Kong Young	Peter Kane
3—Chester Rico	Mike Raffa	Rush Dalma	Joe Curran
4—Willie Joyce	Sal Bartola	Jim Brady	Little Dado
5—Juan Zurita	Pedro Hernandez	Mario Morales	Sammy Reynolds
6—Slugger White	Benny Goldberg	Ham Wiloby	Frankie Bonsor
7—Cleo Shans	Carlos Chavez	Kid Zefine	Humberto Espinoza
8—Tippy Larkin	Vince Dell 'Orto	Mickey Carr	Paddy Ryan
9—Beau Jack	Harry Jeffra	Tony Olivera	Lupe Cordoza
10—John Thomas	Jackie Callura	Luis Castillo	Norman Lewis

The champion in each division is not rated. He simply heads the list because he is title-holder.

Jack London knocked out Jim Wilde in three rounds. Larry Lane kayoed Joe Muscato in the second session. Earl Lowman whipped Freddie Fiducia but lost to King Kong. Yancey Henry scored over Charley Eagle. Buddy Moore triumphed over Big Ben Moroz. The latter was also defeated by Eddie Blunt. Connie Norden took the measure of Hal Fieberling. Tim Heffernan stopped Al Ware in four. Clayton Worlds whipped and drew with Bill Petersen.

Johnny Colan led the light-heavyweight class with victories over Tommy Campanella and Al Boros. Herbert Marshall defeated Wallace Cross, Danny Cox and Deacon Johnny Brown. Cox whipped Ted Lowry, who in turn knocked out Buddy Thomas in the eighth round.

It was Ezzard Charles who spot-lighted the middleweight division with a five-round knockout over Jose Basora. Fred Apostoli turned back Saverio Turiello. Kid Tunero shaded Dan Calcagno. Charley Burley knocked out Holman Williams in the ninth round. George Kochan drew with Vic Dellicurti. The latter was beaten by Jacob La Motta, who also took the measure of Jimmy Edgar.

Eddie Booker whipped Izzy Jannazzo and scored an eight round kayo over Shorty Hogue. Joe Carter walloped Ruben Shank. Tommy Yarosz whipped Ernie Pelaia, Otto Blackwell and knocked out Curley Denton in four rounds. Ginger Sadd knocked out Reg Andrews.

Cecilio Lozado and Buddy Green battled to a draw. Glen Lee continued his comeback by knocking out Bearcat Wright in seven rounds. Indian Gomez kayoed Mike Piskin in three rounds. Sonny Horne whipped Milton Kessler. Dave McCleave decisioned Tommy Davies. Tiger Wade scored over Billy Smith and Tabby Romero. Buster Carroll and Joey Smithers drew. Larry Fontana and Tony Ferrara drew.

Fritzie Zivic led the welterweight division by his overweight victory over Freddie Cochrane. Ray Robinson knocked out Ruben Shank in two rounds and Tony Motisi in a round. Cocoa Kid defeated Johnny Jackson. Henry Armstrong whipped Jackie Burke and knocked out Rodolfo Ramirez in the eighth round. Jimmy Edgar stopped Ernie Pelaia in ten.

Freddie Archer decisioned Norman Rubio. Jimmy Garrison beat Cecil Hudson and lost to Rodolfo Ramirez by a kayo in seven. Vinnie Rossano whipped Artie Dorrell, who beat Joe Torres. Torres then defeated Mike Evans. Jackie Byrd drew with Paul Altman and scored over Bobby Britton. George Odwell knocked out Paddy Roche in the fourth round. Cosby Linson and Carmen Notch both whipped Lew Jenkins.

Saverio Turiello decisioned Ralph Zannelli who in turn defeated Irwin Kaye Kaplan. Jimmy Dundee kayoed Ron McLaughlin in three rounds. McLaughlin in turn won on a foul in nine rounds over Georgie Elliott. Elliott was beaten by Hockey Bennell. Les Sloane stopped Rush Milling in the eighth round. The latter kayoed Young Day in the fifth and Maurice Dremon in the seventh rounds.

Ramon Alvarez took the measure of Baby Arizmendi. Billy Beauhuld scored a ten round knockout over Mario Roman. Bluey Burns won a foul over Jimmy Purcell in the seventh round. Tony Falco trounced George Smith. Bobby Yaeger knocked out Rudy Campa in the first round. Bernie Miller knocked out Buster Beaupre in four rounds.

Joe Legon scored over Willie Neyland. Midget Mexico was returned the winner over Manuel Villa. Jackie Cooper trounced Milo Theodorescu. Harvey Dubs defeated both Jerry Pitro and Bill Jordan. Marvin Bryant whipped Danny Rosati but was in turn knocked out in the fifth round by Van McNutt. Freddie Cabral decisioned Ernest "Cat" Robinson.

Chester Rico defeated Terry Young to lead the lightweight brigade. Willie Joyce scored over Joey Peralta, who in turn trounced Baby Breese. Juan Zurita whipped both Henry Woods and Chester Slider. Slugger White scored over Leo Rodak. Cleo Shans took the decision over Maxie Shapiro. Beau Jack defeated Billy Murray and knocked out Carmine Fatta in a round. Fatta in turn whipped Carmelo Fenoy and kayoed Ruby Garcia in the first round.

Richie Lemos knocked out Leroy Tonzi in the fourth round. John Thomas defeated Toby Vigil. Bill Speary walloped Georgie Harper. Johnny Greco stopped Oliver White in the fourth and whipped Willie Roache. Roache trounced Matt Dougherty, Guillermo Puentes and kayoed Earl Mintz in the first.

Harry Teaney drew with Joe Dupont. Len Beynon won on a two-round foul over Ivor Thomas. Charlie Meigel whipped Georgie Hansford. Don Melville defeated Mickey Miller. Carmelo Fenoy kayoed Mickey Makar in three rounds. Tod Morgan scored over Lew Edward. Tommy Jessup defeated Bobby McIntire who in turn took the measure of Billy Hardges.

Chalky Wright led the featherweight division with two round kayoes over Curley St. Angelo and Joey Marinelli. Lulu Costantino defeated Frank Franconeri. The latter was kayoed by Willie Pep, who also stopped Poison Ivy in ten and beat Nat Litfin.

Carlos Chavez whipped Tony Olivera. Jackie Callura scored over Davey Crawford. National Kid knocked out Joey Archibald in the second round. Johnny Compo kayoed Joey Iannotti in the seventh. Kid Young defeated Mickey Miller.

Ellis Phillips whipped Johnny Forte. Leon Haire decisioned Carmelo Fenoy. Frankie Rubino whipped Billy Pinti. Warren Kendall decisioned Johnny Lookie and Syd Worgan beat Benny Isaacs.

Frankie Carto knocked out Johnny Cockfield in the fifth round. Lefty LaChance whipped Joe Aponte Torres. Paco Villa was returned the winner over Kid Fortune. Panama Al Brown and Leocadio Torres battled to a draw.

Among the bantamweights, Jim Brady scored over Tony Roberts. Mario Morales knocked out Eladio Colon in three rounds, Raul Garcia in five rounds, and Curley St. Angelo in two rounds. Luis Castillo whipped Congo Gueverra. Eddie Petrin and Alf Ward drew. Willie Smith lost to Gus Foran but kayoed Pat Palmer in two rounds.

In the flyweight class, Peter Kane stopped Joe Curran in eleven rounds. Hugh Cameron knocked out Ronnie Bishop in a round. Norman Lewis whipped Jack McKenzie. Stan Mott scored over Ken Stanford.

HERE are the outstanding new fighters who came to the fore this month:

Flyweight—Guillermo Andrade, Panama City, Panama.

Bantamweight—Kid Bony, Colombia, South America.

Featherweight—Lloyd Worthen, Vinton, Iowa.

Lightweight—Jim Collins, Baltimore, Maryland.

Welterweight—Charley Cullers, Bayard, W. Va.

Middleweight—Charley Hayes, Detroit, Mich.

Light-heavyweight—Leo Maher, Montreal, Canada.

Heavyweight—Buddy Komar, McKeesport, Pa.

News of the Mat World

(Continued from page 39)

tumble stuff. Rudy would make a great Navy or Army athletic instructor.

Rudy Dusek has sent many wrestling stars into the world. They attained their lustre only after rigid training in the Dusek School. Today there are many ex-Rudy Dusek students who are sharing in the wrestling limelight. These one time novices have become great bone benders simply because Rudy Dusek was their teacher. They paid heed to his talks and to his demonstrations and in the long run, the knowledge they reaped from him, paid good dividends.

Dusek, still a young man as far as wrestlers go, although a ring veteran of approximately 20 years, is one of the most feared wrestlers in the game. He has been a front runner practically from the start and has been in competition against the stalwarts of the past and present. He faced the greatest of them all, Ed 'Strangler' Lewis, Jim Londos, Big Jim Browning, Joe Stetcher, Dick Shikat, Henri DiGlane, Ed 'Don' George, and Gus Sonnenberg, among many others. All were champions of the world in their time and each will tell you that the toughest, roughest and cagiest bone bender of them all was Rudy Dusek.

When Tom Jenkins retired as coach of West Point's wrestling team and physical education instructor, one of the most colorful of the old time wrestlers went out of public life. Tom, after thirty-seven years of service, left the Military Academy because of the age limit. He had reached his seventieth birthday.

No More Remain

We are sorry to inform our readers that there are no more copies of Nat Fleischer's All-Time Record Book for sale. All have been sold.

We regret that we have been forced to refund money on orders received too late to be honored.

A second Edition, containing 300 additional records that could not be published in the 1942 volume, with corrections of errors found in the first volume and all 1942 records brought up to date, will be published early in 1943. This will be the last of the large volumes and those who will own the two, will have as complete a record of all fighters from 1730 to 1943 as it is possible to gather.

Nat Fleischer, Editor and Publisher.

MARYLAND AND WASHINGTON
By NATE PHILLIPS

THE Century Club presented a ten-round feature on August 10, showing Billy Banks and Jimmy Collins, and in this contest Jimmy showed the local fans that his win over Banks several weeks prior to this was no fluke, as he pounded out an easy victory over his capable foe. Collins outboxed, outpunched and outfought Banks right from the start and it was his boxing and all-round smart generalship that stood out in this effort. He reached his peak in the eighth and ninth rounds when he scored handily and often with both hands to Banks' head and body. Collins weighed 133; Banks, 136½.

The eight-round semi-final saw Herb Marshall hook up with Deacon Johnny Brown and after a bruising session of powerful slugging, Marshall was awarded the duke. Manuel Rosa and Phil Enzenga hooked up in a sixer, and Rosa was given the nod at the end. Johnny Finazzo won over Panther Red by a T.K.O. when the referee stopped this contest in the sixth and final round. In a four-round opener, Jimmy McCallister outwhacked Buddy Thomas to win the nod. This show was well attended.

Once again Leo Rodak and Slugger White hooked up in the main go, only this time it was to be for twelve rounds instead of ten. White scaled 136½, Rodak, 136. White went right out to carry the fight to Rodak as is his usual style, with Leo trying to tie up White on the inside. White carried off the first three rounds with ease, then coasted midway and came on in the home stretch like a Man O' War to win the last four heats unextended and win the nod. Thus White broke his jinx with Rodak.

The semi-final of six rounds saw Babe Scott and Eddie Finazzo hook up in a rematch with Eddie receiving a gift in the decision in his favor. Manuel Rosa and Phil Enzenga also met in a rematch of six rounds and in this Phil reversed a former defeat when he won over Rosa, who tired very badly. Bob Garcia, Jr., was put to the acid test in his bout with Bennie Silicato, also over the six-round route, and came through beautifully. After having Bennie on the deck in the first and second, Bobbie was floored himself for the count of nine and got up off the floor to give his more seasoned foe a sound beating. Bennie could not answer the bell for the third.

In the opener, set for four rounds, Tod Cole won over Dan Biggers via a T.K.O. when Biggers could not answer the bell for the third. This show paid off on better than $3300.

At the Century A. C., Louis Kid Cocoa defeated Johnny Jackson in ten rounds. Cocoa showed some of his old-time form. Midway in this bout, the count was pretty even, but The Kid opened up in the last four heats.

In the six-round semi, Jimmy McCallister was too much for his less experienced foe, Victor Resto. When Victor was cut in the fifth, the referee called a halt.

In another six, Johnny Finazzo, fighting one of his good fights, won over Billy Ray when Ray was cut up pretty badly in the fifth round with the doctor calling a halt. In the opening four, Earl White won a split decision over Kid Lewis. In another four, Howard Bennett, showing vast improvement, won over Oakie Greer. In another set for four, Mike Enrick stopped Buck Jones in the first heat.

After three postponements, the battle between Lee Savold and Tony Musto finally became a reality at Washington, when these two met over the ten-round route. The fans who attended this show at Griffith Stadium were treated to an upset when Musto was awarded the duke. Tony, in his usual crouch, was a hard target for Lee to shoot at, and in the inside, Tony was the master, with Lee doing the better fighting at long range. Lee was wont to loaf during some of these sessions, and was a surprised man when the duke was given against him.

The semi, set for eight rounds, saw Georgie Parks belt out Mike O'Dowd in the first heat. In a sixer, Lew Hanbury won over Roscoe Perry. In another six, Kid Stribling won over Jimmy Hill. The Petro brothers both won by K.O.'s, Charley stopping Manuel Forera in the first, and Danny stopping Kid Smith in the first.

At the Century Club, a triple eight-rounder was presented on September 7. Billy Carrigan, hooked up with Charley Chaney, fighting his first eight-rounder, was awarded the duke over Chaney, who, try as he did, was no match for the more experienced Carrigan. The secondary eight showed Deacon Johnny Brown and Al Cortez and in this the Deacon reversed a former defeat. In the third eight, King Kong was awarded the duke over Earl Lowman in a slugging match that saw Kong eke out a very close win. In one set for six, Sammy Daniels belted out Phil Enzenga in fifty seconds of the first round. In the opening four, Mike Enrick won the duke over Dan Biggers.

IOWA, NEBRASKA AND SOUTH DAKOTA SPARKS
By BILL HAWKINS

DES MOINES, IA.—Bob Anderson was successful in the first defense of his Iowa lightweight title when Referee Alex Fiddler stopped his scheduled eight-round main event with Kenneth Cockayne at Riverview Park after 1 minute 45 seconds of the fifth round and awarded the bout to the title holder on a technical knockout. Anderson, who won the championship in his second pro battle, outpointed his fellow townsman all the way.

Results of other bouts on the card were as follows: Cecil Bradley, 126, Jefferson, Ia., scored over Howard Carpenter, 127, Waterloo, Ia., in six rounds; Walter Haggatt, 147, Des Moines, knocked out Private Bob Smith, 147, Camp Dodge, Ia., in the first round; Jack Reed, 145, Waterloo, Ia., knocked out Sergt. Poirier, 145, Camp Dodge, in the first round.

Waterloo, Ia.—This city has moved in as one of the leading boxing centers in the tall corn state. Boxers who are showing their wares here include Tuffy Ryan, 150, Waterloo; Chuck Tonley, 150, Austin, Minn.; Mike Thompson, 140, Jessep, Ia.; Billy Benedict, 144, Raymond, Ia.; Kid Damon, 140, Waterloo; Battling Billy, 140, Raymond, Ia.; Clete Simon, 122, Waterloo; Lloyd Worthen, 126, Vinton, Ia.; Estel Warren, 198, Waterloo; Dick Way, Lee Staten, Al Brown, Howard Carpenter, Sharkey Simmons, besides a number of others who are showing up well.

Waterloo, Ia.—Tuffy Ryan, Waterloo middleweight, shaded Bob Reed of Ionia, Mich., in six; Howard Carpenter, Waterloo lightweight, scored a knockout over Nelson Greer of Poplar Bluff, Mo., in two rounds; Clete Simon, Waterloo lightweight, won by a T.K.O. over Archie Gillespie in two rounds; Kid Shakespeare stopped Buddy Unger in three rounds; Lefty Smith scored a kayo over Buddy Meddaris in the second round.

Readers with news for this spot are asked to have same in my hands by the seventh of each month, and please mail same to 2206 N. Lafayette, Sioux City, Iowa. Our phone number is 8-6849. Thank you.

Waterloo, Ia.—Frankie Garrison, Waterloo Negro, stopped Kenneth Gambinie Cooper, also of Waterloo, in four; Bobby Reed, rugged middleweight from Ionia, Mich., scored a T.K.O. over Buck McKenna in four; Battling Billy lost to Clyde Sly in four rounds; Mike Thompson knocked out Nelson Greer in two rounds; Mickey McGuire scored a T.K.O. over Archie Gillespie in two rounds.

LAST-MINUTE SPARKS—Boxing in Sioux City is at a standstill owing to a lack of suitable talent . . . Mickey Slater, Sioux City boxing promoter, has gone to California . . . . Jack McMahon, national bag punching champion, showed his wares in Sioux City . . . . A sports program featuring John Pesek of Ravenna and Frank Buresh of Omaha was staged at Coleridge, Nebr. . . . . Ben Zersen, noted strong man, also gave an exhibition . . . . Teddy Harris, former Des Moines boxer, is now a trainer . . . . A Sioux City youth, Craig Stolze, is doing right well as an amateur boxer since entering the Army Air Force . . . . He is a brother of Ralph Stolze, well-known sports make-up man on the Sioux City *Journal* . . . . Leonard Beckley of Laurel, Nebr., who won the 1936 amateur featherweight boxing title of northeast Nebraska and who fought in the national tournament in Chicago, reaching the quarter-finals, is now at Camp Sutton, North Carolina . . . . Hoogner Lundquist of Laurel, who ten years ago reached Madison Square Garden in his career as an amateur boxer, has been in the Army for six years.

Thanks to such fellows as Jimmy Brezina and Bee Braden for their boxing news . . . . Charley Miguel, former Nebraska University student and amateur boxer, is making a comeback in Hollywood . . . . Everette Rightmire, Sioux City lightweight, after a successful comeback venture, has left for the West Coast . . . . Ernie Nordman, who fought as an amateur around Kansas and Nebraska, and who competed in the Midwest A. A. U. Golden Gloves at Omaha in 1938 and 1939, is now boxing around California . . . . Billy Heath, former Des Moines featherweight boxer, is stationed at Camp Wallace, Texas . . . . Pinkie George, Des Moines boxing promoter, has been hit hard by a lack of boxing talent . . . . The writer would like to have the name of every boxer, both amateur and professional, who is in the armed forces . . . . Mail your name to the above address . . . . Thanks.

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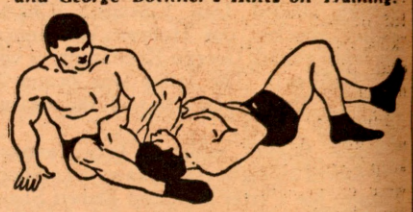

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(Continued from page 17)

"Just like a pack of schoolboys," he commented. "They're better pleased than if we had given the enemy a final thrashing. But I'm glad Cribb was the victor, as I expect most of you gentlemen have reason to be!"

The last remark had reference to the large amounts of money wagered by his officers on Cribb's chances, a fact of which their commander was well aware.

* * *

DURING the early days of the Civil War, when General McClellan was organizing the Union forces for a prospective advance upon Richmond, the problem of keeping the soldiers entertained and out of mischief during their idle moments was by no means easy for their officers to solve. All the recruits were young fellows, brimful of vitality, and naturally inclined to "kick over the traces." There was a good deal of drinking, and desertions were numerous.

Short term enlistments were the prevailing rule, and it was by no means easy to keep men in hand and up to the mark who were experiencing the iron hand of discipline for the first time in their lives; and, who, becoming "fed up" with the whole business, were frequently looking forward to the happy hour when they could shed their uniforms and get back to private life.

Punishment for offenders against army rules did nothing toward improving the situation. The real turn for the better came when the powers-that-were decided that some definite step must be taken toward bucking up the morale of the troops, and enlivening the monotony of camp life by providing them with fitting amusements.

Theatrical entertainments were improvised, noted stage stars volunteered their services, popular singers voiced the favorite ballads of the day, and stirred up patriotic fervor with martial songs of the "Battle Cry of Freedom," and "John Brown's Body" type. All this helped a lot in the pepping-up process, but still more to the soldiers' liking were the promotion of wrestling matches and boxing bouts in which picked men from each regiment figured as contestants, exactly as is the rule today in all our camps.

Professional ring fighters also contributed their bit toward brightening existence for the army lads, appearing in exhibition bouts, and sometimes sparring with an ambitious regimental pugilistic pet. In this connection John Morrissey, America's ex-heavyweight champion, deserves honorable mention.

Morrissey retired from the ring after defeating John C. Heenan in a title battle, in 1858. When the Civil War began he was running two gambling houses, one in Manhattan, the other at Saratoga, and making a fortune. But he took time off from his business to get together an aggregation of prominent boxers, which included such stars as Joe Coburn, Jim Elliott, a future lightweight champion, Abe Hicken, and some lesser lights of the arena. Morrissey put on free shows for the entertainment of the soldiers, which proved a tremendous success.

The Ring's Quiz

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HOW much do you really know about fights and fighters. If you can come through with three out of five you can pat yourself on the back as an expert in the history of the game. The answers will be found on page 45.

1—Identify the following: The Hoosier Bearcat, the Benecia Boy, the Marquis of Queensberry.

2—What is meant by "a fighter was knocked out by an invisible punch"?

3—Name a bantamweight champion of the world who was born in Canada. What heavyweight champion was born in Canada?

4—What blow made Kid McCoy famous?

5—Name two heavyweight champions whose specialty was fighting from a crouch position.

His example was later followed by other prominent sportsmen, and from that time on there was a big boom in wrestling and boxing in the ranks of the Army of the Potomac, which lasted until Uncle Sam's warriors moved on to prove their valor on many a bloody battlefield.

* * *

ONE of the greatest of all America's wrestling champions, William Muldoon, who became chairman of the New York Athletic Commission, a post he filled with distinction for years before he passed over to the Valhalla of valiant souls, first emerged into athletic prominence when he was serving in the Union Army.

Muldoon, barred by his extreme youth from the status of a private (he was only fifteen when hostilities began between the North and South), enlisted as a drummer boy. Three years later he became a genuine combatant as a member of Company I, 6th Regiment, New York, and participated in several of the most terrific battles of the war under command of General Phil Sheridan.

Although not fully developed at eighteen, Muldoon's stalwart frame even then gave indication of the magnificent physical proportions which distinguished him in later years, over which sculptors raved, and impressionable damsels gasped admiringly, when he made stage appearances in the role of the Roman Gladiator. In the army wrestling bouts he soon won fame as a grappling terror, and it was his success in these encounters that decided his choice of a career after the close of the war.

Muldoon was always proud of the part he played in popularizing wrestling in the Union Army and in introducing new fads in boxing. He contended that wrestling was easily the cheapest and best form of athletics for soldier boys, inasmuch as it needed no overhead or contingent funds, whereas baseball and football required extra equipment not always easily obtained. That was true enough in the early sixties, but fortunately our doughboys of today are not handicapped by such financial limitations.

THERE were never any organized efforts put forth to provide athletic entertainment and competitive contests for our soldiers or sailors in the Spanish-American war of 1898. Possibly, if it had lasted for any great length of time, things would have changed in that respect. As it was, however, every regiment was left to its own devices, a condition which also applied to the warships.

Where officers were personally interested in wrestling or boxing, they helped to boom such sports among the enlisted men, but if the officers had no particular yen for athletics, there was nothing doing in either grappling or fisticuffs.

The Rough Riders were fortunate in having two enthusiastic devotees of both the mat and ring game in the persons of Colonel Leonard Wood, and Lieutenant Colonel Theodore Roosevelt. Consequently, while in camp before starting off for Cuba, the Rough Riders boxed and wrestled with a vim. There were company champions and company challengers in every class as far down as the lightweight division. One of the best amateur heavyweights thus developed was the late Tom Mix, who later became a movie idol in Western hero roles. But Mix fitted naturally into the fighting picture, for he had been a genuine Western sheriff and a boxer of no mean skill before he joined the Rough Riders.

The 69th Illinois had Frank Garrard, the crack Chicago lightweight, and several minor scrappers in its ranks. Garrard had lost a decision in twenty rounds to Joe Gans on January 17, 1898, but was still going strong as a fighter, and thanks to his agitation in favor of boxing stunts, the regiment witnessed some lively scraps among its members.

It was their bad luck, as they considered it, not to get to Cuba. Before they were released from their camp at Chickamauga, the short-lived war had come to a close, with Uncle Sam winning a kayo decision, and the lads went back to the Windy City in grand physical shape but somewhat disgusted with the outcome of things, and cursing the War Department with terrific energy.

None of the New York, or other Eastern regiments participating in the brawl with the Dons, specialized in either boxing or wrestling. But the lads who filled firing lines during the First World War demonstrated the efficiency of gloves and grappling as important training adjuncts to the 'steenth degree.

What their successors who are engaged in the loyal task of defending the U.S.A., are now doing in that way is a matter of recognized official record!

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News of Camp Crowder

(Continued from page 23)

Warren, Wyoming, was crowned champion in the open heavyweight bracket. Verplank outpointed Moses Pointer and Leon Denski in the preliminaries, and then won a close decision over Roscoe Humphries in the finals. Denski, a Philadelphian, and Humphries, a hard-hitting Negro contestant, weighed 207 pounds each. Verplank tipped the scales at 191.

The scrap between Verplank and Humphries was a fairly interesting encounter with Verplank making the colored boy miss and sinking some hot shots in Roscoe's mid-section.

In another stellar bout, Sergeant Earlie Mays, Negro light-heavyweight, was pitted against Gene Davis in the championship finals. Mays forced the fighting throughout. Though he had Davis on the floor for a nine-count, he lost the decision when he was penalized with the loss of two rounds for unintentionally striking Davis with low blows. Mays unleashed several mad flurries into Davis' body, and in his wildness, he unfortunately let a half dozen of his shots slip below the belt.

Andy Dietz was winner of the open middleweight trophy. Dusky Al Moore, a Negro, was the boy whom he defeated in the finals. Moore clinched and held on persistently to stay the limit as Dietz drubbed him with hard left hooks to the head and pounded his body with solid smashes.

Blaine Hulmston knocked out Henry Lawrence in the second round of their open lightweight bout, and Joe Capizzo outpointed Leonard Grimes, in the open featherweight class.

* * *

NOVICE class champions were Mike Yoblonski, 207-pound heavyweight, who scored four kayoes in the tournament; William Jones, Negro light-heavyweight; Henry Rousseve, middleweight; Cecil McGrew, welterweight; and Robley Himel, lightweight.

Twelve of the entrants were Negroes. One of the Negroes who made a particularly big hit with the fans was Pointer, a 267-pounder from St. Louis. Pointer, a smiling, ebony-skinned boy with a waistline resembling that of Wrestler Blimp Levy, moved around surprisingly fast for a big man. The decision he lost to Verplank was by the narrowest margin.

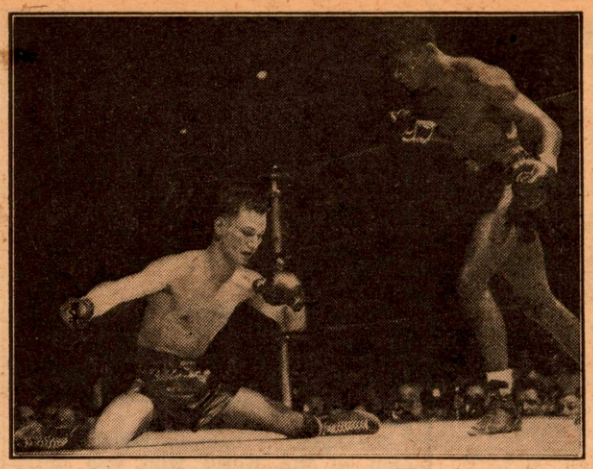
Pointer, who boxed in the St. Louis Golden Gloves tournament in 1939, is 21 years old. Joe Louis is his idol.

The athletic officer, Lieutenant Krickhan, is working diligently to build up an athletic program from which the officers and personnel he serves will derive maximum benefit. With boxing as popular as it is among the Signal Corps men, Lieutenant Krickhan is planning to sponsor fight cards more often in the future.

Right now Lieutenant Krickhan is dickering with authorities at Fort Riley, where Joe Louis is stationed, to have the champion appear in an exhibition at Crowder. According to the Lieutenant's present plans, it is probable that several other fistic celebrities will show their wares in the camp's spacious field house during the fall and winter months.

Not only Lieutenant Krickhan, but nearly all of the officers at Camp Crowder heartily endorse boxing for enlisted men. Boxing is one of the cleanest and finest of all sports. The entertainment it provides is helpful to the morale, and its value in building hard bodies and developing quick coordination of mind and muscle, demands for it an important place in the army's physical training program.

"Good, clean healthful sports are vital in the army," said Lieutenant Krickhan. "We'll have plenty of sports and lots of boxing for our men while I'm here."



One of the four knockdow[ns] in the fight between Ruben Shank and Sugar Ray Robinson. Ray scored a kayo in 2:26 of the second round when Referee Billy Cavanagh stopped the Garden bout. It was Robinson's 34th consecutive victory. He made it 35 when he stopped Tony Motisi in Chicago in 2:41 of the first round shortly after.

Nat Fleischer Says:

(Continued from page 37)

TWENTIETH ROUND

Sullivan is on the defensive. He backed when Corbett went to him. Corbett rushed him to the ropes and landed three right-hand swings, one on the big fellow's left ear, two straight lefts on Sullivan's stomach, and two swinging rights on his jaw without return, which set the house to yelling. Then he followed Sullivan to the corner of the ring, and with the same motion, apparently, first hit with his left on the face, and then with right on the stomach. Next he rushed Sullivan to the ropes, and the big fellow seemed defenseless. Corbett used his left and right with impunity, landing clean and hard on neck and jaw. Sullivan was catching it hot and heavy at the close of the round.

TWENTY-FIRST ROUND

At this joint Manager Brady, who was in Corbett's corner, remarked: "Why, Jim has him now if he wants to get in and finish him. Why, the boy isn't breathing hard, and he doesn't put his strength in a blow yet." Just then they came to close quarters. Corbett feinted with his left as if to go for Sullivan's stomach. Down went the big fellow's guard, and quick as a flash around came Corbett's right with the force of a trip-hammer.

He had put on his full strength at last. It struck Sullivan straight in the ear and sent him groggy. With the bound of a panther after its prey, the Californian was on him. He was like a demon. Sullivan was dazed, and his hands fell to his side. Corbett's next blow staggered him, and he followed it up with a shower of rights and lefts. The champion turned, staggered feebly and fell full on his face. He lay there until Referee Duffy had counted off seven seconds, and weak and blood-besmeared he rose to his hands and knees, but was too feeble to get up.

In attempting to do so he pitched forward again and lay there till the ten seconds were counted off. Corbett had won the championship of the world without even sustaining as much as a scratch, and was apparently as fresh as at the start, while Sullivan's nose was broken, his lips swollen, and he was severely bruised about the face and ribs.

FANFARE FROM MISSOURI

By ROBERT D. DANA

DUE to conditions beyond the writer's control, this missive is being dispatched not from St. Louis, as has been its custom since 1936, but from Camp Swift, deep in the heart of Texas, all of which was your Uncle Sam's idea. In other words, this appears to be about the last session I shall be able to share with my readers, and not having been on my beat for the past four weeks, and hence knowing not a whit about what has been taking place, I am at somewhat of a loss.

Under the circumstances, however, it might be rather intriguing to essay a prediction or two, not of things to come a la Pearson and Allen, but of things that did not come a la Packs and Heynie. Chances are that there have been no fights in St. Louis since my enlistment August 4. An added guess might be that Packs has gone ahead and put on a few wrestling exhibitions while the going was good. Also, it is safe to assume that no promoters' licenses have been tendered any other promoters that might conceivably compete with Packs and at the same time give the old town a few badly needed fights.

It must be remembered, on the other hand, that the boxing people have been no roses when an opportunity has presented itself to take the ball and gain a few yards through a shaky line. They were too eager for profits only.

And speaking of the record, we'd like to congratulate Robert Foxworth, streamlined East St. Louis light-heavyweight, for his winning of the equivalent of the National Amateur Championship at Buffalo. Battling Bob, who was the A. A. U. 175-pound title holder last spring in Boston, met and blotted out the Golden Gloves light-heavy monarch. Foxworth has been a brilliant performer for some years now, but he had the misfortune of being a contemporary of the two great Jims, Richie and Reddick. With his light hidden under such a pair of bushels, only the dyed-in-the-wool amateur enthusiasts knew how good he really was.

This will be my last until the war is over, like as not. I'd like to take same as an opportunity to wish Nat Fleischer, THE RING family and my readers the best of everything for the duration. In the meantime, the soldiers down here at Camp Swift enjoy THE RING and I'm sure will continue so to do. That is an added reason why I think it might be better that I sign off for the duration plus six. Adios, Maestro.

Would like to hear from some of the fans, promoters, etc. Address me Pvt. Robt. B. Dana, Company B., A.P.O. 95, Camp Swift, Texas. Will have to go now. There is a mop waiting for me over in the corner, eh, Callahan?

Red Letter Day

(Continued from page 14)

IN the 21st round, with only one minute and a half to go before the call of time, Sullivan led with a weak jab. He jumped back, rushed in again, to be halted in his tracks by a rapid succession of straight lefts to the face. Sullivan's nose bled profusely, as Corbett started his final devastating assault. Rights and lefts to body and face stung the helpless John L. Corbett closed in, smashed a right to the ear, and followed with a sharp stunning left hook to the jaw. Sullivan reeled and fell. He made a feeble effort to arise, but the struggle was futile and he collapsed. It was a clean, undisputable knockout!

"When John L. came to, he arose, faced the crowd and said: 'I fought once too often. But I'm glad that it was an American who beat me, and that the championship stays in this country.'

"They cried over John L. on that September day in New Orleans. And all over the world in front of newspaper offices, eyeing the bulletin boards, in the streets of New York, London, Paris, Boston, Chicago, San Francisco; in Melbourne, Sydney, Australia; in Capetown, Johannesburg, Africa—wherever the boxing game flourished, men and women of all grades of the social order crowded to read the awesome news of John L.'s Waterloo, and many of them wept unashamed.

"For Sullivan's downfall was something far more to the millions who adored him than the present generation can easily understand. He had become a symbol of national glory in which even those who had little interest in the prize ring somehow felt was a tribute to America's greatness in one field of heroic endeavor.

"Napoleon's grim hard-bitten veteran grenadiers wept bitterly when they bade farewell to their dethroned emperor and general when he left them for exile in Elba. And it isn't stretching the probabilities absurdly to assert that Sullivan exercised a similar magnetic influence over his devoted adherents. In both cases we see the adulation naturally given to the fighting spirit which has always reigned dominant in the human race. John L. was most assuredly the Napoleon of the fistic brigade in his day!"

* * *

THUS Fleischer's analysis of the pugilistic passing of John L. and the emotional tidal wave it created. It is a fair, unexaggerated view of a crucial episode in fistic history, which shattered tradition and blazed a fresh trail of glowing future possibilities for the game. Sullivan and Corbett not only personified the old and new styles of fighting, they were also representatives of conflicting social orders. John L., lion-hearted, roaring swashbuckler, was hail-fellow-well-met with every roistering devil-may-care chap with whom he came in contact. His habit of constantly frequenting saloons, consuming gargantuan quantities of liquor, buying drinks for the house, spending funds with the reckless generosity of a drunken sailor home from a year's cruise, naturally endeared him to the rowdy element.

Yet this was not merely a jovial pose. Sullivan drank because he liked the exciting effects of alcoholic stimulants, he fought because he liked fighting, he threw away money carelessly, because money meant nothing to him except as a needed factor in having what he considered a good time, with his fellow men sharing profusely in his rough pleasures. That's why the proletariat went crazy over him. No other fighter was ever so popular with the masses, nor does it appear likely that any fisticuffs professor will ever equal him in that respect.

Jack Dempsey won a large measure of public approval for his spectacular, tigerish scrapping qualities. Joe Louis is universally respected as a good citizen, patriot and all-around fine fellow, plus the marvelous boxing skill and deadly punching powers that have gained for him the whole-hearted admiration of all ring patrons. Yet in each case, the colorful melodramatic background against which Sullivan's stalwart figure stood forth in bold relief is lacking.

* * *

JOHN L. occupied an altogether unique position with regard to his public. For America's working millions welcomed the illusive glamor that surrounded him, swore by him, condoned his faults, which in their estimation weren't faults at all, but just excusable ebullitions of an irrepressible spirit, of a valiant merrymaker, who enjoyed himself to the limit, and wanted everyone else to do the same.

Corbett was the perfect antithesis of John L., low-voiced, somewhat fastidious in his tastes, and a born diplomat. He was no prig, but the flowing bowl had no lure for him, and tavern brawls were not included in his hours of relaxation. It was eminently fitting that the sport writers tagged him with the "Gentleman Jim" sobriquet, for he filled the gentleman role with graceful ease.

There is no denying Jim's good influence upon boxing. The times were changing rapidly and the breed of sportsmen were changing with them. The splendid Sullivan glamor was to persist for many years, but gradually it assumed legendary proportions. The hard reality was the coming of the Queensberry code into full power, aided by a heavyweight champion of polished demeanor and brilliant scientific qualities.

Yet the masses were not ready at once to accept Corbett as a worthy champion, and cry dutifully—"The king is dead, long live the king!"

It was quite the other way at first. A long period elapsed before "Gentleman Jim" overcame the prejudice against him, nursed by rebellious fight fans, because he had hurled Sullivan down from the heights. Oddly enough, it was the Irish sports, then all-powerful in ring affairs, who were most embittered. They couldn't forgive this interloper for the unforgivable sin of defeating John L., the pride of their race.

The inconsistent twist about the anti-Corbett campaign was that the new champ and Sullivan were exactly alike in one particular—both had first-crop Irish parents, and both were born in the U. S. A. Sullivan wasn't any more of a dyed-in-the-wool Celt than his youthful conqueror. Eventually Corbett lived down the memory of the awful crime he committed at New Orleans. Not that the veteran Sullivanites ever quite forgave him, but they learned to tolerate him, and he won the affections of his own generation of young athletes, who admired his fine science and took pattern by his decent behavior.

Both heroes of the eventful Crescent City encounter have passed away. But on this 50th anniversary of the famous Battle of New Orleans, one remembers that what happened that night at the old Olympic Club wrote an undying page in the history of fistiana.

It was the herald of a new day in boxing. The game was destined henceforth to rise to recognized respectability as a means of entertainment for all classes of both sexes, and ultimately attain the commercial rating which culminated in the establishment of the million dollar gate!

In commemoration of the great fistic event, THE RING Magazine presented to the city of New Orleans for its Auditorium, a handsome bronze plaque and will stage a number of Gentleman Jim Corbett Memorial fights throughout the country, with handsome trophies to be awarded to the winner of each such contest. Watch for further news in THE RING.

The Ring's Quiz Answers

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HERE are the answers to the questions printed on page 43.

1—Jack Dillon was known as the Hoosier Bearcat; John C. Heenan was the Benecia Boy. The Marquis of Queensberry is the father of the rules under which all modern boxing is staged. His rules laid the foundation for those now in use.

2—It is a punch that is not seen by ringside experts or the spectators, yet results in a "knockout," as in the case of Jack Sharkey in his bout for the title with Primo Carnera.

3—Johnny Coulon was born in Toronto and George Dixon was born in Halifax, Nova Scotia, Can. Tommy Burns, heavyweight, was born in Hanover, Can.

4—The corkscrew punch.

5—James J. Jeffries and Jack Dempsey.

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In the Big Parade

(Continued from page 19)

Paul Berlenbach. They called Berlenbach Paul the Paralyzer and the Astoria Assassin in those days. A nickname, like everything else, meant nothing to Risko. He came near assassinating the old assassin a month after he boxed Delaney. He piled right into Punching Paul, dropped him to the canvas and otherwise maltreated the Paralyzer in such a manner as to easily gain the verdict.

This was considered a tremendous upset at the time, and Risko won the hearts of New York City fight fans completely when he defeated Paul Berlenbach. In his third Garden appearance of the year he was deflated, however, by Young Stribling, a fighter whom John could never solve. Stribling waged a safety first battle, stabbed the Clevelander dizzy with a swift cutting left and waltzed off with the decision.

In glancing over his ring record, one is startled by the high ranking warriors he defeated, only to be turned back himself by some ring cutie like Mike McTigue, for instance, with just a bit too much craftiness for him. In spite of this, Jack Sharkey, Mickey Walker, Max Baer, Jack Delaney, Paul Berlenbach, Vittorio Campolo, Otto Von Porat, Paolino Uzcudun, George Godfrey, Ernie Schaaf, Tom Heeney, Tony Galento, Tommy Loughran, King Levinsky, K. O. Christner, Jim Maloney, Eddie Huffman were all beaten by the Baker Boy.

Many of Risko's bouts played prominent parts in heavyweight history. His match with Max Schmeling in Madison Square Garden in 1929 started the German on his climb to fame, and was the only kayo ever scored against him during the ten years' period when he was an active campaigner. Tony Musto stopped the Rubber Man in the grand finale previously spoken of, but John was a worn and weary ring graybeard on a tottering comeback when this happened. In his famous fight with Schmeling, after a rocky start, Risko started to come on and looked to be winning handily, when the German slipped over that bull's-eye right hand in the ninth round, and dropped him. John arose, but the Teuton had the range and few could draw a bead on a wobbly target better than he. Risko wound up a kayo victim in the same round. This fight proved the "open sesame" to the German on his title trek, and paved the way for his winning the world's championship.

* * *

A YEAR previous, in 1928, Risko had jammed up the scramble for a shot at the then heavyweight king, Gene Tunney, when he outhustled Boston Jack Sharkey in Madison Square Garden.

Sharkey had proven a sucker in this one. For what happened was that Tom Heeney, who had come out of semi-oblivion to crowd into the title picture had also beaten Risko in a close ten-round fight in Detroit just before Risko had beaten Sharkey. This automatically moved Heeney into a favored spot for a match with Tunney, an idea which appealed to Gene no little, for he fully realized that plodding Tom was a far less cantankerous foe than the flighty, sometimes unbeatable, Sharkey was apt to be.

So old Tom got the shot, Sharkey was sidetracked because of the Risko loss.

Risko's record is full of contradictions. While it is true that he beat practically all the good heavies of his era, practically all of them also beat him. Few fighters have won and lost to the same men as often as the Baker Boy. His series with Tommy Loughran is a good example of this. After running a poor second to the Phantom of Philly no less than three times, Risko finally won a decision over the master boxer when both were in the last stages of their fighting days in 1934.

He did somewhat the same thing with Mickey Walker. The great middleweight gave John an artistic lathering on two different occasions, in 1930 and 1931, but who should bob up and bounce Mickey around in 1932 but rubbery Johnny. Max Baer also won and lost to the Baker Boy, as did Sharkey, Delaney, Romero Rojas and Heeney.

One thing, John could always be depended on to be in there trying, win or lose. It was this quality that made him formidable. Few heavies took a better punch, and few could take more without losing heart than the Rubber Man. Short and chunky, he was not a terrific hitter, but neither could his punch be disregarded. He had mastered a freak left hook, taught him by his manager, Danny Dunn, a former fighter, that made him dangerous at all times. He tossed this punch at the oddest times and from the most unorthodox positions, and floored many a good man with it.

Dead game, he was utterly fearless as far as any opponent went. His fight with gargantuan George Godfrey showed his contempt for any rival. Godfrey, a fearsome individual and a fighter of ability, was the Black Menace of the time. Most of the boys wouldn't walk on the same side of the street with the Dark Shadow of Leiperville, let alone get in the same ring with him.

Promoter Humbert Fugazy, once a redoubtable rival of the Garden, finally succeeded in getting an opponent for the Negro giant in Risko. The pair met at Ebbets Field, Brooklyn, on June 27, 1928.

The 230-pound Godfrey towered over the chunky Risko like the Empire State Building over a fire hydrant when the men entered the ring. This didn't mean a thing to John, nor did his foe's awesome reputation. He piled right into Godfrey and, aided a trifle by the roars of a wildly partisan crowd, thrilled by the smaller man's temerity, mauled and plugged his way to victory. The merits of this verdict were questionable, but it was the consensus of opinion that big George, aided by so many advantages in height, weight, reach, punch and skill, should have made no contest of the affair with his dwarfed rival. The Risko fight marked the deflation of the Godfrey boom, which had been built to balloon-like dimensions.

Tuffy Griffith was a headache to Risko. The Iowan proved John's master three times hand running, but as was his wont, Risko finally caught up with his tormentor and won the last bout of their series.

Chuck Wiggins, the late Bullyboy of Indiana, was a persistent rival of Risko's in John's early days. The pair met three times in rough-and-tumble tangles, with honors about even as one fight ended in a draw and two were no-decision contests. Sully Montgomery and Jack DeMave also engaged Risko time and again when he was coming along. John eventually demonstrated convincing superiority over both these men, but they gave him plenty of trouble at first.

Risko began to slide in 1933, after eight years of war-horsing against the elite of the ring. He was just a fading trial horse by this time, merely a likely "name" on which ambitious youngsters fattened their reputations.

In 1934, he won only three of his nine fights.

He boxed only once against a ring nobody in 1935, was inactive in 1936, took another fling at the ring in 1937 when he surprisingly beat Bob Olin, but was easy pickings for John Henry Lewis.

In 1938 and 1939 he lost to Red Burman, among others, but by this time most of his opposition was strictly of the tank town variety. The Musto kayo wrote finis to his career early in 1940.

So the Baker Boy is in another fight today. He fought the toughest he could find in his ring days, so the size of the job that confronts him—and us all—today shouldn't faze him in the least. A fighter who knew no fear, never gave up, and beat the best, he should possess all the attributes of a good soldier.

HEENEY JOINS UP

THE third one-time heavyweight notable to figure in the war news of recent date is the old Hard Rock from Down Under, rugged Tom Heeney. The thickset New Zealand Irishman now a member of Uncle Sam's Navy, had a most unusual career in the ring. In many ways his pugilistic adventures strongly paralleled James J. Braddock's. Although he wasn't able to wind up with the heavyweight championship of the world he mauled his way to a shot at boxing's big prize through an unusual chain of circumstances.

Old Tawm started boxing back in 1921 and the early part of his career was undistinguished to say the least. He was beaten among others by oldtimer Colin Bell a couple of times Down Under and although he eventually won some kind of claim to the heavyweight championship of New Zealand, Heeney certainly was no ball of fire in his early days.

Tom finally found his way to London, England, where Phainting Phil Scott, of all people, outfumbled him with no great difficulty a couple of times. After taking a 20-round decision from ancient Bartley Madden, familiar American Irisher, who had turned up in Dublin where he and Tom met, Heeney turned his thoughts homeward and sailed from the British Isles.

Heeney shipped for New York. He had ideas of making expenses, so to speak, by boxing his way across the United States, picking up a little change here and there, and leaving for Australia from the West Coast. Not even Tom himself in his wildest dreams ever visioned himself figuring in a heavyweight title match.

He was pushing 30 years of age, ordinary at best, he certainly did not figure to cut any kind of a figure among the noted American heavyweights. Docking in New York early in 1927, Heeney found old Charley Harvey waiting for him on the pier. This was caused more by force of habit on Harvey's part than anything else. Charley had been managing British and Australian pugs so long he probably found

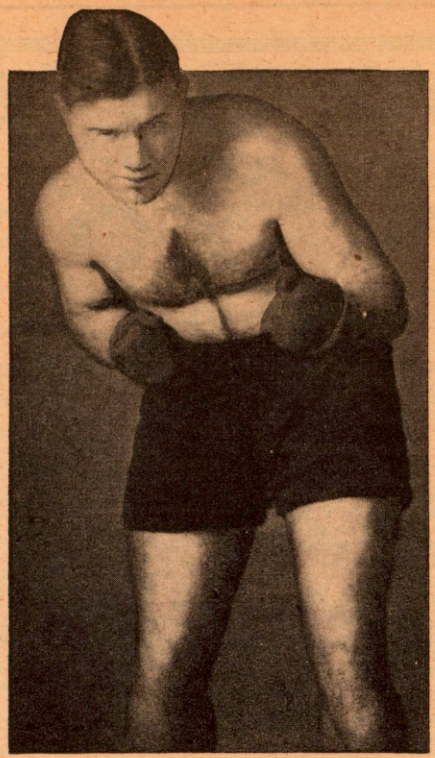
is way to the oncoming British liner unconsciously.

Probably no man destined to play so prominent a part in boxing doings ever attracted so little attention as Tom Heeney. A rugged, plain, unassuming soul, no one gave him a tumble. Heeney with his mind still set on getting home with a minimum of expense and trouble, gave Harvey charge of his affairs after first explaining that he had no serious ambitions but merely was seeking to make a little money so as to resume his travel to his native New Zealand. Harvey installed him in the old St. Nick's gym at 66th St. in New York, where honest Tom soon established himself as the world's worst gym fighter. A friendly, good natured, and wholesome chap though, it was with an eye towards doing him and Manager Harvey a favor as much as anything else, that he was given a preliminary bout in the Garden against one Charley Anderson, a well thought of colored heavy of the time. To the bewilderment of everybody, Tom proved to be a much better fighter in the ring than in the gym and punished Anderson so the referee was forced to call a halt in the 9th round.

Tom's American debut had taken place on Feb. 25, 1927. Six weeks later he was tossed in with Paolino Uzcudun, who was then being widely ballyhooed as the best European heavy. Paolino received the verdict but it was so widely disputed that the Garden rematched them and this one was called a draw. This transformed the plodding New Zealander from a homeward bound has been to a big shot heavyweight contender, and old Tom who always had plenty of heart really made the most of this unbelievable stroke of good fortune. His Detroit fight with Risko was his next milestone and the result of that one, which he won, was the most important of his career. He caught in and out Jack Sharkey, on an off night early in 1928 and got a draw with him, this led to a match with Jack Delaney, who was a terrific drawing card at the time. Heeney, the down and outer of 1927 drew the largest gate receipts in Garden history, with Delaney, when a mob that bulged the walls of the pugilistic temple paid $200,000 to sit in and watch Tom plod and plug his way to a decision over the dashing French Canadian, in 1928.

Tunney wanted one more fling at the ring and the choice of his opponent rested between Heeney and Sharkey. The Public and the New York Boxing Commission leaned strongly towards Sharkey, figuring and rightly so, that if the erratic Sharkey came up with one of his better performances an epic struggle might result. Tunney always the keen student of fistic form had other ideas. Heeney's homely, uninspired, rugged style of boxing was perfectly suited to his mechanically perfect style of boxing and well he knew it. He prevailed upon Rickard and the Garden, to give the Aussie the nod and, with some misgivings Tex and his cohorts complied.

Heeney aided by circumstances had done right against off and oners like Delaney and Sharkey, and squat pluggers like Risko and Paolino, but against the sound scientific stylist, Tunney, he was never in the ball game. The public realized it too, and stayed away in such numbers that the huge extent of the Garden's loss on the Tunney-



Tom Heeney, New Zealander, who has joined U. S. Navy.

Heeney championship fight has never been disclosed. It has been reported as ranging all the way from $100,000 to $300,000. Tunney received a half million guarantee for one of the easiest fights he ever had. After cutting poor old Tom to ribbons for 10 rounds he stopped him in the 11th, on July 26, 1928, at the Yankee Stadium in New York.

This of course marked the high spot of Heeney's ring life. He came out of nowhere to wind up a contestant in a heavyweight title match, and never found his way back to the Antipodes. He married an American girl, fought for some years in America after that, but reverted to his earlier form and soon dropped back to second rate status.

Tom fell in love with America. He proved to be one of the most likeable foreign boxers to ever invade the United States, and his liking for America and Americans was returned by them. A resident of Miami for some years it is just like good old Tom, despite his 44 years of age to step right up and do his bit for the land he has learned to love and which was so good to him.

Turning the Tide

(Continued from page 10)

by belting his way to victories that seemed lost cases for him. Tippy Larkin, a fighter of much talent, was toying with Davis one evening in the Garden, until Bummy closed his eyes, swung his left blindly, caught the Jersey boy in the stomach and caused him to collapse like an accordion.

Bummy did pretty much the same thing against Tony Marteliano in the Garden. The game little Italian was ahead of Davis in the tenth and last round, when a left hook that seemed to come from out of the gallery flopped him on his hands and knees seven seconds before the last gong and won the verdict for Bummy. Bummy, for all his faults, was one fighter who could never be taken cheaply or counted out of the running in a fight. He was dangerous to the end. No matter how far behind he might have been during a bout, there was no telling when he'd drop his man for a kayo.

* * *

BUDDY BAER was taking a first class shellacking from Nathan Mann in the Garden two years ago. Coming out for the seventh round Buddy began throwing "desperation" punches and the first thing anybody knew Mann had "retired" as they say in England, claiming his eye was hurt.

Tony Zale had a narrow escape against Steve Mamakos in Chicago, in February, 1941. The Washington warhorse was outhustling Zale when the Gary boy let a haymaker go and knocked the tough Greek cold in the fourteenth round of their match for the N.B.A. version of the world's middleweight title.

Handsome Wilton Farnsworth, former sports editor of the New York *Journal-American*, is authority for the statement that Benny Leonard looked like anything but the winner, up to the time he stopped Freddy Welsh in the ninth round of their title fight at New York's old Manhattan Casino back in 1917. "Welsh had beaten Benny twice before, and everybody in the place figured he was doing it again. But Benny caught up with him and hung him over the ropes out on his feet," elucidated Mr. Farnsworth.

In any fight a puncher has an advantage because he is always able to end things at any time while a boxer such as Conn must usually go the distance to gain a points victory. A great hitter such as Louis must always have the edge because of this fact no matter who occupies the other corner. Because of this, Conn will be in danger up to the final bell when and if they meet again.

He will be again facing one of the great men of the ring and if he should be lucky enough to come into the late rounds ahead on points, Conn had better not figure the battle won, as he did in their previous tilt. For Joe Louis is every inch a champion with a great champion's instinct for turning defeat into victory.

Boxers in the Service

(Continued from page 25)

and advanced to the semi-finals in the "Tournament of Champions" in New York's Madison Square Garden before being forced to withdraw with an ear injury. All told, the 'teen age Richmonder won 30 out of 34 bouts, including a 19-bout win streak with 12 of his consecutive victories coming in feature events at Norfolk's popular Ocean View Athletic Club.

The clever Old Dominion youngster has never been defeated except by a champion, and hopes to continue his streak after the Huns and Japs are conquered.

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BROADCAST FROM NEW YORK

By MEYER ACKERMAN

FREDDIE "RED" COCHRANE wasn't born to be a great champion. As everyone expected, he proved an ordinary journeyman in his losing overweight tilt to Fritzie Zivic in Madison Square Garden before 13,259 spectators who paid $30,817.31 to see him prior to going overseas to Pearl Harbor on a U.S.O. Benefit card.

But it will never be said of the gallant Jersey redhead that he lacks the gumption without which a champion cannot command respect. It was Cochrane's heart that stood out above everything else for all to see as he strove valiantly, although to no avail, to prove that his previous victory over Zivic, in which he lifted the world welterweight crown, could be repeated.

The spirit was willing. But inactivity since joining the Navy, he being the first champion to join the armed forces, shackled the champion and kept him from displaying a better brand of fisticuffing of which he is capable.

At that, Fritzie was no ball of fire. He allowed Cochrane to take the play away from him from the opening gong with looping left hooks to the head and hooks to the body which at times made the Pittsburgher gasp. For two rounds it looked like Zivic had left his fight in the gymnasium and wouldn't make good his pre-fight boast of an easy victory over the champion, as Fearless Freddie became too aggressive with little retaliation from the harassed Fritzie.

As a matter of fact, it appeared that Zivic would turn in one of his very bad fights. But flat-nosed Fritzie had evolved a plan by which he would "get hunk" on the freckled-faced Freddie. He allowed the champion to fight himself out, and with Cochrane out of gas, Zivic turned on the pressure. He cuffed the sailor with ripping inside punches, throwing in several back-hands to boot, naturally; nailed Freddie with straight right hand punches to the jaw, and in spots it looked like the Navy man was about to go overboard.

Cochrane recovered in fine style, however, and never lost his bull-dog tenacity. He fought back harder when stung, and in several instances threw low punches in his anxiety to press the fight. These blows cost the Jerseyite two rounds, although the result would have been the same.

The fight was the champion's last for the duration as he headed for a fighting front of far more importance than the Garden ring, and it must be said for Cochrane that he didn't disgrace himself. Speaking into the Mutual microphone after the bout, he urged all to buy war bonds and more war bonds to help the Allied cause.

Wherever you go, Freddie, good luck to you. This corner is confident you will never stop trying no matter what the odds, as you did in your fine fight against Fritzie Zivic, and it is just such determination and courage that will eventually bring the Axis to a halt.

Before the contest, the champion was presented with THE RING belt, emblematic of the world welterweight title. This was the belt which Freddie should have received last year, but because of his shift to California, the presentation was withheld until his appearance in the Garden.

Willie Pep, unbeaten Hartford featherweight, was unveiled for the first time in a local ring and on his one-round knockout over Frankie Franconeri, it was hard to judge his fistic capabilities. In a flurry of gloves, he twice dropped the lad from Jersey, and when he sent Franconeri to his finger tips a third time, Referee Arthur Donovan intervened. It all happened with startling suddenness. But looking back on the fight, it must be conceded that Pep is about the fastest featherweight we have seen in many a pugilistic moon.

Joey Varoff turned the tables on Ernie Petrone in a six-round fight, by outboxing the Philadelphian most of the way, scoring a knockdown to boot. It was Petrone who handed Varoff his only defeat as a pro several weeks ago in the Queensboro Arena.

In another six-round tussle, Phil Terranova clearly outpointed Gus Levine and Walter Stevens won the decision over Joey Manfro in a four.

In the four-round emergency bout, Buddy Farrell knocked out Johnny Caruso in fifty-six seconds of the second round.

If the likes of Ruben Shank continue to be dug up, then Ray Robinson need have no fear of placing his unbeaten skein of victories in danger of being snapped. The Harlem Sugar Boy roped the masquerading Colorado cowboy in less than two rounds of a scheduled ten-rounder at Madison Square Garden in one of the month's feature bouts in the Garden and the chances are that Robinson could have broken a world record in steer roping had the rodeo been in town.

That Shank, who is no more a fighter than he is a cowboy, took four knockdowns before Referee Billy Cavanagh decided to stop the slaughter, is a tribute to his gameness rather than his fighting ability. It will take more than a game fighter, however, to hand the Colored Comet his first taste of defeat.

A crowd of 10,437 paid a gate of $19,637 to see the farce and they yawned in expectancy. Shank was the second fighter in the past month who failed to live up to his publicity. Garvey Young was amateurish in his fight again Fritzie Zivic and Shank showed nothing against Rapid Ray. It could be that Ruben has no taste for Sugar.

In the semi-final eight-round contest, young Chester Rico continued his fine work among the lightweights by winning handily over Terry Young. Young's aggressiveness sent him off to an early lead, but Rico settled down with a fine boxing and hitting display to win beyond question.

In a six-round contest, middleweight Sonny Horne, Niles, Ohio, took the measure of welterweight Milton Kessler, Brooklyn. Although Kessler was a bit the flashier of the two and landed jarring right hand punches in spots, Horne was the more persistent and deserved the verdict.

In four-round fights, Johnny Dell shaded Phil Terranova, Gus Coen Levine took the measure of Irving Magid, and Charley Davis whipped Jimmy Dolvin.

Jacob La Motta made his first important appearance in the Garden on a card topped by Cleo Shans and Maxie Shapiro, and as those who had seen him perform in the Bronx Coliseum expected, the Bronx Express completely stole the show.

Facing the highly talented stablemate of Joe Louis, Jimmy Edgar, over the ten-round route, the Bronx Express literally rolled all over the Detroit welterweight to win in a fight that bordered on the sensational.

Edgar kept beating off the persistent rushes of the Bronxite with sparkling combination punches and dazzling foot work, for four torrid rounds and then La Motta opened up the throttle. He climbed all over Edgar, hammering him with punches from every position, and had the Detroit youngster befuddled in a swirl of red leather.

In the seventh round, Jacob kept tossing punches for the full three minutes without a letup, and as Jimmy tried to keep the pace, fans were treated to perhaps the most savage bit of three minutes ever witnessed in the Garden ring. The savage action seemed beyond the scope of human endurance, but over 10,000 people present, who paid a gate of $18,752, were there to witness it.

It was the round that proved Edgar's undoing. Completely fatigued, Jimmy hung on to the finish as La Motta belabored him and the crowd roared. For Edgar, it must be pointed out that he is only a welterweight, having scaled 149¼ pounds to the winner's 160. He showed enough stuff in defeat, against a middleweight who would be the best in the country if he could only punch, to make the critics sit up and take notice.

Shans was again returned the winner over Shapiro, but unlike their first fight, the contest was anything but sensational, and this time there was no question as to the winner.

Cleo hustled the East sider all over the ring, scoring with solid smashes to the body which caused Maxie to hold on. Shapiro appeared lackadaisical in his efforts, and although he spurted in the last three rounds, he was too far behind and needed a knockout to win.

Shans scaled 131; Shapiro, 132.

Beau Jack, nee Sidney Walker, hammered out a ten-round decision over Billy Murray, Bellaire, Ohio, a last minute substitute for Chester Rico who suffered a bad rib.

Murray outboxed the Stork Club champion in the first half of the contest, flashing a good left hand. But the Beau warmed up to his task at the midway mark, nailed Murray with damaging uppercuts, and won going away.

At 135, Jack spotted the loser four and three-quarter pounds.

In a fourth ten-round contest, Carmine Fatta, Brooklyn, outlasted Carmelo Fenoy, Spain. Fatta floored Fenoy early in the first round and was generally the better boxer of the two. The winner weighed 138¼; Fenoy, 138½. Carmelo was a last minute substitute for Danny Bartfield, who suffered a hand injury in training.

In the opening four-round affair, Fred Addeo, promising Brooklyn lightweight, took the measure of Charley Aldrich, east sider.

Johnny Colan, West side light-heavyweight, returned to the wars after a layoff of several months, to take the measure of Al Boros, in the feature ten-round battle at the Queensboro Arena. The fight was a good one between big fellows and was well received by the spectators.

Colan weighed 178¼; Boros, 195.

In the semi-final bout scheduled for six rounds, Ray Brown, Chicago lightweight, scored a two-round knockout over Ralph Ferrer, Harlem.

In another scheduled six-round affair, Mario Morales, Havana, stopped Eladio Colon, Puerto Rico, at the end of the third round.

Tami Mauriello continues to roll merrily along the heavyweight trail.

Facing Italo Colonello in the feature bout of ten rounds at the Bronx Coliseum, the Fordham heavyweight contender scored a sensational knockout in the second round before an approximated forty-five hundred people.

After a first-round feeler, Mauriello dropped Colonello with a right to the jaw, and when Italo arose, Tami measured him with a perfect one-two punch. Referee Frank Fullam didn't need a second look before he intervened. Although Colonello gamely arose, he was in no condition to continue and any more punching was unnecessary.

The winner scaled 185 and gave away ten pounds at the scales.

In a bitterly contested eight-round semi-final, Pete Geno, Greenwich Village welterweight, and Frankie Cavanna, east side, slugged each other all over the ring to a draw. Geno scored an early knockdown over Cavanna, but the more ring-wise Frankie came on towards the finish to even matters. Geno weighed 148¼; Cavanna, 148¾.

In six-round fights, Pete Kennedy, hammer fisted Elmsford, N. Y., welterweight, knocked out Bob Perry, 153¼, in the second round, and Mario Morales, the highly regarded Cuban bantamweight, stopped Raul Garcia in the fifth round.

The king of the Stork Club, Augusta's Sidney Walker, suh, took right good care of Carmine Fatta at their MacArthur Stadium bout when he hammered his Brooklyn adversary into knockout defeat in two minutes and forty-eight seconds of the first round before a goodly gathering of 4500 onlookers.

Beau Jack, as the good Mr. Walker is known in pugilistic circles, forced Fatta to the ropes after being outboxed for the first two minutes, smashed two hard rights to the head, and jigged back to his corner as Carmine was was helped to his stool.

The Beau weighed in at 137¼ while Fatta scaled 136¾.

Harold Green, 141½, Brooklyn, was awarded a technical knockout over Joe Governale, a brother Brooklynite, when the latter failed to answer the bell for the sixth and what was to have been the final round. The loser weighed 147.

In another scheduled six-rounder, Davey Feld, Brownsville middleweight, stopped Bob Perry, Harlem, in one fifty of the final round.

Joey Peralta, Tamaqua, Pa., gained a one-sided victory over Baby Breese in the feature eight-round bout at the Queensboro Arena.

The Mexican set a fast pace which Breese couldn't match and subjected the Baby to quite a drubbing, scoring at will with hard head smashes.

The winner weighed 134½ and spotted Breese a pound and a half.

Joey Varoff, east side welterweight, found his unbeaten string of victories snapped when he bowed to Ernie Petrone, 138½, Philadelphia, in the

six-round semi-final. Petrone fought recklessly throughout, throwing punches from all angles, and although most of them didn't land, Varoff did nothing to offset the willingness of the Philadelphian. Varoff weighed 139½.

Punching Pete Kennedy knocked out Lou Miller in the third round of a scheduled six, while in another six-rounder, Jimmy "Fat" DeAngelo's promising Al Guido scored easily over Cedric Flourney.

Tony Ferrara, Mount Vernon middleweight, and Larry Fontana, Brooklyn, battled to a hard eight-round draw in the feature tussle at the Fort Hamilton Reservation. The fight was strictly a punching bee between two boys who love to slug it out, and there was little to choose between them at the end.

In the eight-round semi-windup, Whistlin' Willie Roache, Wilmington, Delaware, lightweight, outpointed Guillermo Puentes.

A crowd of four thousand saw Vic Dellicurti and George Kochan battle eight hectic rounds to a draw in the feature event at the Queensboro Arena. The decision was booed, many believing that Dellicurti had an edge over the Coast Guard battler.

Kochan scored with wild swings in the early stages of the fight. In the second round, the Harlem Pisan opened a cut over Kochan's left eye which hampered the service lad considerably in the latter stages of the fight. Vic finished the stronger of the two with a heavy body bombardment.

Each weighed 155 pounds.

In the scheduled six-round semi-final, Adam Spencer, colored heavyweight now piloted by James J. Johnston, knocked out Floyd Lemmon in the fifth round. Spencer floored his opponent four times before a halt was called. The winner weighed 206½; Lemmon, 184.

In two other sixes, Wiley Ferguson, 168½, won a decision over Johnny Morris, 160¼, and Walter Stevens, 134½, decisioned Pete Manchio, 136¾.

Artie Dorrell, Texas welterweight, was awarded the decision over Joe Torres, Puerto Rico, at the end of six rounds in the feature event at the Queensboro Arena, but not before he had had his moment of anxiety. Floored in the second round by a savage left hook to the jaw for a count of nine, Dorrell came punching back to take the remaining rounds and the verdict. The fight was limited to six rounds because the original match had scheduled Sonny Horne, the under-age Niles, Ohio, middleweight, with Dorrell. But Horne was ill and Torres was substituted.

Dorrell weighed 150¼; Torres, 144.

In the eight-round semi-final, Jackie Cooper outpointed Milo Theodorescu. The bout lagged at times as Theodorescu paid more attention to downing than to fighting. Cooper hustled all the way and tried to make a fight of it.

Cooper weighed 149; Theodorescu, 155½.

In six-round fights, Bobby Cummings, 140½, whipped Douglas Ratford, and Eugene Burton, 134¾, whipped Bobby Williams, 136.

Carmine Fatta scored a quick knockout over Ruby Garcia in the opening round of a scheduled eight-round feature at MacArthur Stadium when a left and right to the jaw felled the Puerto Rican for the full count. Garcia had to be assisted to his corner.

The bout had bardly got under way when Fatta maneuvered Garcia into a neutral corner, dropped his explosives and terminated the battle. The referee was the capable Young Otto.

The winner scaled 137; Garcia, 138½.

The best fight of the night was won by Johnny Greco, 135¼, busy Montreal battler, who was awarded the decision over Willie Roache, 130¾, Wilmington, Delaware. Greco floored Roache in the first two rounds for nine counts, but in the third round, Willie hurt Johnny with hard left hooks to the head. It was a give and take fight all the way with Greco the more effective puncher.

Ernie King, 140½, was awarded the decision over Jerry Moore, 140¾, in a dull eight-round contest.

The show closed the outdoor season at MacArthur Stadium, where Johnny Attell made the matches.

Buddy Moore was awarded a popular decision over towering Ben Moroz in the feature contest of six rounds at the Queensboro Arena. Weighing only 199½ to Moroz's 294½, Moore spotted the Philadelphia giant ninety-five pounds and outboxed him for the decision.

In the scheduled six-round semi-final, Reginald Osborne, 159, stopped Walter Thomas, 166, in the third round.

Harry Diduck drew with Willie Calhoun and Joe Agosta kayoed Kenny Blackmar in the third round, in other six-round contests.

Frankie Rubino gained an unpopular decision over Billy Pinti in an eight-round fight which featured the show at the Fort Hamilton Reservation. The winner weighed 129; Pinti, 125.

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Frankie was floored for a four count in the first round but rallied strongly to gain the award.

After he had been floored twice for counts of nine in the fourth round, Oliver White was not permitted to leave the corner for the fifth round by his seconds with the result that Johnny Greco was awarded a technical knockout victory in the scheduled eight-round semi-final.

Greco weighed 135; White, 139.

The winning streak of Tommy Campanella was broken by Johnny Colan in the eight-round feature tussle at the Fort Hamilton Reservation, but not until after Colan knew he had been in a fight.

Campanella got off to a fine start as his awkward style puzzled his west side opponent, but Johnny hurt Tommy in the fourth round and thereafter, Colan took command. The Campanella camp claimed the boy had broken his right hand in the third round.

Colan scaled 180; Campanella, 176. Private Ruby Goldstein refereed.

Reggie Osborne, 160, Harlem, knocked out Johnny Morris, 162, Brooklyn, in the fourth round, while in six-round contests, Andy Fowler whipped Lou Miller and Fred Addeo looked good in whipping Cedric Flourney.

In the opening show of the winter season at the White Plains County Center, Van McNutt, Baltimore, Maryland, knocked out Marvin Bryant, Texas, in the fifth round of a scheduled eight-round main event.

In the semi-final six-rounder, Pete Kennedy, highly regarded Elmsford, N. Y., welterweight, defeated Andy Fowler, Brooklyn.

Jacob La Motta returned to his favorite stamping grounds and had to go all out to win a ten-round decision over Vic Dellicurti in the feature tussle at the Bronx Coliseum.

Although La Motta whipped Dellicurti in a previous encounter, he experienced more difficulty this time, and came storming along in the late rounds to clinch the verdict.

Dellicurti stung La Motta with inside right hand uppercuts in the early part of the fight, and used a left jab to good advantage, but Jacob the Jolter sets a withering pace and Dellicurti withered before it. It was give and take in the last two sessions with La Motta the more effective of the two.

La Motta scaled 155¼; Dellicurti, 154½.

In the scheduled eight-round semi-final, Mario Morales knocked out Curley St. Angelo with a right to the jaw in the second round. Morales weighed 121¾, while St. Angelo tipped the scale at 126½.

The fight marked the fourth successive one in which Morales has scored a knockout.

Walter Thomas, 170, kayoed Dominick Fussa, 160½, in the fifth round of a scheduled six, and in another six, Bobby Root, Corona lightweight, surprised by whipping Herbie Kronowith.

Vinnie Rossano won the rubber contest in his fight with Artie Dorrell at the Queensboro Arena but it was uncomfortably close, so close in fact that it might have been called a draw. Each had been credited with a previous victory.

Rossano floored Dorrell in the opening round for a two count with a smashing right to the jaw and again in the second, a right and left hook to the jaw floored Dorrell for nine.

Artie, however, came back fighting mad and more than held his own the rest of the way. It was one of the greatest fights seen in the Queensboro in some time.

Rossano weighed 152; Dorrell, 148¾.

Sanders Cox, 184, stopped Steve Berkes, 189¼, in the second round. The referee intervened when Cox had twice floored Berkes and the latter seemed in no condition to continue.

In two other scheduled six-round fights, Jimmy Pierce, Vancouver, 137, drew with Tommy Ciarlo, Waterbury, 138, and Al Guido, promising Harlem lightweight, won with something to spare over Harry Diduck, 129¾.

In a battle of giants, Eddie Blunt gained the decision over Big Ben Moroz in the feature eight-round bout at the Fort Hamilton Reservation before a crowd of 3500.

Blunt scaled 226; Moroz, 300.

Corona Eddie hurt the seven foot two inch Philadelphia giant in the third and seventh rounds when he scored with hard left hooks to the head, but on the whole, it was a mauling affair with Blunt throwing just a few more punches to earn the award.

In a hotly contested six-round semi-final, Pete Manchio, Greenwich Village, lightweight, outslugged Cedric Flourney, Detroit. In another six-rounder, Harry Diduck, 131, won over Johnny Cockfield, 132½.

THE NEW YORK VERSION: The New York State Athletic Commission has taken its stand on the bantamweight situation and insists it will not recognize the claim of Manuel Ortiz to the 118-pound title because the fight in which the Mexican whipped Lou Salica was only of twelve rounds duration and they will not recognize championship fights unless fought over the fifteen-round route. Dan Parker, brilliant sports editor of the New York *Daily Mirror*, points out that in that case, Jack Dempsey is still the heavyweight champion of the world as he couldn't have been deprived of his crown at the Sesqui-Centennial Stadium in Philadelphia in his bout with Gene Tunney as that fight was only a ten-round affair. The fact remains that when Lou Salica signed to fight Ortiz, he received a guarantee of sizeable proportions to put his title on the line, and came in under the 118-pound limit so that the championship affair could go on. Manuel then proceeded to hand Salica a thorough lacing, winning the crown where championships should be won—in the ring. As far as THE RING is concerned. Manuel Ortiz is the current holder of the world bantamweight title. And we will award him a championship belt.

According to Attorney General Earl Warren of the state of California, a contract is a contract even if a pugilist enters the armed forces. Which, of course, is fine protection for coast managers. When Johnny Manschen entered the army and fought on a benefit card at Oakland, Manager George Parnassus sought his one-third out of the purse. The commission, quite flabbergasted, asked for a ruling on the case and was informed that a contract between manager and fighter had to be honored at all times. Parnassus eventually waived his claim to the percentage.

Joe Carter, a Rome, New York, middleweight engaging in only his sixth professional contest, walloped Ruben Shank in ten easy rounds at the Meadowbrook Bowl in Newark, N. J. Carter won in comparatively easy fashion. This is the same Ruben Shank who fought a main bout in Madison Square Garden against Ray Robinson. If Carter isn't careful, he may find himself as Robinson's next opponent . . . . Speaking of Shank incidentally, newspapermen around the Garden ringside following his knockout at the hands of Sugar Ray were unanimous in their opinion that Ruben caused his early downfall by getting Robinson mad when he scored with a punch in the last few seconds of the first round. For what purpose was Shank in there if not to fight!

The International Boxing Union, with headquarters in Paris, has been disbanded by the Axis and replaced by a European Boxing Association with offices in Rome, with Vito Mussolini at the helm. Do they still have sports in Axis controlled countries? . . . . Tony Musto, the little rock from Blue Island, Chicago, won a split decision over Lee Savold in Washington, D. C. It came as no surprise to this corner. Musto and the writer were standing in the rear of the Bronx Coliseum when Savold was whipping Teddy Wint, and Tony remarked that he could whip the Des Moines heavyweight if given the chance. He got his chance and made good his prediction.

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RHODE ISLAND NEWS
By DANNY NARDI

RALPH ZANNELLI, Roughhouse Kid from Providence and top-flight welterweight of a few seasons back, made a home town appearance for the first time in two years.

Ralph met Saverio Turiello, Italian welter from New York, and was defeated in a close ten-round bout at the Rhode Island Auditorium before a crowd of 1457 persons, who contributed a gross gate of $2200. This bout was the first for Ralph in five months, and the Federal Hill Kid was a little off on timing and distance and tired in the late rounds. Zannelli opened fast and had a little margin in the first half of the bout, but Turiello, a master boxer who is very ring wise, came strong in the second half of the bout and scored enough punches to swing the ten-round fray to his favor. Zannelli weighed 147¾, and Turiello, 149½.

In the semi-final, Pete Louthis, last season's New England amateur heavyweight champ, made his pro debut a winning one. Pete, who comes from nearby Cumberland, R. I., and who is a Providence College student and football star, won from Dave Horblitt, deaf mute from Boston, Mass., in the six-round semi-final.

The results of the prelims: Verne Patterson, 150¾, Hartford, Conn., scored a four-round technical kayo over Jimmy Taylor, 153, Lowell, Mass., in a scheduled six-round bout. Patterson showed local fight fans plenty of hitting and boxing prowess and made quite an impression on the gathering.

Jimmy Mulligan, 162½, Lowell, Mass., who was National amateur middleweight champ for the last two seasons, won a six-round decision over Sailor Misko, 153, Boston, in an action-crammed bout. Both boys visited the canvas during the course of the battle.

The opener saw Al Bojac, 152, Central Falls, R. I., win a six-round decision over Mal Smallwood, 154¾, Boston, Mass.

The above card was Sam Price's first program for the season, and was an exceptionally good one.

Ralph Zannelli, Providence welter, showed his wares again in the short space of two weeks since his last bout and headlined another show at the Rhode Island Auditorium, when he met Irwin Kaye Kaplan in the ten-round main bout. Kaplan, seasoned and experienced middleweight from New York City, who already held a decision over Zannelli, was a badly and decisively defeated fighter at the end of the ten-round bout. Zannelli was back in tip-top shape. He swarmed all over his heavier rival, beating him to the punch time and time again with his left hook to the body, followed by right hands to the head. Kaplan only took one round on my score sheet. Zannelli weighed 148½ and gave away eight pounds to his rival.

Pete Louthis made his second pro start and chalked up another win when he scored a first-round kayo over Leo Mack, New York southpaw, in a scheduled six-round bout. Pete weighed 190; Mack, 180.

The results of the prelims: Lou Martin, 153, of Fall River, Mass., defeated Mal Smallwood, 156, of Boston, Mass., in a six-round bout. Leo Sawicki, 147, of Worcester, Mass., took a six-round decision from Al Evans, 151, colored boy from Newport, R. I. Danny Nobrega, 152, of New Bedford, Mass., lost on a six-round T.K.O. to Lou Smith, 159, of Boston.

Jackie Callura, locally popular Canadian featherweight champion, defeated Dave Crawford, colored boy from New York, in the ten-round main bout held at Dave Cashman's new fight headquarters, the Arcadia, located in downtown Providence. Crawford, who has been forging to the front of the featherweight group by leaps and bounds to get the number ten spot in last month's RING Magazine ratings, did not disappoint local fans. Although on the wrong end of a divided decision, he made a distinct hit with the fans. The boys started at a fast clip and kept it up throughout the scrap. The two judges disagreed and the "ref" cast the deciding vote in Callura's favor.

Verne Patterson, Hartford, Conn., beat highly regarded Ernie Forte, local welterweight, in the best scrap of the night.

Patsy Brandino, Canada, stablemate of the Callura boys, won his eighth straight fight in the States by scoring a two-round kayo over Billy Wilson, Providence. Patsy weighed 128; Wilson, 136. Larry Brown, Boston welter, defeated Corky Davis, Worcester, in a six-rounder.

In the opener of the evening, Jackie Foley, Worcester, defeated Soldier Ray, Blowervia, in the second round of a scheduled four.

Larry Bolvin, dynamite punching feather from Providence, lost a close decision to Sal Bartola, Boston, Mass., in the main bout at the Valley Arena in Holyoke, Mass. Bartola, who is one of the top ten feathers in the country, had to stage a late rally in the last couple of rounds to get a disputed decision over Larry. Both boys weighed 127½.

Ernie Forte of Providence, rising welter from this section, scored another victory when he won the eight-round main bout at the Fall River Casino over Cerefino Bronco of Fall River. Forte was out front in all of the eight rounds and walked off with an easy verdict. Ernie scaled 147 and Bronco, 145.

If any of you RING readers want a good list of fighters' names and addresses, send me 25 cents in cash or money order, and I will mail to you my Fighters' Directory. Write to Danny Nardi, 185 Beaufort Street, Providence, R. I.

Joey Archibald, former two-time holder of the featherweight crown, journeyed down to Havana, Cuba, to take on the champion from that section, National Kid of Havana. Joey came out second best in this scrap and lost to the local boy, being kayoed by the National Kid in the second round of a scheduled ten-rounder. Pawtucket Joey weighed 125½, the same as his opponent.

Nat Cannatta, Federal Hill welterweight and one of the best prospects around here, a boy who in some twenty-odd professional fights lost only one, is now a member of Uncle Sam's armed forces. The local welter was inducted last month. While Rhode Island loses a good fighter, Uncle Sam gains a good boy who is going to make an excellent soldier.

CANADIAN TOPICS
By LAWSON BAMPTON

MONTREALERS are eager for fistic action, enough of them, anyhow, to make a small-scale show realize a tidy profit for the promoters. S. Loyer, wrestling impresario at the Exchange Stadium, teamed up with Sam Gibbs, who acted as matchmaker, to present a revival card, the first professional show of the year here, at the Exchange Stadium the day after Labor Day. Though the listed program had little box office appeal, some 1200 fans braved a fairly chilly evening to see a show that started off well then flopped badly at the finish.

The official figures showed 1152 persons, paying from half a dollar to a buck tops, contribute to a gross gate of $767.75, of which twenty to thirty per cent remained as clear profit after the small-scale expenses had been met. The small stadium which seats about 2200, was a little more than half filled. The idea of developing local talent from these shows will not work out unless the talent used on this show, with a couple of exceptions, is eliminated, and better opposition is furnished for the headlining boxers.

Leo Maher, Sam Gibbs' light-heavy protege, tackled a familiar foe in Paul Roy as he licked him in the amateurs as well as two or three times since they turned pro. In fact, they made their pro debut in a Forum card opener about a year and a half ago. It is doubtful if Roy, still very much a novice, has boxed anyone else but Maher. After a so-so first round they started to really mix it in the second when Roy suddenly stopped and told Referee Al Decarie to "Geeve eet to heem, I fight no more. He heet me on my sore nose." So that was that.

Jasper O'Hanley, making his too-long-deferred pro debut, let Leo Methot, his opponent, set the pace for the first minute, then geared into high and started pitching too fast. He was connecting with sharp, rapid-fire cuffs and didn't have a chance to connect with a real wallop as Methot went down under the fusillade and waited till he was counted out before springing to his feet. The Irish youngster, who is now in the Navy, had even worked up a sweat.

The three preliminaries were good, action-packed battles though little real class was displayed. Rene Lefebvre, looking to be in the best shape ever, evidently due to army life, got a tough break in his bruising struggle with Fernand Clermont, a rugged, tough ex-amateur middleweight. Lefebvre got away to a fast start and ran up a good lead before Clermont started wading in with both hands to pare the lead down. When they went into the sixth and final round it looked as though the soldier boy would barely scrape through with a margin though Clermont was having the better of it. Clermont kept charging in with lowered head and halfway through the round it came in contact with Lefebvre's eye, resulting in a deep gash that forced a cessation of hostilities.

Camille Gosselin, veteran local featherweight campaigner, had too much experience for his game young opponent, Paul Rivest, and took the duke in their six-rounder. With proper handling and coaching, Rivest could probably be developed into a pretty fair fighter. In the opening four-rounder, Albert Racine outslugged his featherweight opponent, Jean De Serres. Al Decarie did a fine job as third man in all the bouts and is finally getting the recognition he deserves.

STRAY SHOTS—Wilfred Shanks is living up to his reputation as Canada's best prospect turned out of the amateurs in years . . . . he has been going well under the able handling of George Sheppard in the States and has yet to taste defeat . . . . Sheppard is a former Montreal boy, who has made good in New York as a fight manager and is also doing well as a promoter . . . . his matchmaking at New Haven must click as they drew $60,000 for sixteen shows . . . . Sheppard may do Al Lust's business in New York, and if he does, you can bet he'll have Lust, who sprang into prominence by kayoing Maxie Berger, in the Garden before long . . . . Johnny Greco is back from New York, where he has been going like blazes . . . . they are talking about getting him matched with Lew Jenkins in a headliner at the Forum here . . . . Ray McIntyre, colored Montrealer, who held the Canadian middleweight crown a few years ago, was one of the Canucks right in there pitching against those hated Huns in the big raid on Dieppe, now a revered word in our vocabulary . . . . Ray was a casualty, shrapnel in his left hand . . . . it was sure a well educated flipper in the roped square . . . . Nick Melnick is now a steward in the Navy and hopes to get into shape for ring action with any middleweights around.

SMOKE RINGS FROM PITTSBURGH
By RAY M. TODD

TOMMY YAROSZ, 154 pounds, of Monaca, easily defeated his home town rival, Ernie Pelaia, 150 pounds, in the ten-round main bout at Beaver Falls High School Field. Yarosz was too fast and too smart for the game lad who has been going great in recent months. Bill Dumler was the matchmaker and did a good job. The six-round semi-final saw Joey Mattis, Charleroi's fast and hard punching middleweight, bounce Howard Hazlett, of Rochester, only to have the officials call it a draw. The Mattis-Hazlett affair was staged after the main bout due to threatening weather, and it did rain with these two in there slugging it out. Mattis weighed 161 pounds, and Hazlett, 160 pounds . . . . Ray Fharis, local lad, won in six rounds from Jim Bagamery, of Zelienople, a good bout. Fharis weighed 143 pounds, and Bagamery came in at 150 pounds. The four-round opener brought together Teddy Phillips, local boy, and Howard Faulkner, of Moundsville, W. Va., with Phillips the winner. The winner weighed 133 pounds against 138 pounds.

Ezzard Charles continues to bowl them over. He stopped Jose Basora, game Puerto Rican, fighting out of Chris Dundee's stable. Basora showed plenty of gameness when he tried to punch it out with the hard socking Cincinnatian, who is one of the better boys of his class. A right to the head sent Basora down for the full count in the fifth round. Charles weighed 160¼ pounds. Basora scaled 153. The show drew a gross of $3,529.35. The show was staged at Hickey Park with Jake Mintz in the matchmaker's seat.

The six-round semi-final brought together Joey Mattis of Charleroi and Floyd Gibson, stablemate of Charles. Gibson was given the decision after six hectic rounds. At the end Mattis suffered a cut eye. He weighed 153 pounds, against 165 for Gibson . . . . Ray Fharis, 144 pounds, of the Hill won by kayo in the fourth round of a scheduled six-rounder with Milton Ashford, 144 pounds, of Braddock. Chuck O'Mara of East Liberty won after four rounds with Vic Tio of Oakland. O'Mara weighed 144½ pounds, Tio tipped the beam at 140. The four-round opener saw Jack McCahill, 155 pounds, of Cecil, win by T.K.O. over Carl Amstone, of Bridgeville, 153 pounds, in the second round.

Carmen Notch, East Liberty welterweight contender, won seven rounds of his top ten-rounder with Beauford Glover, of Cleveland, at Hickey Park. Notch scored with terrific lefts to the head and body and won as he pleased. Notch weighed 148 pounds against 144 for his victim.

The six-round semi-windup went to Waddell Blackwell of Homestead over the highly touted Tony Ross, Jr., of Detroit, Mich. Blackwell weighed 141 pounds against 138½ pounds. Tony Cira, of Bloomfield, won via T.K.O. in the third round of a listed six-rounder with Bob Sullivan of East Liberty, 192 pounds. Referee Freddie Mastream intervened to save the game novice from serious injury. Cira weighed 251 pounds.

Buddy Komar, a very good looking prospect from McKeesport, won after five rounds with Joey Mason, of Lawrenceville. Mason suffered cuts under both eyes at the end. He weighed 187 pounds against 183 pounds for the winner. Another six-rounder staged after the main bout brought together Al Patterson of the Hill and Bearcat Jones of the North Side, with Patterson the victor. He weighed 210 pounds against 195 pounds for the victim. The show grossed $2,336. Jake Mintz was the matchmaker.

Carmen Notch and Vinnie Vines of New York headlined the show at Hickey Park and staged one of the best fights seen here in a long time and the result was a draw. They were rematched before they left the ring. Notch weighed 146½ pounds against 150¼ for the New Yorker . . . . Tony Cira outpunched Al Patterson in the eight-round semi-final. Cira weighed 250 pounds and suffered a lump over his right eye and a cut over his left optic at the end. Patterson weighed 210 pounds.

Tony Ross, Jr., of Detroit got sweet revenge for the trouncing he received from Waddell Blackwell when he stopped Blackwell in the third round. Ross weighed 139 pounds against 141. Referee Buck McTiernan rightly stopped it as Blackwell was really hurt and in no condition to continue . . . . Milton Ashford of Braddock won a disputed six-round decision over Jackie Armitage of New Kensington. A crowd of 2,267 paid a gross of $3,259 to witness the bouts. Jake Mintz was the matchmaker.

Yancey Henry won a top ten-rounder over Charley Eagle of Waterbury, Conn., at Hickey Park. Henry was warned often for low punches. Henry weighed 188 pounds against 179. Harold Hazlett and Russ Baxter staged the best bout of the night in a six-rounder with Hazlett the victor. He weighed 158 pounds against 157 for the loser. Jackie Armitage won over Waddell Blackwell in another six-rounder. Blackwell suffered a cut over his left eye in the first round. Joey Mason won in four rounds over Billy Neale. They are heavies. Jack McCahill won by T.K.O. in the second round of another four with Jack Rowe . . . . Ben Franklin won in the opening four against Bobby Simmons. They are welterweights. The show drew a fair crowd and Jake Mintz was the matchmaker.

CLEVELAND CHATTER
By SPARKY RUDOLPH

BOXING was at a standstill for one month in Cleveland, as Larry Atkins was too busy making a match between Jimmy Bivins and Tami Mauriello for the middle of September. Although there was the lull at Cleveland, home boys kept somewhat busy in other cities.

Anton Christoforidis was held to a ten-round draw by Nate Bolden, Chicago spoiler. This was an upset, as Anton was a heavy favorite. Joey Maxim was the victim of a bad duke when they handed Altus Allen the decision after ten rounds on the same show.

Scotty Strachem ran into a batch of hard luck when down came the rains to postpone his show at Chicago between Sugar Robinson and Tony Motisi and Joey Maxim and Jack Marshall, but it was put on the next night. Joey Maxim knocked out Jack Marshall in the eighth round, while Sugar Robinson belted Tony Motisi out in one.

Bobby Richardson, newest sensation among the 150-pounders, scored his third straight win as a pro when he belted out Ernie Williams at Canton, Ohio. Richardson is touted by Cleveland and Chicago promoters as the coming thing. In fact, Atkins shows a wire where Milton Kessler of New York refused to box him. Tommy Mulgrew, Cleveland sportsman, who handles Richardson, is turning down many offers. He has scored three kayoes in as many bouts. The kid can not only box but can punch with both hands.

Jimmy Trusso, 123-pounds lad from Cleveland's East Side, knocked out Freddy Kramer of Cincinnati in the second round of a scheduled eight on the same show which was a Navy Relief affair put on by the Canton Sports Enterprises of which Billy Hirsch is matchmaker. Kramer came in with a good record and though it was Trusso's second bout as a pro, he looked very good in stopping the veteran Kramer.

Harvey Dubs of Windsor defeated Jerry Pittro in a slam bang bout. Danny Spunt, Chicago, who handles Pittro, is yelling for a return match. Although Pittro lost, it really was a bout that would pay to repeat.

James Fitzjames of Canton won over Willie Muldune in one of the ten-rounders on the Canton show. Both boys tired very badly, but there was no doubt as to who won the bout. Fitzjames won eight of the ten rounds.

Eddie Brown, nationally known Cleveland boxing trainer, is now training in Uncle Sam's army and is very proud of it. He worked his last bout in Canton before leaving the next morning for camp. Brown is a past master at the game. He handled fellows like Johnny Farr, Billy Wallace, Johnny Datto, Gaston Charles, Mike Gamiere and a host of others.

The army is getting a real fellow in Brownie, because he knows physical education from A to Z. The Downtown Gym is as dead as a door nail, since Brownie has gone. He was a master at his job.

Whiz Bang Carter, trainer and boss of Jimmy Bivins, tells us he is ready to turn Berry Wright pro very soon, probably at Akron, where Tom Stanley is putting on a Lee Savold-Johnny Flynn match.

Tubby Gardner, former amateur champion, was a buck private in a camp somewhere in California. Tubby took the exam for Officers' Training School and made it. That is something for a buck private. He was made a corporal at once and was sent to Camp Davis at the School for Coast Artillery. After three months of training he will come out a second lieutenant.

Harry Teaney, lightweight of Johnny Papke's, boxed a ten-round draw with Joe Dupont at Chicago. Teaney had Dupont on the floor twice. In fact the bell saved him once.

Henry Godale, standout boxer of 20 years ago, has left for the armed forces. Henry has had a standout stable of amateur boxers for many years. He promoted many an amateur show.

Tommy Mulgrew refereed for the first time in about seven years at Canton. Mulgrew showed all the stuff he had when he quit as a referee. He was considered the best in the country. In fact, Ed Bang, sports editor of the *News*, has urged him to referee again. But Tommy declines as he is managing fighters now and is also interested in many sporting events.

Send your notes to Sparky Rudolph, 415 Western Reserve Bldg., Cleveland, O.

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IN SOUTHERN U. S. CAMPS

By TOM EPHREM

SAILOR FREDDIE APOSTOLI, the former Beltin' Bellhop from 'Frisco, now a boxing instructor at the Norfolk Training Station, continued merrily on his comeback trail by scoring a top-sided decision over Saverio Turiello, Italian lad, at Norfolk in ten rounds. The Swatting Sailor had no trouble in winning, having every round but the seventh to his credit. The sailor outweighed the Italian boxer, 157¾ to 151¾. Thirty-five hundred fans attended.

This win for the former middleweight champion is No. 7 in 8 bouts. He held the favored Ken Overlin to a draw recently. The fight of the night saw Lou Bass, Air Station middleweight, outsmart, outpunch and take a tigerish six-rounder from Johnny Finazzo. This was a hep-cat. Lou tipped 159½, Johnny, 164. Finazzo fought like a demon in the sixth canto in an effort to avert defeat, but Bass was in there and landed sharp punches to keep his lead.

Leo Center of the Naval Training Station was master over Buddy Thomas, 174½. Center, 167¼, a prize Savannah prospect and an able ring general, was in entire command here, and lost only one round, due to a foul blow below the border.

Center, a protege of Fred Apostoli, switched his attack to various modes. In the second round, he was hooking Thomas in the breadbasket. In the third, he was firing away at Thomas' cast-iron chin. In the fourth, Center boxed his man. The remaining two cantos found the boys on the front line, punching away.

In other bouts, Cowboy Coats, 137½, scored a T.K.O. in three rounds when the referee halted the affair. The loser, Wilson Bradshaw, 148, met the canvas once in the second heat, and twice more in the third, when Referee Walsh wisely intervened. In a colored sixer, Walter Roane, 143, won the fifth and sixth spasms to take a close decision, though a poor bout, from Al Franklin, 146.

At the Service School's boxing tournament in Jacksonville, the fighting Marines emerged over the scrappy sailors to win the most points, but fight, they sure had to all the way. Average number of fans attending the four weeks of fighting was 3500 for each show. This writer was a guest of the two boxing instructors, Georgie Abrams and Al Nettlow, on two of the occasions, and with Ensign R. L. Holland, Jr., in another. We spent one of the Saturdays at Camp Blanding.

Each bout was a "honey," and only several were at a point where you could pick the winner and be correct. Several times, it wasn't until the very last round, when a contestant who was away behind, would come through with a kayo. And you never saw more wild cheering in all your life. The Servicemen employed the finest sportsmanship I would care to see. If a Marine was outscoring the sailor rival, the latter backers, the sailors, would cheer that much more for their boy to come through. Man, they all stuck with their man to the very last second. The same can be said for the Marines. Regardless of who won the fight, the winner's side would give the loser a great big hand for his noble efforts. This goes for both sides.

I had the pleasure of meeting the high men of the local station, who were present for the bouts. Couldn't keep them away. Noble work for the tournament was turned in by the athletic director, Lieut. (J.G.) John G. Holmes, an ardent fight enthusiast; Ensign R. L. Holland, Jr., who gave boxing its first break here; Chief Specialist R. W. Womach, a peppy announcer; Chief Petty Officer S. F. Josh, who refereed; and of course, the two boxing teachers, Al Nettlow and Georgie Abrams. One assisted the Marines, and the other, the sailors, and they sent their boys into action in wonderful condition. The new champions are:

Bantamweight, Sailor Otis McCanus, who beat Marine George Bakilis. Flyweight, Sailor Norbert Boulay, who upset Sailor Ken Pendergras with a one-round kayo (tech.). Featherweight, Marine Bill McCollick, who beat Sailor Jerry Schwartz in a great bout. Lightweight, Eddie Barnett, who displayed Georgie Abrams' style to win over Sailor Oren Meyer. Middleweight, Marine Tom McCreevy, who came back strong to offset Marine John Rea's heavy punching. He was doing great and cut Rea's eye, when the bout was halted there. Light-heavyweight, Jimmy Kimball, hard-punching protege of Tommy Tucker, who is the tournament's hardest cuffer, and showed just that to beat Marine Bob Panter. Kimball is a sailor, and has the best physique among the boys. And he can fight. Welterweight, Marine "Smiles" Gary decisioned Marine Francis Johnson. Heavyweight, Lou (Soupy) Campbell, won a forfeit from Marine Frank Knafelc, who was ill.

The Base will sponsor a bout between these two lads after Frank has recovered. It will determine the Station champion.

In the Kimball and Panter match, Kimball won the Station championship, while the others were for the Service School titles. Before forgetting, praise should be accorded the splendid work of the Public Relations writer, Carolus G. Anderson, Y-3-C, former St. Paul sports scribe.

Presenting the medals to the winners and runners-up was Lieut. Commander R. D. Higgins, a great boxing addict. Also present was Base Commandant Price. Both were at the ringside and enjoyed the bouts as much as did the kids themselves. Before signing off, a group of boxing servicemen, Ensign R. L. Holland, Jr., and the men who hold the responsible jobs, have asked that their appreciation to THE RING Magazine and to Nat Fleischer, its Editor-Publisher, be given for his fine help for the equipment Nat sent, which enabled the boys to train properly.

Frankie Poreda, one of the boxing instructors at Jacksonville, has been transferred to Washington State, where he will take up duties in the same capacity. The tall, young and promising heavyweight has a style that should click with the fellows out there. Best of luck, pal Frankie.

Among the lads at the Jacksonville Station who are learning well the art of boxing under Al Nettlow, the welterweight contender, are Jerry Schwartz of Brooklyn, N. Y., and Johnny Yates of Key West, Florida. The New Yorker is a featherweight, the Floridian, a welter. Nettlow is a very popular teacher, says Ensign R. L. Holland, Jr., of the Trade School.

Georgie Abrams' chance to get all square with the middleweight champion, Tony Zale, of the Great Lakes Naval Station, hit a deep snag, when Tony felt he needed more time off to train for the return tilt, a 10-rounder at Chicago. Abrams' manager, Chris Dundee, wrote his charge that the scheduled bout was called off as Uncle Sam won't permit time off for such training.

Sammy Crocetti, Amsterdam, N. Y., featherweight boxer, has been appointed boxing director and coach of the entire Air Force command at Miami Beach. Assisting Sammy is Pete Sanstol, a top ranking bantamweight some years ago . . . . Wayne Armstrong, soldiering at Camp Lee, was stopped by Johnny Finazzo in three rounds, due to a badly cut eye. Wayne captured the Camp Lee Middleweight Golden Gloves title, pens in Private David Hartman, of the same camp . . . . Sammy Secreet, Pennsylvania boxer, is serving in the Navy and stationed at Miami . . . . Mark Fannon, a private, is now at Buckley Field, Colorado. Mark says that Joe Lynch will start promoting pro bouts out there directly.

Seems that Cal Cagni, Jacksonville Navy Station middleweight contender, is Florida's best booster (after yours truly). The former Jerseyite brought his Mother, Dad, and Aunt down for a visit and they all fell in love with the Sunshine state. Recently, not to be outdone, Cresskill Cal's swell sister, Lillian, made the trip down here with her brother.

Al Nettlow, capable boxing instructor at the Jacksonville Naval Station, and a foremost contender in the welter class, left for home, River Rouge, Michigan (U.S.A.), to be present at the marriage of his sister, Miss Thelma Nettlow. Finest wishes to you, Thelma. Al went by plane.

Even in the California desert, THE RING Magazine cheers up many a lad. Private Leonard Brand, Charleroi soldier, writes, "I wouldn't miss THE RING for the world."

Private Michael Yalch, of Pittsburgh, who fought in the Golden Gloves in Jacksonville, while stationed down South, recently sent word to Miss Peggie Bendever of Jacksonville that he would like to have a RING Magazine sent to his present abode, London, England. Since the issue that Mike wanted, August, was off the stands, THE RING Editor, Nat Fleischer, sent Peggie that copy, which she mailed off to the soldier boy. Fine teamwork.

Harold Buckley, former secretary of the Louisiana Boxing Commission, is privating for Uncle Sam's Army. He is stationed with Co. H, 58th Regiment, at Camp Cooke, Cal. . . . . With the Coast Guard at Miami is Joe Taub, son of the well known fight broadcaster, Sam Taub.

Among the fighting American daredevils, the Rangers, whose thrilling exploits with the Commandos in the raid of Dieppe thrilled America, were two brothers, both boxers and products of the Golden Gloves in Des Moines, Iowa. The spirited lads are Othel and Sergeant Dick Greene, 20 and 19, respectively. Dick is a State Champion. These here boys toted mortars. Othel is the lad whom this corner mentioned as being the first A.E.F. member to turn pro on the other side.

At the Key West Naval Base, a humdinger of a card was presented. Dick Smith, USN, of Boise, Idaho, came back strong in the last two chapters to take the nod from Tony Troiani, USM, of Perrine, Florida. John Woods, NAS, from El Paso, piled up points with better boxing to beat the hard hitting Dick Whitehead, USN, of Redwood, Cal. Billy Parker, USN, of Amarillo, Texas, and Dave Ogle, Cincinnati, slugged furiously, with Parker the winner. Dick Nyberg, USN, of Toledo, Washington, had a little more experience than Miami's Jack Scott, NAS, and edged out a win. Frank Cioffi, USN, of Williamsport, Penn., fighting his first bout, lost to Jacksonville's Stalvey, Fort Taylor. Cioffi did grand here, the ring knowledge of Stalvey was more than he could handle. Stalvey used a neat left jab to outscore his man.

For the present, all letters should be mailed Private Tom Ephrem, 605 West Forsyth St., Jacksonville, Florida. Your letters will be warded to my new outfit. In Jacksonville, RING can be purchased at Jake Rachliffe's Stand on corners West Forsyth and Hogan Sts. Those in camp can send a two-bit piece with a stamp to him, and he will mail you a RING Magazine. Keep punching in there, fellow-servicemen.

Eddie Balanky, Jacksonville sailor lad on the USS *Decatur*, and one of the outstanding amateurs developed in Florida, saw action in the Battle of the Atlantic, right in the MIDDLE of it, and after the job was over (for the time being), the ring star got hold of a RING Magazine to top off the dessert. Eddie has boxed twice since he went through Navy Training, and scored knockouts in both scraps. Two more of his brothers are helping Uncle Sam also. Johnny is over at Pearl Harbor, while Clarence, a boxer also, is at the Training Station in Norfolk.

Private Albert V. Young, Jr., or Al Young to the fight game in Florida, is with the Army Air Corps, unassigned, in Florida. Al, a classy little boy, copped the titles in both Jacksonville Golden Gloves and the Florida State Amateur Boxing Tournaments in his class, flyweight. He was a college student at the University of Florida and an outstanding man on the school's boxing team.

Jacksonville's soldier-boxer, Carlos De Grasse, now in Honolulu, Hawaii, reports of boxing activity there. Carlos says the soldier-boxers are breaking into the big time doings, and among those are Sero Mendoza, Roxy Forgione, Gene Gulloto and Tiger Red Moore. Mendoza, a former coast champ, is being groomed for a title shot with the island champ (Hawaiian Islands), David Kong Young. Forgione stowed away an opponent in two rounds. He is a light-heavyweight and the big boys are scarce way out there. Gulloto won both his fights with kayoes and received good mention from the sport writers. He hails from Philadelphia.

Moore is a 1939 Kentucky Golden Gloves winner. Tiger made his debut at the Auditorium and put his foe away in the first heat. Tiger is a middleweight. In a fight duel, Clever Henry, the Island Idol, beat Don Lee. Henry is the Island champ. Don is a younger brother of Glen Lee, who was among the toppers several years ago. De Grasse regards Henry as good timber and tops in his weight anywhere around there.

Tom Sharkey, Jacksonville ex-boxer, has joined the Navy, and is stationed at the local Base . . . . Johnny Risko, the Cleveland Rubber Man and an outstanding heavyweight contender a few years ago, was inducted into the Army . . . . Private Paul Klang, heavyweight boxer from New York, has been transferred to the Paratroopers in Fort Benning, from Fort Riley . . . . Private Ruby Goldstein, the ex-lightweight jewel, has been well received as referee in Fort Hamilton . . . . On the Mitchell Field boxing team are such as Kid (Young) McCoy, California Jackie Wilson and George Nicholson, the heavyweight sparmate of Joe Louis.

Tony Martin, Milwaukee scrapper, is in the Coast Guards now, and his stablemate Kid Ward, is in the Merchant Marines . . . . Marek, who beat Joe Louis when in the amateurs, is a Specialist, First Class, at the Norfolk Station . . . . Bobby Goldstein, ex-Virginia boxer, who coached University of Maryland to the Eastern-Intercollegiate title last spring, is a commissioned lieutenant at Maxwell Field and teaching the sport there.

Seymour Friedman is a boxing instructor at Fort Riley, Kansas, and his dad, Ben Friedman, who runs the Roxy Gym in New York, sent the camp a boxing ring and other boxing material . . . . An ex-Irish heavyweight, Pat Collins, has joined the U.S. Coast Guard. He is a former Irish champ . . . . Some nice colored boxing prospects have been unearthed by Matt Saxey, the athletic director at Fort Turnbull, by New London . . . . The Service will soon be calling Tommy Yarosz, kid brother of the former middleweight king, Teddy Yarosz. Tommy just won another good fight in beating Otto Blackwell in 10, while in his pal, Stan Olshanski, of Monaca, Penn., Stan will be with Unc, too.

A cinch to cop the Jacksonville Naval Air Station Tournament in the middleweight division was Al Nettlow's bright boxing pupil, Steve Earner, a Boston lad. Steve is the boy who came to the local station, and took up the sport under Nettlow's tutelage, and came through for his mentor in the local Golden Gloves Tourney and Florida State Amateur Championship. However, Uncle Sam saw another job for Earner and has

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youngster transferred. But Nettlow says to watch out for the others he will be producing.

In order to meet the heavy mail demand for autographed pictures, Cal Cagni, Tommy Tucker, Al Nettlow, Frankie Poreda, all of the Jacksonville Navy Station, have all made quite a number of photos. Likewise of Tommy Gomez, heavyweight of Camp Blanding. So hurry, hurry, hurry, you young Americans, and oldsters, too, before all are gone. The fellows above are obliging Servicemen.

Born in Italy, living in Chinatown, New York, Terry Amico, a boxer, entered Uncle Sam's Army, despite his place of birth, and being technically an enemy alien. Terry has a letter to prove that he is a true blue American. This letter, from his Draft Board, is as follows: "Rosario Frank Amico has the distinction of being the first alien, originally classified as 4-C, to volunteer for induction. He has proven that he is worthy of every consideration. It is a pleasure to recommend him."

Billy Soose, former champ of the middleweight division, is another who has been transferred. His latest stop is at Seattle, from Norfolk. Billy is a Navy man and boxing instructor . . . . Tom Heeney, the Old Hardrock from Down Under, who was unsuccessful in lifting Gene Tunney's heavyweight crown, has enlisted with the Naval Seabees, at Miami . . . . Lt. Jimmy Christy, one-time high ranking featherweight boxer, is with the Army Air Force . . . . Jess Willard, Jr., son of the former heavyweight champion, is with the Army Air Force. Though not a professional member of the ring, Jess Junior was on the boxing squad at Washington State College . . . . Jack Dempsey, a heavyweight, not the Manassa Mauler, but an amateur boxer from Philadelphia, is down in Florida with the Army Air Force, also . . . . Another well known sporting figure at this same Training Center, is the American-European promoter, Jeff Dickson, a native of Natchez, Miss.

Corporal Pete Leto, trainer of Camp Blanding's heavyweight ace, Tommy Gomez, has several good Army prospects at this camp who seem to be picking up fistic knowledge from the corporal. Pete's best bet is a 145-pounder, Soldier Oliver Hamm, a Texas youth, whose punch is his big asset. He is quickly catching on under the Leto wing. Said Pete to this writer, of Oliver: "Hamm is the best looking kid I have seen come out of the Army. I'd rather have him than any other boy, when he gets out of the Army after the present crisis is over."

Leto's other protege is Allen Rogers, a light-heavy, whose socking power is noteworthy.

UNDER SOUTHERN SKIES

By TOM EPHREM

BUDDY SCOTT, Tampa heavyweight boxer, won again over Clouting Claudio Villar, the Spanish refugee, in a 10-rounder in Havana. Scott suffered a bad cut on the head from Villar's first punch in the opening round, but the Tampan went on to outscore his rival for the second time.

Word from Bill Gore, Florida's ace trainer, reveals that his talented welterweight flash, youthful Billy Murray, Miami Beach lad, is soon to be waging his biggest fight to keep the world's championship in America. Like all the red-blooded young Americans, Billy shortly will be serving one manager and one trainer—UNCLE SAM. Meanwhile, Billy has been making quite a hit by garnering win after win. To date, his winning column hits 60, and losses amount to a lonely 3. The kid is a wonderful prospect, and that's because he is a clean living youngster, and the symbol of Young American Manhood. Billy Murray is going to make a fine soldier for Uncle Sam. Give Bill Gore credit in this.

Jimmy Kidd Hatcher, that Florida Hurricane who is making the press boys take notice, will get the thrill of his fistic career when he tangles with the world's lightweight champion, Sammy Angott, in New Orleans. All Florida will be watching this bout.

At Tampa on August 2 Buster Carroll, veteran Lowell, Mass., welter boxer, did a subbing for Max Pixley, and gained a draw with the hard punching Joey Smithers, in the eight-round feature bout at Cuscaden Park. Buster seems to have gained a new lease on life. Smithers, a MacDill Field soldier, had a slight edge in this combat. Referee Young Raymond, the best in the South for our money, halted the scrap between Charlie Sanga, of Drew Field, and Bobby Sylvester, of the Paratroopers, when Sylvester was badly battered about the nose and mouth. Sanga got a T.K.O. win.

In six-rounders, Pete Cimino won from Pasco Moates, and Young Chino did the same over Red Wilson. Heavyweights Tommy Gomez and Buddy Scott had the hold on the Tampans, but now it looks like the olden days are back for the Cigar City. Credit Jim Downing, the promoter, for the good work, plus capable assistance from both newsies, the *Tribune* and the *Daily Times*, sports editors being Pete Norton and Ed Ray, respectively.

Bill Husen, of Miami Shores, Florida, writes in regarding the deaths of two former noted fistic stars. Dale Gardner, a good lightweight in the 1900's, who met the welters as well, and was top-flight timbre, passed away at his home in Miami recently. Dale was a familiar figure along the walks of the Beach, and was well liked by all. It is worthy to note that Dale Gardner, feeling his time was at hand, had written to this humble correspondent to insert word that he would like to hear from his pals who were scattered all over the country. This was when Dale was in the hospital some months ago. Glad to be of help, we put in his request. Later a letter came from Gardner, who thanked THE RING for the bright moments the correspondence brought him. Once again, a week before his death, Gardner wrote in that the inserted plug was still bringing in mail. I mention this to let our readers know that THE RING means something else besides carrying fight news and results. It did for Dale Gardner. He was a great fan of Nat Fleischer's Bible of Boxing.

The passing of Jack Dillon, one of the world's greatest middleweights, was another loss to boxing. He died at the Chattahoochee State Hospital. One of the most colorful figures in his day, the sport thrived due to such fighters as Jack Dillon. May God rest their souls in peace.

Pete Montesi's colored fight flash, Henry Holt, will resume his boxing career, says the popular Danbury and New York fight manager. He has another colored star in Johnny Bowen, a middleweight, who recently left the amateurs. By the way, congratulations are in order for the little arrival in the Montesi home. Pete and Mrs. Montesi are the latest proud parents in the boxing realm. They have a baby boy, Robert, a husky young'n.

The "Battlin' Brauns," Savannah's very young RING readers, are future timber for the squared circle, writes their dad, Milton Braun, one-time Jacksonville boxer. The little ones are being taught daily a certain amount of ring knowledge. Their biggest kick in THE RING Magazine is—guess what—to read about the old-timers.

THE RING Magazine is more popular with the sport editors and writers in Florida than we gave credit for. When a fighter isn't mentioned and a manager thinks he deserves it when a boxing match is scheduled, the manager is in a hurry to pen about his squawk and tell what THE RING critics say regarding his boy's record. For honest publicity, THE RING sure is boxing's benefactor. It protects the writers, promoters, matchmakers and the fans. Sort of a boxing commission in its own. That's why every manager should advertise his fighters in THE RING.

A win over Jerry Moore on a Madison Square Garden card saw Billy Murray add another to the victory column, the 60th of his professional career. However, in his next, the Florida Flash suffered his third defeat when he tangled with Beau Jack in the same Garden, but gave a nice exhibition of boxing and counterpunching in losing the ten-rounder.

A likely-looking prospect from Columbus, Mississippi, is Tom Hinton, a welterweight, over whom Petey Sarron, former featherweight champion, is enthused. Hinton, winning all six of his pro bouts, tips 147, and is five feet eleven inches. He says in a recent letter that his kid sister, Willie Mae, is a RING reader, and this helps to pile up the lady fans, who are as much interested in boxing as we men are. By the way, Tommy, your notation on THE RING Magazine selling out so fast at Louis' Newsstand on Market Street in your city is very much appreciated. THE RING Editor, Nat Fleischer, will see that a larger number of RINGS will be sent to Louis'. THE RING sells out within two days after arrival at this stand, due to the Servicemen stationed there and nearby. Tom would like to say "Hi" to his pals in the Service, Darse Robertson, James "Killer" Kalb, Robert Lee, Sammy Magro, Siggie Landers, and Mike Comiskey. He'll be in there with you directly.

Baxley Hardy, Augusta, Georgia, middleweight socker, made his Northern appearance a success by outpointing Bob Wade in an eight-rounder in Newark, N. J. It was a semi to the Ruben Shank-Phil Norman mainer.

Manager Jack Lazarow of Memphis had three of his fighters on an Indianapolis fight card on August 14. In the top event, his Charlie Jerome, Memphis light-heavy, battled Red Bruce, heavyweight, to a ten-heat draw. Jerome rallied in the final cantos to secure a draw. Cowboy Fred Greggs, Memphis heavyweight, lost in his sixer to Willard Reed, who made his pro debut. Greggs, under Lazarow, felt the canvas twice in the fourth. Russell Whilwhite, Lazarow's promising light-weight, scored a close win over Marshall Allison in a four-rounder. This win for Russell made it eleven, with a draw match, in twelve times up.

The Jacksonville Playground and Recreation Department, sponsor of the amateur boxing of some years back, is reviving the sport in Jacksonville. Several cards have been offered that have attracted fans from all over town. Each playground is developing its own stars, and by the time late fall is on hand, every sector will have its favorites to root for in the city amateur boxing tournament.

This plan, under the head men of the City Playground Board, George Robinson and Nathan Mallison, is what this writer believes to be the comeback of boxing in Jacksonville. This city has always supported boxing, despite the unclean hand that is now clamped upon it. But through these amateur lads will spring up many local favorites, so that by the time the war is over, professional boxing will be given a fine start with a big arena and men who know how to run boxing. Our hats off to the playground officials.

At Petersburg, Va.—Frankie Wills, 150, knocked out Frankie Fairello, 149, of New York, in the third round of their main event. Wills is from Washington, D. C.

Get your copy of the world's greatest reading matter, THE RING, at Jake's Stand in Jacksonville, on corner of Forsyth and Hogan Streets. Jake has a large supply for the civilians and the Servicemen. Also Von Reedon's Stand, at Main and Adams Streets. Letters to this corner, please send to the same old address: Private Tom Ephrem, 605 W. Forsyth St., Jacksonville, Florida. Since the writer is with Uncle Sam's Army, am not sure of a camp address right now, but your mail will be forwarded. Fight results and fight news of the South will be more than appreciated.

The Service life is great, boys—come on in—join up with Uncle Sam, all you boxers who are still free.

Dave Karess of New York and Waterbury has taken up the handling of a good 120-pounder, Earl Roys of Bristol, Conn. Karess and his partner, Jack (Doc) Moore, fight trainer and manager, believe they have the most promising lad in his weight up there.

CAMP CROWDER NOTES

By PRIVATE CHARLES LESEMANN

THE Fort Leonard Wood boxing team defeated Camp Crowder's punch-tossers, 4 to 1, in a match at Fort Leonard Wood, but the meet was not as one-sided as the score would indicate.

The bouts were even, hard-fought encounters, and two of the decisions against Camp Crowder fighters gave rise to dispute.

Leonard Grimes, of Camp Crowder, lost a questionable verdict to Bennie Franklin in a bantamweight match. Grimes stabbed Franklin repeatedly with sharp left jabs in the first two rounds, and even though he was shaken up by hard rights in the last round, many fans were of the opinion that he was entitled to the award.

Charles Kasik, former Duke University boxer who expects to enter the air corps physical training officer candidate school, lost a close decision to Louis Seprodi, Fort Leonard Wood's welterweight contender. Kasik had a good margin in the first, piling up points with his left. A right to the jaw staggered him in the second and he had to hold on to weather the round. Action was furious in the last round with Seprodi jarring the Crowder fighter with a hard left hook to the head.

Joe Capizzo, Camp Crowder featherweight, outpointed Sevior Pekinton. Roddy Arnold, of Fort Leonard Wood, knocked out Blaine Hulmston, Camp Crowder, in the first round of their light-weight match, and in the heavyweight division Steve Kruchko, Leonard Wood, won a decision over Stewart Verplank, of Camp Crowder.

At the ringside for the bouts was Bob Nestell, former California heavyweight now stationed in the Engineers Corps at Fort Wood. Nestell, who several years ago fought Bob Pastor, Maxie Rosenbloom, and Lou Nova, has been working out regularly with the Leonard Wood boxers.

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AT CAMP PICKETT

HUNDREDS of Camp Pickett soldiers flocked to the camp's huge stadium to witness seven exciting boxing bouts put on by MRTC soldiers. Promoted by Pvt. John Nash, A-2, through MRTC's Special Service, the fights boasted contenders who at one time have held various sectional and national boxing titles.

Pvt. Sam Guglielmo, 2nd, T.K.O.'ed Corp. Mickey Bishop, 9th Bn., in the 130-pound class, while fighting at 148 pounds, Pvt. John Galteri, STU, T.K.O.'ed Pvt. Jimmy Rannahan of the 2nd Bn.

One of the outstanding bouts of the evening came next when Pvt. Andy Licari, 158-pound 6th Bn. trainee, knocked out Pvt. Joe Ledale, 165, 9th Bn., in the second round.

Pvt. Fred Foran, famed in national boxing circles, now in training in the 9th, T.K.O.'ed the 6th Bn.'s game 148-pounder, Pvt. Tony Caponi, and Pvt. Harold Haenel, 162, STU, decisioned Pvt. Mickey Piazzo, 158, 6th Bn.

Corp. Tony Pasalaca, 148-pound cadreman from the 10th Bn., scored a clean-cut knockout over John Leiby, 152, 2nd Bn., in the third round, in the last fight.

In a three-round exhibition, Pvt. Floriant Desmarais, 132, former New England amateur flyweight champion, stopped Pvt. John Duffy, 2nd Bn., in the third round.

A five-minute jiu-jitsu exhibition was given by Pvt. Fred Zippel and Pvt. Ray Heist, both of the 5th, and won great applause from the spectators.

WITH OUR JUNGLE MUDDERS

By PRIVATE P. L. CAPARELL

THE curtain for the strongly competed "Stars and Stripes" Tournament was drawn to a close as 16 students of the mitt tossing society battled for top honors on the 1942 "Championship Honor Roll" down this way.

Ten worthy pugilistic gladiators were crowned and the crowning event of them all was the amazing successful comeback of Windmill Tommy Wheeler, who zoomed swiftly back into the limelight.

Opening the championship program, Tommy copped an impressive five-round decision over Harold Barnes in a bout that had the fans on edge. They are bantamweights.

In the second bout Freddie "Kid" Yeager retained his winning streak, receiving the vote over Harold Gooldrups, promising young lightweight.

Bobby Keen earned his title via a foul in the first half of the first mill. An unintentional blow on the part of his rival prompted this action. Keen was unable to continue under this physical handicap and thus the officials unanimously agreed in favor of the lad who was far ahead on points. They are junior lightweights.

Crafty Sammy Dorr outjabbed Kid Van Matre in a fast one-handed, one-sided five-round affair. They also are junior welters.

Sailor Strickland chalked a T.K.O. to his list, turning the trick on Young Pitzrealla in the fourth. They are welters.

Speedy Woody Woodcock, Al Roth's sensational lightweight threat, slugged his way to a thrilling five-rounds decision over Homer Baily in a toe-to-toe contest that continuously rocked the stadium with excitement. These lightweights went at it hammer and tongs.

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The remaining results are as follows: 160 pounds—Mike Hanna T.K.O.'d Blondie Guess, three rounds; 175 pounds—Ray Adams K.O.'d Frankie Jones, two rounds; heavyweights—Jack Baggert K.O.'d Willie La France, four rounds; flyweight—Mike Maucerri decisioned Harold Philips, five rounds.

The winners were awarded handsome prizes, plus a $50 war bond, and the losers each got a $25 bond. Major General Glen E. Edgerton made the presentations. Lt. Fred W. Walsmith directed the bouts, and Leo Eberenz, Curly Gardner, and Bob Engelike were the judges. Lt. Don Callahan and Master Sergeant Spike Hennessy were the referees. The timers were Lt. John Hurley, U.S.N., and Master Sergeant Johnny Leberman. Charlie Magee did the announcing.

IN CHICAGO

With GENE ENGEL

RAY "SUGAR" ROBINSON, Gotham's dynamite stucco artist, unveiled his two-fisted attack on the muscular stature belonging to Chicago's Tony Motisi via a kayo in the opening stanza in 2:41.

Although the fans in general didn't expect Tony to last the required ten-round distance as per schedule, they did opine that the rugged C.Y.O. welter candidate would make it interesting for at least four rounds. However, "Sugar," a gifted punching artist who possesses rhythm personified, dazzled the courageous Tony with his shiftiness. The result of this gave the Harlemite his desired opening and he zoomed in with a terrific left-hook to Motisi's jaw that dropped the Windy City gamester. Motisi made a valiant effort to arise. The spunk was there but the strength in his legs had ebbed.

Because of the briefness of the main event, the semi-windup turned out to be the highlight of this Bill Rand extravaganza, which was held at Comiskey Park, home of the White Sox, American league ball club, before 8,666 drenched fight enthusiasts. Willi Joyce, fourth ranking lightweight contender, opposed the rangy and competent Joey Peralta, Mexican slasher, from the Lone Star State, Texas, in ten rounds of spirited action.

Joyce, with the clang of the bell, sprang out of his corner and clipped the durable Mexican with a jolting right to the jaw. Peralta didn't even wince.

Every time that Peralta stung Joyce with one of his pet side slants, the Gary lasher would in turn work his much taller opponent into a corner and then unleash a barrage of short body punches followed by a whistling right to the chin. But this superb conditioned lightweight merely took this blow as though it was a perfect block (not hit). Joyce won the bout. Joyce and Peralta both weighed 135½.

In a heavyweight joust slated for ten rounds duration, Joe Maxim, 184¾, won a dull battle from Texas Jack Marshall. Maxim, who was ever cautious, finally stowed away the lackadaisical Texan with a couple of none-too-impressive head blows in the ninth round—the win didn't further Maxim's stock for he was sorely lacking in ring tenacity for this encounter. Marshall scaled 187½.

In the preliminaries, Jackie Nichols, classy Gary 128-pounder, opposed Dick Kramer, rangy lightweight stablemate of Robinson, and at the end of six rounds, Nichols was declared the winner. The rangy New Yorker dropped Jackie with a nifty left-hook to the solar plexus midway in the second heat and had the Gary lad in distress for the ensuing moments of that round. However, Nichols, who proved superior in ring ability, larruped Kramer from there in. Kramer scaled 136.

In the opening joust Tito Taylor won a rain soaked contest from Johnny Rozina, Milwaukee 155-pounder. The Chicagoan, Taylor, tipped the beam at 150 pounds.

This Bill Rand extravaganza grossed $15,731. Chicago can well be proud of Rand, promoter, and Scotty Strachem, matchmaker.

Tony Musto, Chicago's diminutive "one-ton Tony," spoiled Lee Savold's title anticipations by defeating the blond Minnesotan over the ten-round route in Griffith's Field, Washington, D. C. Now, Tony is up amongst the top-notchers again and is not to be overlooked in the heavyweight muddle.

Leo Rodak, a family man, has enlisted in the Marines, and expects to be stationed down in Panama. Rodak contemplates fighting there. Leo's family will not accompany him south of the border.

Nate Bolden, experienced Southside light-heavyweight, finally gained the top-crest in his climb to fame. Bolden put up a great battle with Anton Christoforidis, leading contender for the 175-pound bauble held by Gus Lesnevich. This 10-round fracas ended in a dead heat with many believing that Bolden deserved the laurels.

Bolden started off with a deft left jab that had Anton off-balance. In the second round Bolden maintained his jabbing offense and had the Greek bleeding around the nose.

The trend of the tide altered itself when Christoforidis, commencing with the third canto, showered Nate with a fusillade of head and body blows that had the colored contender bewildered.

Anton planted a beauty of a left-hook on Bolden's jaw in round four, and it seemed doubtful whether or not the Windy Cityite could overcome the effects of this wallop.

However, Nate took the offensive in round five and again utilized his ring craft in round seven to advantage.

In the eighth, ninth and tenth frames, Bolden was kept pretty busy due to Christo's untiring glove-wielding, with the result Nate wasn't able to pace himself in these rounds and had to fall into a clinch in order to regain his bearings.

Christoforidis received $3,750 and Bolden $1,000 for this main event fought in Marigold Gardens outdoor arena before a slim crowd of 5,278, due to provoking weather conditions. The gate receipts totaled approximately $12,000, gross amount.

Altus Allen, courageous Negro heavyweight, surprised the gambling element when he garnered the laurels over Joe Maxim, Cleveland dancer, at the end of ten rounds. Maxim almost put Allen away in the second round, dropping Allen for a nine count in that session. But Allen, as game as they come, went right after Maxim and had Maxim reeling before the final bell clanged ending their swatfest. Maxim and Allen each received $1,000 for their efforts. Weights for the above four principals were: Christoforidis 168½, Bolden 165, Maxim 184, and Allen 190½ pounds.

In the prelims Vince Calzareto, Palos Park heavyweight, was awarded a technical knockout over stocky Mickey Hayes, 185-pound Milwaukeean, when the latter suffered a hand injury at the start of the sixth round.

Johnny Johnson, Memphis Red's middleweight protege, turned the heat on Horace Greshan, stablemate of Christoforidis, stopping Horace right off the bat in the first round of a scheduled sixer.

Clayton Worlds, fresh out of the amateur ranks, committed an upset when he gained a ten-round decision over Bill Petersen, hard-hitting 204-pound Indiana Harbor belter, at the Marigold Gardens Arena. Worlds, 6 feet 4½ inches tall, relied on his left jab, and used his superior height to advantage by standing erect and pecking away, then clinching in order to get out of harm's way for the duke.

Harvey Dubs, Windsor, Ontario, 144-pounder, beat Bill Jordan, Southside colored welter, along the eight-round route, in the semi-final attraction. Cuts over Jordan's eyes almost prompted the attending physician to halt proceedings earlier in the contest.

Gene Spencer, South Chicago 132-pounder, and Alvin Gomez fought to a draw in an honest-to-goodness slugging bee.

Jimmy Joyce, brother of the more famed Willi, spotted Al Walker ten pounds and kayoed his heavier foe in round five of a scheduled eighter. Joyce scaled 134.

Mike Sopko, Indiana Harbor 158-pounder, found Tito Taylor, elusive Southsider, too much in the curtain raiser, also over the eight-round distance. Taylor weighed 155 for this encounter.

Joe Dupont, fiery Mexican from South Chicago, fought the best fight of his sporadic career, when he engaged his more seasoned opponent, Harry Teaney, Cleveland puncher, and gained an eight-round draw for his efforts. Dupont survived two knockdowns in the fourth canto and in the last stanzas, Joe brought the assembled Marigold fight partisans to their feet with his rousing last ditch stand by plastering Teaney aplenty. It appeared for awhile that the Mexican, Dupont, might stop the Clevelander. This round was the determining factor in gaining the Windy Cityan the deadlock verdict. Both weighed 135.

Lou Woods, Detroit, 153-pound boxer, punched out a decision over Gib Jones, Cincinnatian, in an eight-round semi-feature. Johnny Johnson, Chicagoan, put the crusher on Barney Garens, also of Cincinnati, in the sixth round of their tussle, slated for eight cantos.

Four-round contests found Roosevelt Thomas, long an amateur product, engaging in his first pro contest, after some eight years in the simon pure ranks. Roosevelt flashed over Flashie Gordon, lightheavies. And Jimmy Martin won over Isadore Miner.

Just prior to Rodak's induction in the Marine service, Leo trekked down to Baltimore, Maryland, and was defeated along the twelve-round route by that tough swarming Negro, Slugger White.

Bill Petersen finally avenged that stingaree on his record by having lost to Clayton Worlds. Petersen managed to erase some of this blight by receiving a draw in their rematch; although it was obvious to all assembled at the Marigold that the Irish-Danish heavy won unquestionably.

Sam Parrotta, Pittsburgh, Pa., 132-pounder, won a fast encounter from Jimmy Joyce, Gary colored battler, at the end of six hard rounds.

Frank Greene, in and out heavyweight campaigner, stopped Lou Campbell in the second heat.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., BOXING NOTES
By SAM PORCELLI

THE Acme Sporting Club will resume running soon. Matchmaker Jim Collins announced that he will run shows every other week. Collins stated that we are not after a lot of fancy names and one-sided fights. We want real battles and Mike Jacobs apparently has the same idea, for these days he is sending his matchmaker to the smaller clubs in and around New York to find talent which can provide action for the fans.

Matchmaker Johnny Burba of the Elks Club has opened his amateur season and will run weekly shows at the Elks. Burba would like to hear from amateur boxers and managers of amateur teams.

Tony De Carlo, Rochester's welterweight champ, is back in gym after a three-month layoff. De Carlo is looking great and will have a spot on the next pro show. De Carlo is an action fighter and liked by the fans.

The writer would like to hear from fighters or managers, amateur or pro. The address is:—

Acme Sporting Club
27 Clinton Avenue South
Rochester, New York

BUFFALO, N. Y.
By HUGH SHANNON

JOE MUSCATO suffered another severe setback at Newark, N. J., when he was stopped in the third round of a scheduled ten-round betto by Larry Lane of Trenton. Muscato was smashed in the mouth in the second round and the terrific impact took most of the fight out of the Buffalo boy.

This is the second knockout Muscato has suffered in consecutive fights. It does not necessarily mean the end of Joe as a boxer but his managers should be careful about pitting him against topnotchers for the next year.

Jack Herman is going to run wrestling again every Friday night at Memorial Auditorium. The Great Lakes A.C. has secured a lease for another year and Herman promises Buffalo plenty of action. He will continue his International tournament most of the winter, trying to develop a real mat champion. Among the wrestlers due to show here are: Maurice Tillet (The Angel), Crusher Casey, Roland Kirchmeyer and many others.

Jack Singer still has high hopes of getting a small club but has not announced any definite plans. Singer is also running his big gymnasium but finds that good boxers are few and far between.

Charlie Murray hasn't staged a boxing show all summer and it is doubtful if he will do anything in the promoting line until late in the fall. Murray would have liked to offer a return match between Jimmy Bivins and Joe Muscato but the latest defeat of Muscato will probably dampen Murray's enthusiasm.

Bert Finch had plans all set for a new gymnasium but the dearth of boxing material has made him hesitate.

The recent death of Jack Dillon was a shock to his many friends here. The writer and Dillon were close pals and I certainly will never forget the Indianapolis boy, who was a great fighter and wonderful fellow.

PHILADELPHIA NOTES
By NAT FRANK

PHILADELPHIA always has boasted of great featherweights and today is no exception to the rule. Maybe there is one 126-pounder who will reach the championship heights. At least this individual gives promise of becoming the best local feather of all time. His rapid rise within the hempen ropes proves our thought that he has practically arrived in the stardom class. Until that this glove slinger needs is a chance to prove his merits against the stalwarts of his division. Even the champions of his class, Chalky Wright, of New York brand, and Jackie Wilson, the N.B.A. king, will be gladly accommodated by this phenomenal swatsmith.

The fighter is Frankie Carto, as classy a boxer as ever trod within the hempen ropes to commit legal assault and battery upon a rival. Added to his ring caginess is the ability to belt out a rival with but one smite with either hand.

Carto is the kind of pugilist the promoters, fans and critics like. He is a showman extraordinary. In Carto's most recent conquest, he gained a spectacular knockout over Johnny Cockfield of New York. That victory established Carto.

Take the opinion of Ed Pollock, feature sports columnist of the Philadelphia *Evening Bulletin*, for instance. In his article, "Playing the Game," Pollock devoted his entire column to the popular Carto, who "stole the show." Space doesn't permit the use of his entire piece but we will pick out a few items here and there.

"Nineteen years old, Carto is learning fast . . . . He's about ready for better game in the way of more capable opponents . . . . Carto hits well . . . . He's a good boxer . . . . Until he kayoed Cockfield, his most impressive victory was over Frankie Donato . . . . So far he has won return bouts by a wider margin than his first victory, an excellent indication of shrewdness."

Mickey Diamond, the one-time welterweight, who is managing Tommy Forte, challenger for bantamweight laurels, reports that his charge is entirely recovered from his broken hand sustained in his bout against Pedro Hernandez. Forte is now ready to reenter the ring wars and again make a bid for the 118-pound championship.

Lou Jaffe, dean of boxing critics, has become sports editor of the Philadelphia *Tattler*, a publication dealing with night life and sports activities. Jaffe, who formerly did a "Scraps About Scrappers" column for the defunct *Evening Ledger*, has a horde of friends and everyone is mighty glad to receive the news that he has again become a member of the Fourth Estate. Our congratulations.

VBA DOINGS—Otto O'Keefe, president of the Veteran Boxers Association, is surely a Patriot in every sense of the word. Not only is he busily engaged in attending all flag raising events in the role of speaker, but he also has been instrumental in raising many thousands of dollars toward the purchasing of Government Bonds. Not satisfied with that, Otto has ordered all of the Old Timers fistmen to band together and serve on the home defense. They will purchase their own uniforms and do guard duty at vital government stations. Only members exempt from the draft are eligible . . . . Georgie Hess, a classy bantamweight at the turn of the century, is in the roofing and heating business . . . . Danny Fields may soon trade in his uniform of a Delaware River Bridge cop for that of one of Uncle Sam's Nephews . . . . Al Monohan is a political job holder . . . . Jack Harris, a World War number 1 hero, is back in the second scrap as a marine . . . . Al Gordon is employed on a defense project . . . . Nate Goldman is the proprietor of a tap room . . . . Frankie Conway is in the night club business in Camden . . . . K.O. Joe O'Donnell has a night club in Gloucester . . . . Lew Skymer is in the automobile supply business . . . . Sergeant Ray Smith is doing wonders with his daily boxing column in the Camden *Courier* and as editor of the *Veteran Boxer*.

George Larover, the local lightweight knockout king, continues to mow down his rivals. Here is a youngster who bears watching and is sure to go over big wherever he appears in action. He is handled by the popular Rudy Gansky, who is nursing his charge along in a careful way. Another important aide to Larover's sensational knockout victory string is Jack Stanley, conceded to be one of the foremost trainers in the nation.

Gus Dorazio continues a contender for heavyweight honors, yet Joe Martino, manager of the local hitsmith, comes to us with a loud wail that his gladiator has been completely ignored by THE RING Editor in his monthly ratings.

Martino points out that THE RING's number one contender, Bob Pastor, was soundly thrashed by Dorazio. Not only did Dorazio give Pastor a thorough going over but he had the New Yorker on the floor on three different occasions.

Then there is Harry Bobo, the number nine man, who was beaten twice by the Philadelphian.

So Martino seems plenty justified in yelling loud and long that his warrior has been done wrong by Ye RING Editor in compiling his listings of the best fist slingers.

Herman Taylor, Pennsylvania's foremost promoter, joins in Manager Martino's "beef." The local impresario insists that he has time and again offered Pastor a return bout with Dorazio but has been turned down.

Taylor also informs yours truly that another RING rated challenger, Lee Savold, has spurned propositions for a clash with Destroyer Dorazio.

Philadelphia's Bobcat Bob Montgomery, who broke his hand when he won that one-sided victory over Bobby Ruffin, is back in training and ready for another shot at Sammy Angott. What Montgomery likes most of all is a chance at the lightweight crown to prove once and for all that the boss of the 135-pounders isn't his master, even though Sammy boasts of three wins over him.

When Montgomery and Angott last met, Sammy was given a gift by the ring officials, who disagreed on the award. The verdict created such a round of protest from more than eighty percent of the fans that they are finally aware that Angott *DOESN'T* have Montgomery's number.

The local star has established himself as a classy lightweight. All that is necessary is for Angott to agree to the match.

SO. JERSEY, DELAWARE AND PENNA. COAL REGION NOTES
By ARCHIE PIROLLI

AFTER twenty years, the Northside A. C., in Atlantic City, has closed its doors for the duration. Uncle Sam has taken it over for use as a warehouse for the Air Corps stationed there. Joe Wenke, associated with this club for the past twenty years, will move over to Philadelphia as promoter at the Cambria A. C., and is about to open the indoor season there.

Wilmington, Del.—Al Tribuani, local Italian, 148½, won an easy decision over George (Dusty) Brown, 141, of York, Pa., here in a rough fight before 2,800 fans. The Wilmington boy's hard lefts to the stomach softened up the York boxer and put him down for a count of nine in the sixth round of an eight-round bout.

George Larover, 134, Philadelphia, gained a technical knockout over Gordon Neal, 136, Baltimore, in the second. Johnny Brenda, 138, Philadelphia, won a decision from Benny Sicicato, 142, Wilmington, in the four-round opener.

Allentown, Pa.—Billy Speary of Nanticoke, 134, gained a ten-round decision over Georgie Harper, New York, 134, in the feature bout of an open-air program before more than 2,500 fans. Speary won six of the ten rounds.

Rocky Luciano, Harrisburg, 153, won a technical knockout when Choo-Choo Derr, Allentown, 151, was unable to come out in the fourth round.

Lee Scheirer, Allentown, 123, knocked out Ralph Balz, New York, 123, in the second round; Jesse Moroney, Harrisburg, 150, knocked out Zeke Golden, Reading, 148, in the first round, and Ray Sculley, Reading, 191, stopped George Hostilock, 239, Harrisburg, in the first round.

Wilmington, Del.—In their second meeting in less than three weeks, Al Tribuani, 148, Wilmington, knocked out George (Dusty) Brown, 141, York, Pa., in the eighth round. In their previous match, Tribuani won an eight-rounder. Eddie Finazzo, 160, Baltimore, scored a technical knockout over Buddy Fisher, 163, Philadelphia, in the fourth round; Georgie Larover, 138, Philadelphia, scored a technical knockout over Kid Lewis, 137, Baltimore, in the first round; Johnny Finazzo, 167, Baltimore, scored a technical K.O. over Jack Patton, 157, New Orleans, in the second; Johnny Brenda, 135, Philadelphia, won on disqualification over Sam Daniels, Wilmington.

The writer can be reached at Room 605, Shubert Bldg., Philadelphia.

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MINNESOTA NEWS
By BILLY COLBERT

A HARD-FOUGHT bout between Golden Gloves featherweight Booker Ellis, St. Paul, and Lloyd Harder, Minneapolis, featured a seven-bout boxing card held in the open-air amphitheater at Fort Snelling. The bout, staged before a crowd of 4000 soldiers and visitors, was a slambang affair, ending in a draw. Ellis had his hands full with the charging Harder. Ellis weighed 131; Harder, 128. Two knockouts highlighted the program. In the heavyweight division, Jess Carpenter, 201, of the Fort, knocked out Johnny McCarthy, St. Paul, 189, in the first round.

In the welterweight division, Melvin Olson, 146, St. Paul, knocked out Corp. Wilson of Fort Snelling, 151, in the second round. In another featherweight slugfest, Jerry Dodge, Fort Snelling, 131, and Johnny Smith, St. Paul, 126, fought a draw. Results of the other bouts:

Bob Luby, St. Paul, 145, decisioned Bud Foster, Fort Snelling, 143, in three rounds. Jimmy O'Rourke, Minneapolis, 155, decisioned Ted LaValle, 156, St. Paul, three rounds. George Kromback, St. Paul, 165, decisioned Marshall Twoddle, Fort Snelling, 161, in three rounds.

Harold Stevens, Ascension Club, Minneapolis, welterweight, now Corp. Harold Stevens of Camp Crowder, has been adjudged the outstanding boxer in a tourney at Camp Crowder and awarded a $25 War Bond as his prize. He defeated Charles Kasik, former Duke University mittman, in the finals. Stevens has been stationed at Camp Crowder since February.

Lloyd Peterson, Minneapolis, who won the welterweight title in the Ascension Club last winter, has enlisted in the Marines and leaves for San Diego . . . . Lewis Cook, Fargo, N. D., is the boxing promoter in Fargo and is planning his first show in October.

An enthusiastic crowd of over 3000 servicemen saw Lloyd Harder, 124, Minneapolis, and Tom Sperling, 126, St. Paul, N.W. Golden Gloves champion of 1942, in a three-round sizzling draw in the main event. It was Sperling's last boxing bout as a civilian. He will join the army next week.

Morris Marr, Minneapolis, 118, and Johnny Ryan, St. Paul, 116, went three rounds, with Marr receiving the decision.

Jimmy O'Rourke, Minneapolis, 145, and Booker Ellis, 138, St. Paul, drew in a rousing three-round skirmish.

Other bouts: Johnny McCarthy, Stone Lake, Wis., 175, scored a technical knockout over Private Henry Telkey of Fort Snelling in two rounds. Glen Kemble, St. Paul, 126, decisioned Private Ernie Parker, 122, Fort Snelling.

Corp. Bud Foster, Fort Snelling, knocked out Private Mike Burdette, Fort Snelling, in two rounds. Both boys weighed 145 pounds.

Johnny Smith, St. Paul, 122, knocked out Private Ray Kennedy in two rounds. Kennedy weighed 120 pounds.

Col. Eller, Fort Snelling, is staging shows every Friday at Fort Snelling. Roy Westfallinger is the announcer and Billy Colbert of St. Paul, matchmaker for the Fort Snelling Boxing Club . . . . Ted Morrisson is now located at Camp Gordon.

Thirty-five hundred fans attended the outdoor boxing card staged for the soldiers. This show is free for all the fans, and Col. Eller, commanding officer, stages a free show every Friday.

Tom Sperling, St. Paul, 122, won the decision over Glen Kemble, St. Paul, 126, in the main event. Sperling celebrated his induction into the Army with this win. Johnny Smith, St. Paul, 128, defeated Bill Walsh, 126, St. Paul, in three rounds.

Corp. Wilson, Fort Snelling, drew with Paul Christian, Minneapolis, in three rounds. Both boys weighed 145 pounds.

Lloyd Dosch, 155, St. Paul, kayoed Mike Burdette, Fort Snelling, 156, in the second round.

Johnny Monoynan, Fort Snelling, defeated George Krombeck in there rounds. Both boys weighed 175 pounds.

Johnny McCarthy, 185, St. Paul heavyweight, scored his third straight win at Fort Snelling by defeating Marion Belstein, Fort Snelling, 190. This bout was the best of the evening.

Bill Hart, St. Paul fireman, heavyweight wrestler, and Tiger Miller, St. Cloud heavyweight, drew in thirty minutes.

Max Schilling, Minneapolis, defeated George Cronan, Duluth, in fifteen minutes.

Harold Alle, the fighting Turk from St. Paul, is now stationed at Fort Ord . . . . Tom Shaughnessy, St. Paul welterweight, is now a staff sergeant at Fort Lewis.

Mike Connolly, Minneapolis, former manager of such fighters as Jackie Conway, Chuck Foster, Frankie Soltis, Joey Thomas, Paul Wangley, Mike Paulson and Pat Sweeney, has enlisted in the Navy and is now located at the Great Lakes in the hospital corps.

Karl Malm, Park Rapids, Minn., heavyweight, is now located at Camp Shelby.

Johnny McCarthy, St. Paul heavyweight, 182, knocked out Tom Miller, Minneapolis, in the third round of the feature bout before 5000 free patrons at the Fort Snelling open-air arena. Lloyd Harder, 125, Minneapolis, and Tom Sperling, N. W. Golden Gloves champion, battled to a three-round draw in the semi-finals.

Fred Luft, St. Paul, 205, and Bill Melstein, Fort Snelling, 200, drew in three rounds.

Melvin Olson, 150, St. Paul, knocked out Corp. Fred Morang, Fort Snelling, in the third round. Morang weighed 155.

Jerry Dodge, 125, knocked out Jim Davenport, 126, in three rounds.

Jimmy O'Rourke, 155, Minneapolis, won over George Krombeck, 160, St. Paul, in three rounds.

Lloyd Dosch, St. Paul, 155, outpointed Johnny Twoddle, Fort Snelling, 160, in three rounds.

Floyd Hagan, St. Paul lightweight, refereed all the bouts.

Send the boys in the service a copy of THE RING Magazine. THE RING is for sale at all the leading stands in the Twin Cities.

Ray Temple, lightweight boxer of 25 years ago, has left for Detroit, Mich., to accept a job in a defense plant. Ray boxed all the best boys in the lightweight division, including Mandot, Willie Ritchie, Wolgast, Freddie Welsh. Ray was a licensed referee in Minnesota and refereed all the important fights in the Northwest for the last ten years.

Curley Ullrich, referee and boxer, is now located at Danbury, Wis., where he operates a summer resort. Curley has refereed over 5,000 fights in teh last thirty years.

Mike Collins, Minneapolis, is now located at Superior, Wis., in the personnel department of a shipbuilding company.

Karl Ogren and Sid Steinberg are now at Cape Town, South Africa, on a defense job.

Ed Horn, Chicago, would like to show his team of amateur boxers in the Northwest.

Bob Pollock is the boxing promoter at Park Rapids, Minn.

ALONG THE FIGHTING FRONT—Kelly Ward, Minneapolis light-heavyweight, is in the Maritime service. Tony Martin, middleweight, is in the Coast Guard; Carl Ford, lightweight, is at the Great Lakes Training Station. Billy Smith, lightweight, was back on furlough and GAINED 25 POUNDS ON ARMY GRUB. Marv Wason, St. Paul heavyweight, enlisted in the Marines and is in California. Red Grant, the battling bellhop, is in the Navy. George Roman, middleweight champ at the university, joined the Navy. Karl Malm, heavyweight at Camp Shelby, and handsome Ted Morrisson have graduated from the Officers' Training School at Camp Gordon. George Horner, welterweight, and Bob Horner are in the Marines at Pearl Harbor. Bud Tibbitts is at Camp Gordon.

Johnny Smith, featherweight, and Melvin Olson, welterweight, are two amateurs who have been winning all their fights of late.

Bill Hart, the Wrestling Fireman and former boxer and sparring partner of Tom Gibbons, is instructing boxers at Engine Co. 3 in St. Paul.

HEARD AND SEEN IN MICHIGAN
By MICKEY McINTIRE

BOXING came back with a bang the past month, as local promoters catered to a fight hungry public, and put on a couple of interesting shows. The first show was presented by Lou Markowitz and Jack Laken, and featured name fighters, drawing a capacity crowd to the Arena Gardens.

Former lightweight champion Lew Jenkins was co-featured on the Arena show, and despite his careless training habits, put up a rousing battle with Carmen Notch of Pittsburgh, but lost a close decision. Had Sweetwater Lew been in better shape, the chances are he could have outgunned Notch, but as they stood, Carmen had too much speed and class, and eked out a decision.

Featherweight boss Chalky Wright flashed the form which carried him to the title, but encountered little opposition in Joey Marinelli of Dayton and scored a kayo in the second round.

"Big Boy" Brown, massive Detroiter, kayoed Tony Cira, 251-pound Pittsburgher, in the third round of a preliminary bout.

Chuck Hirst, dynamite fisted local southpaw welterweight, kayoed Mansfield Driskell in the second round. Driskell, elongated star who has fought sensational bouts with Fritzie Zivic, Young Kid McCoy, Bobby McIntire, and Dave Castilloux, going the distance with everyone but Castilloux, was unable to fathom Hirst's southpaw slants, and was helpless in the face of Hirst's driving attack. Johnny Ausky, Toledo, stopped Steve Kulic, Detroit, in two rounds of the opener.

Merle Richards is still hustling with Eddie Scott, his colored 133-pounder who rates as one of the smartest campaigners of the local brigade. Scott is unmarked after over a hundred battles with the leading boys of the middle west. Merle's great little featherweight, Chick Sanchez, is now in his native state of Texas.

Bobby McIntyre turned up in Holyoke, Mass., to thrill the fans with the manner in which he administered a boxing lesson to Tommy Jessup, the local pride. Jessup had not been forced to go the limit before, having stopped something like seventeen opponents, but McIntire extended him to the utmost. Partisan judges voted in favor of the local mittster, and of course the official decision went to Jessup. A red hot rematch was cooled off by the unwillingness of Jessup's mentors to give Bobby a return go.

Lou Woods, promising local welter, whacked out a decision over Gib Jones, rough and ready Cincinnati middleweight, in eight rounds of a Chicago bout. Woods has the brightest of prospects, and is being looked after by the old "Ghost" of Michigan lightweights, Jimmy Brady, who is being assisted by Al DeNapoli.

The other show of the month presented by the Olympia with Nick Londes at the helm, resulted in a fine program, featuring local boys, and turned out to be loaded with action from start to finish. The show was a tribute to Londes' ability as a matchmaker, and with the Olympia running regularly this winter, fight fans should be treated to some interesting shows.

A double feature event displayed Tommy Yarosz and Jimmy Edgar scoring kayo victories over Curley Denton and Ernie Pelaia in the fourth and tenth rounds respectively.

Bobby McIntire "stole" the show by the convincing manner in which he defeated Billy Hardges, local colored boy, who put up a rousing battle all the way but failed to match McIntire's speed and boxing ability. The bout was an eight-rounder of the bruising variety, and saw both fighters receive cut eyes, McIntire's being the left and Hardges' the right.

Charley Hayes, former star local amateur, flashed great form in stopping Gib Jones in the third round. Lou Woods ran into a tartar in Jackie Carpenter of Cincinnati, but dropped him once in grabbing the decision in an interesting fight. George Costner, Cincinnati colored welter, stopped Pat Jezak in two heats of the opener.

TIMELY CHATTER FROM GREAT BRITAIN

By JOHN S. SHARPE

SERGT. PETER KANE of Golbourne and the R.A.F., proved beyond all doubt that he is the logical contender for Jackie Paterson's flyweight title, when he sensationally knocked out the brilliant Liverpool battler, Joe Curran, in the 11th of a 15-round contest at 112 pounds.

The contest took place at the Anfield Football Grounds under the auspices of genial Johnny Best of the Liverpool Stadium. The promoter was rewarded with a crowd of 16,000 people. That is a lot of people in these days of restricted attendances.

At the weigh-in Kane scaled 111 pounds, six ounces, to Curran's 109 pounds, four ounces. Both looked fit enough to fight for a kingdom.

Kane paved his way to the beating of Curran by his solid left leads and heavy right crosses that connected as Curran came forward to force the pace. In the 10th round little Curran was forced to take two long counts and was saved from defeat by the gong.

In the 11th round Kane again connected and had Curran at his mercy. Whilst taking another count the seconds of Curran threw in the towel, which was not accepted by the referee, who officially stated that Kane won by a K.O.

According to the British Boxing Board of Control, before Kane is allowed to meet Paterson for the title, he must meet Paddy Ryan of Manchester.

Bert Jackson, the clever Fleetwood featherweight, made a welcome reappearance in the Liverpool Stadium ring and defeated George Pull, Lowestoft, the Eastern Counties champion, in the eighth of a scheduled 10-round contest.

Jackson, who has shown some good form in previous contests, again demonstrated that he can sock with the best, for he soon had Pull on the defensive, frying to prevent the Fleetwood battler from scoring any decisive blow. In the third session Jackson landed a hard right to the jaw and Pull went down for a count of eight. Again in the ninth round he was forced to take two counts of nine and when he appeared to be beaten, his seconds threw in the towel, leaving the referee the option of declaring Jackson as the winner by a T.K.O., which otherwise would have been by the K.O. route.

Mick Gibbons of Haydock defeated Danny Mack of Liverpool after a hard fought eight-round contest. The younger of the Gibbons clan, Tommy, was ruled out in the fourth of an eight-round contest against Bob Hopwood of Bolton for an alleged low blow.

Johnny Best of the Liverpool Stadium lost no time in rematching Cpl. Willie Smith of Margate and the R.A.F., against Gus Foran of Liverpool over 10 rounds.

As in their previous contest the lads gave the fans all that they paid to witness. After an exciting bout Foran received the referee's decision which must have been by a very narrow margin.

Eddie Petrin, claimant of the Canadian bantamweight title, fought well at the Watford Town Hall against Alf Ward of Ceam. He is credited as the best bantamweight in the Southern Area.

In this contest the Canadian soldier quickly got into his stride and scored with telling blows to Ward's body. In all he scored five knockdowns in the eight rounds that were fought and the referee gave his opinion that the contest was a DRAW.

Reading this, you would think that the Canadian was unlucky not to have been declared the winner. I guess I am of the same opinion.

In another eight-round contest between heavyweights Charlie Collett, Hemel Hempstead, kayoed Jack Beech of Bletchley in the second round.

The first Anglo-American boxing tournament took place at the Peoples' Palace, London, between amateurs of the visiting American forces and members of the Repton and Oxford House Boxing Club.

The spacious hall was packed to the doors to give the visitors a warm welcome. Although they won only one contest they were given a big hand for their efforts.

Micky Cianci, U. S. A., defeated L/Cpl. Ling in a sparkling three-round contest that was decided by the casting vote.

Fireman Brown, National Fire Service, outpointed Murray Carlson, U. S. A., after a hard contest over three rounds.

Keenest fight of the series was won by Trooper H. Maffia who outpointed Joe Klemmencic, U. S. A., over three rounds.

Gunner J. Herbert defeated Sergt. Al Wohlfert, U. S. A., over three rounds. L. A. C. Shead outpointed Gene Donato, U. S. A., on the casting vote of the referee. Gene Dyer, U. S. A., was outclassed in his contest with Stoker W. Sawyer and the bout stopped in the opening round.

L/Cpl. George Odwell, Camden Town, forced Guardsman Paddy Roche, Irish Guards, to retire at the end of the fourth of a 10-round bout at the Caledonian Road Baths. The latter coming in as a last minute substitute for Guardsman Reg Gregory.

Roche put up a good display, until his condition told its tale and after taking some punishment in the fourth session, he wisely retired.

Cpl. Dusty Welland, R.A.F., knocked out Cpl. Ron Hatton, R.A.F., in the fifth of a six-round contest. Although he had taken considerable punishment from Hatton, he still had enough strength and courage to administer a sensational K.O. win in the fifth with a corking right to the jaw and Hatton fell on his face, out to the world.

Cpl. Willie Smith, R.A.F. and Margate, was too clever for Pat Palmer, Battersea, who was stopped at the end of the second round by the referee, after the latter had inspected Palmer's cut eye, leaving Smith as the winner.

A./C. Fred Pursey, R.A.F., outpointed Jack Watkins, Muswell Hill, after a good bout over six rounds.

Guardsman Billy Hood, Grenadier Guards, stopped Harry O'Grady, Aylesbury, in the fourth of a six-round bout. Johnny Russell, Kentish Town, knocked out Bill Robinson, Notting Hill, in the first of a six-round contest.

Johnny Ward of Ireland was too strong and aggressive for the clever Merthyr lightweight, Cuthbert Taylor, and defeated the latter in the chief 10-round contest at Loughborough.

Tommy Hyams, Kings Cross, again K.O.'ed Jimmy Jury, Bournemouth, in the seventh round when they met in a return engagement at Letchworth.

John Ware, Bournemouth, outpointed Billy Reynolds, Shepherds Bush, after a grand slam over 10 rounds.

Arthur "Ginger" Sadd of Norwich was too experienced for Sergt. Reg Andrews of the Royal Marines when they met at Norwich in a scheduled 10-round contest.

Andrews is a tall youngster who has had some boxing experience around the New England states under the name of Andy McCarthy. Although he showed well against Sadd he could not keep up the pace to the end. So it was no surprise, when Sadd saw that his opponent was weakening, he kept up the pressure. As Andrews seemed to be in a bad way the referee rightly stopped the contest in Sadd's favor.

Andrews did not disgrace himself and would do well to be matched with a few more opponents of less caliber than Sadd. I am certain that in another year he will be ready for the best at the cruiser limit.

Sergt. Jack London, the West Hartlepool heavyweight, now serving with the R.A.F., took the measure of Jim Wilde of Swansea, when they met at Wrexham, for Johnny Best.

The bout was scheduled for 10 rounds, but London's heavy swings soon had the Welshman in trouble. After the latter was put down in the third round for a long count, he limped around the ring upon arising, at the mercy of the heavy hitting Northerner, and following two more counts, Wilde's seconds wisely threw in the towel, as he did not seem to have a chance of winning over London.

Jack McCusker of Glasgow displayed some very good form, when knocking out Emile Chang of Jamaica in the fourth of a 10 round contest at the Stadium, Liverpool.

Chang, who was on leave from the Merchant Navy, was conceding several pounds to the Scottish welterweight, and soon found the going heavy. In the third session, a hard right swing had the colored lad in trouble, and it was no surprise when in the fourth round, Chang went down from a left hook to the body, and he failed to beat the count.

One of the most exciting contests seen at The Stadium, was that between Dave Shack of the Army and Tommy Gillon of Liverpool in an 8 round contest.

Gillon almost brought off a sensation in the very first round, for he had the soldier on the canvas for a count of five from a hard right to the head, but Shack recovered well and fought back with courage.

Enterprising Promoter John Muldoon of the R.A.F. is very keen about staging a return contest between Freddie Mills and Jack London for a big Charity Show on behalf of King George's Fund for Sailors. If he is successful, the Fund will be richer by a very good sum of money.

When they met before, Mills surprised the large gathering by gaining a points decision over the West Hartlepool giant.

Muldoon also has been trying to match Peter Kane and Jackie Paterson for the vacant Flyweight Championship of the World, but The British Boxing Board of Control has decreed that Kane must first meet Paddy Ryan of Manchester for the Northern Area title which Ryan holds, and the winner will be recognized as the logical challenger to Paterson.

I remember quite well where the B.B.B.C. waived this rule, when a promoter matched two men to fight for the British title without one of these opponents having met or defeated the then reigning champion of his Area. The Peter Kane-Paterson battle is a natural, and Johnny Best or John Muldoon, the two promoters who want to stage this contest should be helped along, instead of having Kane matched with Paddy Ryan for that right.

Kane held the title once, and when weight was increasing, he gave up his title without a contest, and in the case of Ryan, he had his chance against Paterson for the title, and was beaten inside the distance.

Jim Brady, British Empire Bantamweight Champion, added another win to his long list, when at Dean Park, Dundee, he outpointed Tony Robert the clever Canadian bantamweight now over here with the Canadian Army.

They met over 10 rounds and the hard hitting of the Scot soon wore down the gallant Canadian who after taking a count of 9 in the ninth round lasted the distance to lose a grand bout on points.

Hugh Cameron of Glasgow and Scottish Flyweight Champion scored a one round K.O. win, when he put Ronnie Bishop of Swansea down and out in 1 minute 17 seconds of the first round.

Dennis Cahill (Dundee) defeated Dick Richardson (Dunferline) on points over 8 rounds, and Freddie Tennant (Dundee) and Johnny Kelly (Perth) fought a hectic bout to a draw over 8 rounds.

Warren Kendall (Tonyrefail) defeated Johnny Lookie (London) over 10 rounds at Pontypool after a grand contest.

Wally Davis (Notting Hill) won over Boyo Rees (Abercwmboi) when the latter was ruled out in the ninth of a 10 round bout at Pontypool, for an alleged low delivery.

Syd Worgan (Llanharan) outpointed Benny Isaacs (Loughborough) over 10 rounds in the open air show at Llanharan, before a good crowd.

Charlie Bundy (Llanharan) knocked out Wally Bridgeman (Bury St. Edmunds) in the fourth of a 10 round contest, with a hard right to the jaw.

Dave McCleave, the Southern Area Middleweight Champion, gained a points victory over Tommy Davies of Cwmgorse, when they met over 10 rounds at Pontypridd.

Ivor Thomas (Pontypridd) was ruled out in the second of a 10 round bout against Len Beynon of Swansea, for an alleged low punch.

In the Glen Moody (Pontypridd) and Ivor Davies (Ammanford) contest, the latter received a very bad cut eye in the second round, and the referee stopped the contest and named Moody as the winner.

Norman Lewis (Nantymoel) the clever Welsh flyweight who is destined to go places in the Flyweight Division, again demonstrated that he is the master of Jack McKenzie of Scotland, when he again outpointed the Scot over 10 rounds at Abertillery.

Here are some results from the Irish rings:—

Pat Mulcahy (Cork) outpointed Matt Locke (Belfast) over 10 rounds at Belfast. Chuck Flannigan (Belfast) and Micky Quinn (Dublin) boxed a 10 round draw.

Charlie Browne, the clever Belfast featherweight, defeated Tommy Kennedy (Dublin) in the 4th of a 10 round contest at Belfast, when the latter was put down for the full count.

Terry McStravick (Belfast) stopped Bert Nichol (Scotland) in the fourth of a 10 round contest at Belfast.

Bunty Doran and Charlie Browne, both Belfast lads, met at Belfast in what was to have been a 10-round affair, but the bout terminated in the ninth round when the latter was forced to retire when he sustained a very bad cut eye.

A new Irish heavyweight made his debut in Eire, when Jim Cully of Tipperary knocked out Butcher Howell of Dublin in 3 rounds.

Cully stands 7 feet 1 inch and tips the beam at 259 pounds, and will no doubt be matched with Chris Cole of Mullinger, for the heavyweight championship of Eire.

Mick Magee (Belfast) and Jim Keery (Lisburn) both rivals in the Ulster lightweight title claim, met at Belfast over 10 rounds, and both put up a grand scrap, before Magee received the referee's decision.

Jimmy Duffy of Liverpool, stopped the winning sequence of Tommy Armour of Belfast, when he held the Ulster Welter Champion to a draw over 10 rounds at Belfast.

Jack Clancy (Sligo) gained a very narrow points decision over Jimmy Duffy (Liverpool) at the end of 10 hectic rounds at Belfast.

Terry McStravick (Belfast) was unexpectedly defeated by Jim Hamilton (Carrick), in a scheduled 10 round contest which lasted for 4 rounds, as McStravick was forced to retire with a badly cut eye.

Bob Gardner staged a successful boxing show at the Rialto, Belfast, when he featured Tommy Armour, Ulster's welter ace against the undefeated Dublin middleweight, Freddie Price. The latter put up a grand battle, but was outpointed after 10 rounds.

A newcomer to the Northern Irish rings was the Lightweight Champion of Eire, Jimmy Smith of Clonmel, and he will be certain of having more engagements, for his display was most impressive, in outpointing Jim Keery (Lisburn) over 8 rounds.

Buy War Stamps; Let's Beat Our Enemies

IN BRITISH GUIANA
By COMPTON SANTOS

THE U.S.A. Air Base situated at Hyde Park, Demerara, British Guiana, was the scene of a round up of British Guiana's young and promising boxers, who put on a few exhibitions for the American forces serving here.

The main figures on the stage were Al Prescod, and Whalebone Kid, a couple of welterweights. They gave a very good exhibition, with the Kid seeing "most of the colors," and even smelling the resin for a few seconds. Prescod had the advantage over the Kid, who was once a good fighter.

Among the other contestants were Young Joe Louis and Joe Ralph.

Joe Hyman, British Guiana and West Indies welterweight king, returned to this colony recently after going through the biggest fight of his career. This time it was a fight for life, and not fame. He was working on a ship that was sunk by enemy action, but he was picked up, luckily and taken to a hospital on one of the West Indian islands.

Around the Islands . . . . At St. Mary's College, Trinidad, a boxing card consisting of thirteen contests was staged. Here are the results:

Edward O'Connor decisioned Bobby Montburn, while Verond Pinard defeated Roland Quesel, and E. Jardine outpointed D. Woo. These were all three-round affairs, and below the flyweight class.

The fourth bout of the evening, a three-round bantamweight scrap, brought together Elsworth Poon Tip, 118 pounds, and James Ahiely, 117 pounds, with Poon Tip winning by a hairline margin. Trevor Choy took the measure of R. Charles; J. Hugh scored a T.K.O. over Aloro Camacho; and Maurice Periera gained a close one over V. Wilson.

Next came a three round exhibition between Eric Phelps, and L. Assam, and this was a ding-dong affair, Noel Fernandes tasted defeat at the hands of R. Tywang, and Ovid Fernandes dropped a split decision to E. Luggo.

Then came the big surprise of the night. Errol Pinard raised the spectators out of their seats, while he dished out a fine lacing to former flyweight king Lester Graham. In the final event of three rounds, Luis Baradas, 145 pounds, taught Carlos Thomas a lesson in boxing.

. . . At the Yankee Stadium, Barbados, on Monday night, June 8th, Kid German, bantam, feather, and lightweight champ of the island, continued his winning streak, by stopping Kid Snake in the third of a scheduled ten-rounder. German went after his man as cool as the sea breeze, and did some real leather throwing. Kid Snake, dazed and battered in the third round, grabbed the ropes for support, and was unable to continue. Thus German scored a K.O.

In the semi-final preceding the main event, Arena Kid, after piling up a big lead in the first two rounds of his brawl with Eagle Gunner, cockily walked into a right chop to the jaw and a terrific left to mid-section, which sent him to dreamland.

This writer may be reached at 117 Regent Street, Lacytown, Georgetown, B. G.

BOXING IN CUBA
By MILT BARON

HAVANA'S boxing activities slightly slowed up this month, but the few cards held in local arenas were interesting.

Joe Legon, Cuba's popular welterweight king, outpointed Willy Neyland of Philadelphia in a close ten round contest replete with action. Neyland was well liked, and will probably be asked to return here soon for a return go.

Luis Castillo, Mexican bantamweight star, easily outpointed Congo Guevarra of Cuba in ten sessions. This contest proved that Castillo is back in good form again, and no doubt will soon meet Humberto Espinosa and National Kid his recent conquerors.

Buddy Scott, Washington heavyweight, earned a close decision over Claudio Villar of Spain in ten rounds. The decision was booed, and an attempt is being made to rematch the pair.

Giraldo Valdes, Cuba's promising young heavyweight, scored a two round kayo over Young Maceo. Manuel Cheavez, 130, beat Reynaldo Fuenti Pi, in a special six rounder. Julio Diaz easily defeated Andres Dominguez in a special heavyweight contest to decide the next opponent for Mario Ochoa, the hard hitting light-heavyweight champion of Cuba.

Benito Garcia (Malpica) won by the kayo route in two rounds over Alfredo Ferrer, and Panchon Martinez, 134, outpointed Fermin Lopez, 130, in ten rounds.

Luis Parga, local Boxing Commissioner, is back on the job again, after being away for two months on account of sickness.

IN VANCOUVER AND VICINITY
By JIM JOHNSON

HARRY MATHEWS, young middleweight, earned a shot at Al Hostak when he easily defeated Frankie Guenther in ten rounds at Seattle. Each fighter weighed 164 pounds.

Mathews displayed poor timing in the first four rounds while chasing Guenther about the ring.

In the eight-round semi-windup, Charley Harvey of New York kayoed Jack Huber of Los Angeles in the fifth canto. They are heavyweights.

In the preliminaries Bud Smith of Bellingham drew with Billy McCann of Seattle and Earl Bergstrom knocked out Vic Franks.

Fight Highlights: Billy Soose is in Alaska. Jack Price, local boxing promoter, may hold some big cards here this winter if he can get the use of the Hastings Park Forum. He may also promote a Kenny Lindsay-Nels Broadhead bout for the Canadian bantamweight title.

Johnny Greco, contender for Dave Castilloux's lightweight title, is going great guns in the U. S. under the capable management of Abe Elkin. In Greco's last two fights, he kayoed J. D. Shans, in six, and Oliver White, in four. Greco has had 18 fights, winning 17, mostly by kayoes.

Fight fans, managers, trainers and fighters shouldn't be without Nat Fleischer's book, "Training for Boxers." It is the best book of its kind ever written. You should also get Nat's other book, "How to Box." Address your letters to Jim Johnson, 4889 Bleinheim Street, Vancouver, B. C., Canada.

IN PANAMA CITY
By ROBERTO A. TORRES

PROMOTER RAMON LAY put on his first show at the Club Tropical in Colon and the bouts kept everyone in a frenzy during the evening. Kid Bony, 114½, of Colombia, knocked out Kid Chocolate, 113½, of Panama City, in the second round. Bony, who was making his first start in Colon, was a rank outsider before the fight, but once he got going there was no doubt in the fans' mind as to who was the logical winner.

Baby Leslie, 122½, Colon, scored his fourth straight victory by decisioning Simon Milock, 125, Panama, in four rounds. Milock proved no match for Leslie. Young Leslie, 134, Colon, ran into a hurricane when he encountered Kid Mabuelos, 139, Colombia. Leslie, the more experienced of the two, but a light puncher, boxed Mabuelos around for the first two rounds. Mabuelos, the heavier puncher of the two, depended on one punch. In the third round, he caught Leslie with a hard right to the stomach that kept Leslie on the defensive throughout the rest of the fight. At the end, both boys were hanging on each other. The officials voted for a draw.

Paco Villa, 126, Mexico City, scored his second win in as many starts in the city of Colon over Kid Fortune, 125½, in a torrid ten-round fight. After dropping a decision to Villa in his first fight in Panama, Fortune clamored for a return go. Villa started out by crowding his man to the ropes with a two-fisted attack. Fortune fought him on even terms for the first six rounds, but from the seventh on, Villa's superior stamina and toughness proved too much for the Colon boy. The judges and Referee Albert Brown all voted for the Mexican Tornado.

Promoter Jose Luis Torres scored a hit at the National Olympic Stadium when he presented his newly-found prize package who fights under the name of J. J. Fernandez, ex-lightweight champion of Venezuela, against Panama's current welter champ, Young Shadow. Fernandez, who weighed 145 against Shadow's 144½, fooled the wise boys by knocking out Young Shadow in 2:15 of the third round, amid a fury of rights and lefts to the head.

Breezy Boy, 128, Kingston, Jamaica, knocked out Battling Gomez, 131½, Colon, in the sixth round of an eight-rounder. Gomez took the first part of the fight, but the Jamaican whip, as he is commonly referred to, came back with a body attack in the fifth round that Gomez could not stand. Breezy Boy is one of the greatest crowd-pleasers seen in this country.

Baby Cooper, 142½, Gamboa, Canal Zone, won a hard-earned decision over K. O. Morgan, 144½, Colon, in six rounds. It was a slugging affair from the first to the fourth. Morgan weakened in the fifth and Cooper took advantage to win. Al Singer, 114, knocked out Al Morales, 114, in the second round of a six-rounder.

Promoter Niconar A. Dosman treated the fans to another slam-bang affair that made a hit with the fans at Club Tropical, Colon. Guillermo Andrade, 113½, Panama City, and the outstanding flyweight contender, was given a draw in a ten-rounder with John Bill, 116, of Colombia. According to my score card and the referee, John Copeland, Andrade won eight of the ten rounds but the judges saw otherwise. Their decision was so terrible that the boxing commission, to justify the injustice to Andrade, decided to change the decision to a draw. Bill took the first two rounds in fine style, but Andrade concentrated his attack to the body and at the end of the fifth round, Bill was all but out.

Kid Centenito, 138, Barranquilla, Colombia, took a hard-earned decision from Baby Real, 135, Panama, in a six-rounder. Real, who had previously defeated Centenito, was at least entitled to a draw.

Baby Castillo, 108, Panama City, drew in four rounds with Panama Flash, 115, Colon, in four rounds. Kid Zuniga, 124, Colombia, knocked out Al Mighty, 123, Colon, in two rounds.

At the Panama Olympic Stadium, Kid Tunero, 150, Havana, Cuba, rated the seventh middleweight in THE RING Magazine, lost a ten-round fight to Dan Calcagno, 147, Puerto Rico, in Santo Domingo year before last. Promoter Carlos Cambra managed to get both boys in the ring in Panama City and this time the decision went to Kid Tunero. The crowd protested, but it was all in vain. Tunero was floored in the fourth for a one-count and was often staggered by the hard-hitting Puerto Rican, who fought his best fight since coming to Panama.

Young Herrera, 129, ex-lightweight champion of Panama, gave Young Tunney, Panama's No. 1 trial horse, a sound lacing for eight rounds. Herrera surprised the fans by outpunching and outboxing Tunney all the way.

Tito Despaigne, 142, Carlos Eleta's new find, knocked out Al Pinder, 142, in the second round of a six-rounder. Pinder was no match for the hard-hitting Despaigne. Battling Leno, 121, won a hard-earned decision over Dan Calcagno in a four-rounder.

At the Club Tropical, Ramon Lay presented two up-and-coming youngsters in their first star bout that turned out to be a corker. Aquilino Allen, 131, Panama, scored a hard ten-round decision over Slim Terror, 127, Colon. It was a hard fight, with neither boy giving ground. Allen won the fight in the last round when he caught Terror with a hard right to the stomach that slowed him up for that round, thus enabling Allen to come out on top.

Kid Bony, 109, Colombia, decisioned the veteran Al Singer in six rounds. Singer, the favorite, toyed with Bony for the first three rounds, but when he decided to fight, Bony was more than his match and staggered him all over the ring in the last two rounds.

Joaquin Padilla, 123, Panama, knocked out Kid Pana, 124, Colon, in the second round. Al Morales, 142, Colombia, knocked out K. O. Ortiz, 141, Panama, in two rounds.

At the National Gymnasium in Panama City, Pedro Ramirez, 121, Mexico City, lost a hard-fought ten-rounder to Carlos Eleta's pride, Sammy Medina, 119, Panama City. Ramirez, who was a highly-touted favorite, was badly beaten in every department by the Panama boy, who outfought, outpunched and outboxed him during the fray. In the sixth, Medina caught Ramirez with a hard right to the head, staggering the Mexican, but the latter fought gallantly to avoid a haymaker.

Pedrito Martinez, 131¾, Havana, Cuba, fought Battling Nelson, 128, ex-featherweight champion of Panama, to an eight-round draw.

Jacinto Castillo, 150, Panama, slammed Kid Daniels, 145, Gamboa, Canal Zone, around for six rounds before the referee stopped it and awarded him the fight on a knockout. Manuel Mendoza, 124, won a clear-cut decision over the highly-touted Baby Yani, 115, in four rounds. Young Sampson, 123, Gamboa, Canal Zone, finally found the win column by taking Martin Olivardia, 114, Panama, in four rounds.

At the Club Tropical, city of Colon, Promoter Dosman had a record-breaking crowd on hand to see Manolo Sanchez, 145¼, ex-middleweight champion of Cuba, break Kid Dunlop's winning streak of four straight fights in the city of Colon. Sanchez outboxed and outpunched the Colombian all the way, taking seven of the ten rounds.

Jackie Bancroft, 144, Colon, whipped Johnny Medrano, 147½, Colombia, in a six-rounder.

Luis Avila, 133, Colon, drew in four rounds with Dixie Kid, 144, Colon. Baby Castillo, Colon, won a four-rounder over Tony Baer, Panama. Announcer Abraham Adolfo Lowman of Colon went over with a bang.

Leocadio Torres, 126, Panama's ex-bantamweight champion and No. 1 featherweight contender, fought Al Brown to a draw in a fifteen-round championship fight before 4,000 fans. The fight was the first of its kind to end in a draw in the history of the Republic of Panama.

Kid Cameron, 138, Kingston, Jamaica, won his first fight in this city when he took Panama's No. 1 war horse, Young Tunney, 134, in six rounds.

Baby San Blas, 114, Panama, won a six-round decision over Young Barber, 115, Panama.

Federico Herrera, 121, won a four-round decision over Kid Estrada, 126, of Panama.

Buy War Stamps and Lick the Other Side

SOUTHERN OHIO JABS

By J. JIMMIE AMANN

JOE MARINELLI, Dayton featherweight who made a bid for a comeback during the current weeks, met with disaster at Detroit. Joe bit the dust in the second heat of a scheduled ten round go with Chalky Wright feather king. Marinelli will probably return to private life. The little Italian was a big credit to the sport in his home town and his many thrilling battles during his heyday will often be recalled.

In one of the other ten round bouts on the bill, Lew Jenkins, former lightweight champion, now boxing as a welterweight lost a decision to Carmen Notch of Pittsburgh.

Two Detroit managers are pointing to future appearances in this territory for their charges. Leo Jones, manager of Charlie Hayes, former world amateur welterweight champion, now in the midst of a successful winning streak as a professional is hankering for a showing in southern Ohio territory. So is Norman Hirst, brother-manager of Chuck Hirst, sensational Jewish welterweight from the Motor City. Both Hayes and Hirst would make great attractions in Dayton, Columbus and Cincinnati where a heavy population of both Jewish and Irish fans are centered.

Mount Washington, Ohio, for the past half decade or better, one of the leading outdoor clubs will soon wind up another season under the able direction of the Mount Adams American Legion. Every season the Legion has presented fine scraps each Friday night and by the time this goes to print, the curtain will be probably drawn. The big features of the Mount club this year were Charlie Banks and Floyd Howard, colored middleweights from the Eddie Johnson stable of Cincinnati.

Earl Mann, Steubenville, Ohio, fight manager is pointing his big heavyweight ace, Babe Hampton, for several big matches for the indoor season. Mann has several offers pending from eastern and western promoters.

Around Fountain Square with the punchers and their pilots—George Nichols, veteran fight trainer from Cincinnati is expected to turn up with some new talent for the 1942-43 indoor season . . . . Nichols formerly promoted in the Queen City and is rated one of the best fight conditioners in the middle west . . . . Babe Griffin, San Jose, Calif., manager, bulletins that he is priming his star bantamweight George Freitas for a series of bouts, eventually to lead to a title match with Manuel Ortiz . . . . Art Huttick, Detroit heavyweight, may soon make several appearances in this territory . . . . Art will make it hard for any of the up and coming heavyweights in this section.

Fighters of all weights planning to turn professional, should drop this writer a letter at 6716 Palmetto St., Cincinnati, Ohio . . . . this address also for those interested in my fight flash service, one dollar per year . . . . most recent subscribers to the service have been Bill Brown, New York fight commissioner and Louis Koran, Miami, Florida, sportsman . . . . thanks also to Pvt. Elmer Hartman of Hamilton Field, California, who subscribed for the service for the third consecutive year . . . . incidentally Mr. Brown's renewal subscription was the fourth time . . . . The Ring, the greatest of all boxing magazines, can be secured at any of the better downtown hotels and newsstands throughout southern Ohio . . . . truly The Ring is the bible of boxing . . . . Eddie Horn, Chicago fight pilot, has turned up with a good scrapper in Bruce Henman, a middleweight from the Windy City . . . . Benny Becker, Cincinnati fight promoter, will probably have an indoor show arranged as this goes to press . . . . Benny will probably show Ezzard Charles, local middleweight contender against one of the leading national 160 pounders . . . . thanks to editor Mary Hayhome for his recent fine letter . . . . Hayhome's monthly wrestling sheet is really making a hit . . . . anyone interested in keeping up with the wrestling game would do well to send his one dollar for a one year subscription to Hayhome at Box 1231 Sheridan, Wyoming . . . . Hayhome always boosts The Ring in his sheet . . . . and we agree 100 percent on his policy.

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MEXICAN BORDER NOTES

By TEX ALLEN

MATCHMAKER Jimmy Erwin moved his boxing activities from the El Paso side of the Rio Grande over to the Juarez Bull Ring in old Mexico about six weeks ago for the open air season, and record crowds have been flocking to each show to witness these bouts. They have been rewarded with some real high class milling from the boys on both sides of the River and at Fort Bliss the adjoining Army Military Post.

The bouts are held every other Friday night. The Sunday following Boxing, the Bull Fighters take over the Arena by killing four and five Spanish bulls each afternoon. Jimmy Erwin of El Paso and Roberto Gonzales of Juarez are co-promoters in the famous Plaza de Torros Arena, and they are giving the fans some real high class entertainment in both boxing bouts and bull fights.

The two biggest fistic cards along the Border at the moment, are Midget Mexico, popular Border welterweight champion, who regained his Border title in a sizzling battle from Manuel Villa, and the sensational Indian middleweight from Torreon, Mexico, Amado Rodriguez. These two boys are real gate attractions and they are great crowd pleasers. They have done much to put the game on the high plane it now enjoys, due to their willingness to fight any opponent selected, their willingness to work hand in hand with the promoter in every way, and last but not least, their real fighting ability.

In the history of Border Boxing, no other youngster has ever taken the fancy of the El Paso and Juarez fight fans, as has this 19-year-old middleweight sensation from the interior of old Mexico, Amado Rodriguez. The fans really idolize this youngster, as he gives them a "Go" for their money. He is only 19 years of age, has had only twelve professional bouts, and has won them all. He has defeated Sebastian Gonzales, Lorenzo, Midget Mexico, Manuel Villa, and stopped the California Negro Roscoe Smith on the last card, in six rounds.

The largest crowd drawn for the season was at the ringside when Amado Rodriguez knocked out Roscoe Smith of Los Angeles. The crowd was so excited after the fight, police had to be called to keep the crowd out of the ring. They hauled Rodriguez around the big Arena several times on their shoulders. It was a great card all the way. Bob Ingram, sports writer for the El Paso *Post*, stated after the bout that Rodriguez is the greatest gate magnet the Border has had.

The results of the past month follow.

Midget Mexico regained the Border Welterweight Championship, by defeating Manuel Villa in ten rounds. Adolph Quijanna won a close six-round decision from Sebastian Gonzales. Johnny Pacheco won a six-round decision from Manny Marmelejo. Eddie Kirroga, won a six-round decision from Sonny Rojo. Vidal Gayton won in four rounds over David Ferrer. Kid Azteca won in four rounds from Kid Pancho.

Amado Rodriguez, Torreon middleweight, scored his twelfth straight victory by knocking out Roscoe Smith, rugged California Negro in the seventh round of a scheduled ten-round fight. Other results of this card were: Sebastian Gonzales knocked out Lencho Vasquez in four rounds. Bobby Malacaro, defeated Vidal Gayton in six rounds. Eddie Kirroga, won in six rounds over David Ferrer. Kid Gorrilla won a four-round decision from Mike Grijalva, and Jackie Dunn won in four rounds over Kid Azteca.

Matchmaker Erwin is endeavoring to line up some outstanding middleweight opponent for Amado Rodriguez.

NEWS OF TEXAS RINGS

By BILL DAVEE

IN a sensational, toe-to-toe slugging bee, described by many of the fans as the greatest fight ever staged in Little Rock, Punchin' Paul Altman, colorful Houston welterweight, and Jackie Byrd, Arkansas ace, battled ten slashing rounds to a draw. Altman got off to a flying start and had Jackie in a bad way several times in the first half of the brawl, but Byrd was made of stern stuff, kept his pins under him, and spurted in the stretch to pull even. Altman spotted the Arkansas puncher almost ten pounds, which proved quite a handicap. Attempts to rematch the pair may prove successful if weight differences are ironed out.

Along the Rio Grande they are singing the praises of a great young middleweight, Amado Rodriguez, and justly so, judging from the fine work this youngster has been doing. In the Juarez arena, Amado leveled his big guns on Roscoe Smith in the sixth round to add the Los Angeles colored socker to his growing list of victims.

Midget Mexico regained his border welterweight title claims from Manuel Villa in a spirited contest, also held in Juarez. The Midget showed that he still possesses the speed that has made him top performer in this section for nearly a decade.

GLOVE GOSSIP—More than 5000 frenzied fight fans jammed the arena in Juarez to pay tribute to their idol, young Amado Rodriguez, as he flattened Roscoe Smith. Credit is also due to Promoter Jimmy Erwin for the magnificent job he has done in bringing back El Paso-Juarez as a boxing spot. Some 20 years ago it was Jimmy who put El Paso on the fistic map with some of the country's better fights, featuring many of the world's better scrappers, notably Tiger Flowers, former middleweight champion, who practically got his start there in the border city . . . . Thanks Matt Martinez, for the nice letter. Fans still remember you here as a swell kid and a great little fighter. If you give the effort against the Japs that you did in the ring, I'm sure they'll take the count.

Buddy Michel, former amateur champion from Detroit, now stationed at Camp Swift, Texas, pens that boxing activity is getting started there and they expect to have a first class team of battlers . . . . Fellow Ring Correspondent Clyde Smith of "Arkansas Flashes" also has lined up a crack team at Camp Wolters. Other camps, including Ft. Bliss, Ft. Sam Houston and Camp Wallace, are organizing teams and it looks like a lot of activity among the service boys this winter . . . . Sam Richards continues with his weekly colored shows in Houston, gradually working into a first class club . . . . Billy Colbert and Calvin Benefield, local middleweight stars, have signed on with the Coast Guard . . . . Punchin' Paul Altman, Manuel Azteca and Felix Montalvo, probably the three top Texas fighters at present, have left for a campaign on the West Coast . . . . The writer's address: Houston *Press*, Houston, Texas. Send me any news of boxing in Texas. I would appreciate fistic news of the army camps.

KENTUCKY NEWS

By JOE FRENCH

THIS column has not appeared in The Ring for the past two months due to a complete lack of fistic activity. June 3rd was the last time local fans were treated to a boxing show staged under the promotion of Harry Wolff and Matchmaker Sam Slotsky. Since that time the local arena has remained in darkness and the Wolff-Slotsky combination has not staged any programs or made any efforts in that direction. However, this writer has news that will brighten the hopes of fight fans hungry for action. The State Athletic Commission has granted a permit to stage professional boxing shows, to Heywood Allen, who has been Louisville's top wrestling promoter since 1931. Allen has had continued success with mat shows, presenting nationally known wrestlers on his cards week in and week out. Recently, Promoter Allen expressed his desire to revive boxing here and he has been given the "go" sign by the commission.

Although wrestling has been his mainstay, Allen is far from a green hand in the staging of boxing shows. Allen began fight promotions in Louisville back in 1923 and remained in the field of fistic cuffs until 1931, when he turned to wrestling. During this period, from 1923 to 1931, Allen was associated with boxing as promoter and matchmaker. He held shows at the Broadway Bowl, the Jefferson Athletic Club at Parkway Field, the Savoy Theater and the National Theater, which was his last venture in fight promotions. Allen brought many nationally known fighters to Louisville during the time he was active as a boxing promoter. Among some of his featured performers were Phil McGraw, Young Corbett, Harry Greb, Midget Mike O'Dowd, Frankie Ritchie and other stars of the roped square. Promoter Allen's present plans are to start boxing promotion late in September. Whether the cards will be held weekly or monthly depends on the support given by the fans. Allen hopes to book some name fighters for his first offering.

We expect to see numerous out of town boxers on the Allen Club's shows as there is a shortage of local talent, both main eventers and preliminary boys. . . . Young fighters, 18 and 19, both amateur and pro, white and colored and not under contract, are advised to send photos and records to this writer at once if they desire matches at Louisville's new fight club as well as action in nearby cities. . . . Good talent is needed, so contact Joe French, 1015 Tenth Street, Jeffersonville, Ind. . . . Bob Garner, local colored light-heavy, continues to remain the best local prospect. . . . Kenny Barrett, who stood out as a local feather-weight hope, is now serving in the Navy. . . . Will see you next month and should have plenty of news and results.

NEW ORLEANS BOXING

By IKE MORALES

As this article was going to press, plans were under way to stage the biggest boxing show here in many years—our own version of a Carnival of Champions show in commemoration of the 50th anniversary of the John L. Sullivan-Jim Corbett heavyweight championship fight held at New Orleans. The show was scheduled for Monday, September 28, at City Park Stadium, where 30,000 fans can be comfortably seated. At the show, a beautiful plaque, to commemorate the 50th anniversary of the Sullivan-Corbett fight, the "Gentleman Jim" Corbett bronze, was presented to the city mayor by THE RING Magazine.

Headlining the all-star card was Sammy Angott versus Jimmy Kidd Hatcher in a non-title ten-rounder.

As an added feature to the monster boxing jubilee, plans were made to enact some of the scenes during the Sullivan-Corbett fight. Celebrities from all over the country, including present and past fighters, had been invited to attend the show. Committees were formed to handle the various details, and tickets were sold from $1.20 to $2.40. Service men in uniform were charged but 50 cents. Although Nat Fleischer, Editor of THE RING, was on a hospital cot recuperating from an abdominal operation, he sent down an order for a special plaque which was accepted by the Mayor on behalf of the city and will find a permanent place in the City Auditorium.

Promoter Louis Messina, who is fast forging to the front ranks as a top-flight promoter of Negro fights, intends to show only the best fighters here. Successful with such fights as Holman Williams-Charley Burley, and "Slugger" White vs. Gene Johnson, Messina is dickering with Cocoa Kid, Beau Jack and Ezzard Charles to show here in the near future.

Don't be surprised if Bummy Davis, who was a sensation in the ring a couple of years back, comes to New Orleans for a little glove party with some ranking welter. Bob Pastor is also expected to show in the Crescent City ere long. Fans here would like to get a glimpse of "Rapid Robert," but just who the local promoters can dig up for Bob is another question. Then there is Lulu Costantino, who made a big hit here two months ago, ready to be brought back by popular demand. Ditto Aldo Spoldi and Jackie Callura and others.

Nat Fleischer, Editor of THE RING, plans a visit to New Orleans shortly to arrange with the Commission for a special "Gentleman Jim" Corbett show, as part of his plans to commemorate the rise of boxing to its present high state. He is to present a special "Gentleman Jim" Corbett belt to this city and to other cities around the country.

What the month of August lacked in quantity of shows was made up in quality. Only three shows were staged during the month, each of which was chock full of action and attracted large crowds.

Vince Dell 'Orto, one of Charley Johnston's "Destroyers," scored his third local upset victory when he decisioned Richard Lemos, former world's featherweight champion, in ten sizzling rounds at the Victory Arena. For a while it looked as though Vince's streak would be halted as Lemos, who is one of the best punchers to show here in some time, rocked the New York Italian with vicious right-hand punches to the jaw. Dell 'Orto, however, put on a great finish in the last five rounds to earn the duke and plaudits of the fans.

Dell 'Orto has been the "underdog" in each of his three New Orleans showings, but finished on top in every one. Vince stopped the popular Guy Serean in eight rounds; snapped Jackie Callura's unbroken string of victories here, and then dusted off Lemos.

Local fans are glad to hear and read that THE RING now has Dell 'Orto listed among the "Ten Best" featherweights in the country. Some are content to believe that in a few more months, Vince's stock will rise and that before long he'll be battling the top-flight feather and lightweights.

Against Lemos, Dell 'Orto proved that he could take a good punch without going into a shell. The former champion popped Vince with some hefty blows to the jaw and body, but the Italian glover showed that he was best when the going was toughest. Dell 'Orto made Lemos miss with his clever bobbing and weaving and shot in some solid blows on his own accord. The crowd was equally divided as to the probable outcome, although most of the "sugar" was wagered on Lemos. At the end of their ten rounds, however, a majority of the 5,000 fans agreed with the unanimous decision in Dell 'Orto's favor.

Dell 'Orto tipped the Fairbanks at 132½ to Lemos' 132. The gate netted close to $4,000.

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Lemos' stablemate, Domingo Diaz, also finished second best in his eight-rounder with Russell Gonzales, this bout serving as the semi-final. The local Filipino had too much class for Diaz, whose timing appeared "off."

Jack Links scored his second professional victory in as many starts by outscoring the veteran Benny Picatacci in the top four-rounder. It was a great fight all the way, but Links' speed and good left hand earned him the duke. In the opening four, Jack Cox flattened Bill Rousseau in three.

The Victory Arena was taxed to capacity for the long-awaited clash between Charley Burley, the Pittsburgh Negro middleweight, and Holman Williams, and won by Burley by a T.K.O. in the ninth of a scheduled 15-round bout billed for the Negro middleweight championship of the world.

Burley and Williams are prime favorites with the Negro colony here and close to 6,000 fans turned out for their spectacle. Williams scored a hairline decision over Burley at the same arena three years ago and has been mowing down the opposition right and left—until he faced Burley again.

Both of Williams' eyes were puffed and closed, but Holman managed to hold Burley fairly even for eight rounds. In fact, two of the officials tabbed Holman in front going into the ninth. Two solid smashes to the jaw and head sent Williams through the ropes and bleeding when Referee Charley Daboney halted the affair. It appeared to us that the referee stopped the fight too soon because Williams was neither floored nor battered and was holding his own until the ninth.

Promoter Lou Messina was trying to arrange an encore meeting between Williams and Burley at this writing.

Efforts are being made to pit the Williams-Burley second battle winner with Ezzard Charles, the latest Negro high school sensation, who holds a victory over Burley. Fans here are clamoring for such a bout, and if Promoter Messina gets the boys together, it is likely that he will have to seek some open-air spot to stage the bout, as the Victory Arena, with its 6,000 seating capacity, would no doubt be too small.

Young Burley, who came down with Charley, was not as successful, however, as he was on the losing end in his battle with Henry Hall. In the other bouts, Midget Jones beat a tattoo on Ringer the Kid to score a win over the six-round distance. George Lewis beat Henry Alexander and Charles Young walloped the veteran George Godfrey in the other bouts on the card.

The Burley-Williams gate, which grossed better than five G's, was one of the best in many months. Williams scaled in at 156¾ to Burley's 160.

Another ex-champion came to town in Lew Jenkins during the month. The former lightweight king took on our own Cosby Linson, who was making his first local start in eight months after a successful Eastern invasion. One of the best crowds to attend a white show was on hand, but before the fight, a majority of the fans were reluctant as to whether or not the little buzz-saw could take Jenkins' best wallops without kissing the canvas.

It so happened that the French Market youngster took all Jenkins had to offer without flinching and dished out a bit more on his own. At the windup, Linson was awarded the decision, which he clearly earned. Linson never looked better than when he stood toe-to-toe with the one-time crusher of glovemen, rocking Lew time and again with right hand smashes to the jaw.

Linson's left eye was cut and bleeding from butts and punches landed by Jenkins. It was a great fight, and the near capacity crowd went gaga over Cosby's fine performance.

One of Cosby's biggest rooters was Chris Dundee, who was shadow-boxing and yelling for Linson to be careful whenever the two would exchange wallops. Dundee, who flew here for the fight, was being greeted on all sides for his fine development of Linson during the past few months.

Linson weighed 143¼ to Jenkins' 144.

Before the fight Jenkins was made a 7-5 favorite, but there was plenty of Linson money in sight.

In the six-round semi-final, Jack Links scored a repeater over Benny Picatacci in six rounds. Links looks like one of the most promising boys to come out of the amateurs and may go a long ways if not overmatched. George Mariano belted out Prince Farley in one heat; Catfish Bourgeois put the finisher on Lionel Ingram in two rounds, while John Calamia decisioned Clarence Williams in the other bouts on the card.

Richard Della, THE RING's No. 1 salesman at local fights for the past 18 years, was inducted into Uncle Sam's Army on September 5. Della has been a popular figure around sports circles for the past two decades, especially in the fight racket.

Incidentally, yours truly was given a blood test on August 27 and was reclassified a few days later. So, it looks like this scribe will soon be on his way, but expects to find plenty of company from the sports world at camp.

Eddie Gettys, the local kayo king, has cleaned out the amateur welters and now has his eyes on a professional career.

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CONNECTICUT NEWS
By DON HAMILL

CONNECTICUT fans saw Willie Pep climb four more rungs up the ladder toward the featherweight championship of the world. Hartford fans paid $39,020 to see Pep hand a trouncing to Pedro Hernandez, and later in the month scored a knockout over his home town rival, Bobby Ivy, in ten rounds. The first fight drew $15,550 with 8,677 paid fans, while the second with a higher price scale drew 7,754 that grossed $23,470. Pep also decisioned Nat Litfin in a ten-round feature at West Haven before 5,000 fans, then followed with a stirring one-round kayo over Frank Franconeri at Madison Square Garden. The time, 2:07.

New London—Ocean Beach Park—Jackie Read, 152, New Haven Negro, scored a T.K.O. over Al Bojack, 151, Pawtucket, R. I., when Bojack's seconds tossed in the towel in the fifth round to save their boy from catching any more of Read's murderous punches. Eddie Cuneo, New London featherweight veteran, won a four-round decision over Ernie Burke of Portland, Me.

Bristol—Muzzy Field—Earl Roys, 120, Bristol's favorite son, fought to a draw with Jimmy Morro, 121, New York, in a bristling six-rounder before the season's largest turnout of some 800 fans.

Manchester—Red Men's Arena—Pat Casey, 154½, Hartford, won a six-round decision over Al Renick, 158, East Hartford, in the main event. It was a dull fight, with Casey having a slight edge. In the other six-rounder, Tony Falco, 148, Middletown, won all the way over Jimmy Brown, 145, New York.

Waterbury — Randolph-Clowes Stadium — Irish Eddie Dolan, 141, Waterbury star, won a close decision over Larney Moore, 148½, Valley Stream, N. Y., in the eight-round feature before 1515 fans. In the co-feature, Matt Dougherty, 134, Milwaukee, Wis., RING correspondent, won by a shade over Whistling Willie Roache, 130½, Wilmington, Del. Andy Holland, 169, New York Negro, decisioned Dula Kovach, 173, Naugatuck, in a six-rounder. Jackie Moriarty, 125½, Waterbury, knocked out Joey Wasnick, 128½, New Haven, in the second round. Wilfe Shanks, 149½, Valley Stream, N. Y., drew with Tom Collins, 145½, Waterbury Negro, in the four-round opener.

Hartford—Buckley Stadium—Willie Pep, Hartford's undefeated featherweight star, won his 46th bout in taking Pedro Hernandez in stride over the ten-round route. The wily Pep gave Hernandez a boxing lesson and captured eight of the ten rounds. Hernandez complained of an injured left knee during the fray. Tony Falco, 145½, Middletown, won in six heats over a tired Pecks (Red) Graber, 144½, of Philadelphia. Falco scored a knockdown in the final round. Sammy Haskins, 123, New York Negro, held Joe Torres, 126½, of Philadelphia, even for six rounds to get a draw. Joe (Big Boy) Carelli, 205½, Hartford, scored an unpopular six-round decision over George Fuller, 185, Norwalk. Patsy Brandino, 127½, Hamilton, Ont., scored a four-round kayo over Billy Marcus, 129½, Hartford, in round four of their scheduled sixer.

New London—Ocean Beach Park—Frankie Bennett, 131, New York, outpointed Eddie Cuneo, 130, New London, in four rounds. In a scheduled four, Warren Jones, 128, New York, scored a technical knockout over Ernie Burke, 130, Portland, Me. Irish Bobby Logan, who was slated to appear in a six-round feature, was forced out by Kid Grippe.

Waterbury — Randolph-Clowes Stadium — Willie Roache, stiff-punching little package of colored dynamite from Wilmington, Del., battered Matt Dougherty of Milwaukee, Wis., into an eight-round defeat, and Indian Gomez, rugged Havana hurricane, stormed through to a similar victory over Jerry Fiorello, Brooklyn, N. Y., in a pair of thrill-soaked co-feature brawls before 1,035 fans. Al Renick, 152, East Hartford, went to a bristling six-round draw with Wilfe Shanks, 154, Valley Stream, N. Y. Spec Wiley, 181, Union City, decisioned Tony Cole, 183, Rockville Center, in another four. Don McLean, 126, Valley Stream Negro battler, knocked out Ranus Rogers, 124, West Palm Beach, Fla., in the first round of the opener.

West Haven—White City Stadium—Willie Pep, Hartford, registered his 47th straight win in handing a ten-round shellacking to veteran Nat Litfin, 132½, New York, before some 4000 thrilled spectators. Van (Boob) McNutt, 157, Baltimore, sprang an upset in knocking out Art Tatta, 157½, New Haven, in the third round of a scheduled eight. Ernie King, 140, Fort Jay, won a six-round decision over Willie Calhoun, 145½, Danbury. Ossie Rodriguez, 121½, New York, belted out Bill Commodore, 121, New Rochelle, in the second. Billy Johnson, 136, New York, got a TKO over Lee Hogan, 137, New Haven, when Hogan suffered a cut eye in the third.

Manchester—Red Men's Arena—Leo Dulmaine, 136, Worcester, evened his score with Jimmy Dolvin, 134, New York Negro battler, when he scored an unpopular six-round verdict. Frankie Bennett, 128, Hempstead, N. Y., won a six-round decision over Jackie Donohue, 130, Boston, in the semi-final.

Bristol—Muzzy Field—Dula Kovach, 178, Naugatuck, scored a TKO victory over Jimmy Pope, 186, Newark, N. J., in the second round of one of the six-round co-features. Tom Collins, 148, Waterbury, won the other features with a TKO triumph over Gabby Poulin, 145, Bristol, in the sixth round.

Waterbury—Randolph-Clowes Stadium—Willie Roache, 130, Wilmington, Del., knocked out Earl Mintz, 139, Jersey City, N. J., in the first round of an all-Negro headliner before more than 1500 fans. Mintz subbed for Nunzio Bisogna of Newark. In the companion eight-rounder, Indian Gomez, 153, Havana, knocked out Mike Piskin, 155, Freehold, N. J., in the third round after scoring two previous knockdowns. Jackie Donohue, 133, U. S. Navy, and Julian Malovez, 130, Puerto Rico, drew in six rounds. Frankie Young, 150, New Haven, scored a technical knockout over Al Renick, 155, Hartford, in the third round of a billed six. Wilfe Shanks, 155, Montreal, and Al Barbosa, 152, Hartford, drew in the opening four-rounder.

New London—Ocean Beach Park—Irish Bobby Logan, Westerly, R. I., featherweight, scored a knockout over Warren Jones of New York in the second round. Logan suffered a jaw injury in the fracas. Wilbur DeCora, Hartford heavyweight, got up off the floor in the first round to score a knockout over George Thompson, New York Negro, in the third heat of a sixer. Frankie Bennett, New York featherweight, came through with a six-round win over Billy Marcus of Hartford.

Manchester—Red Men's Arena—George Red Doty, 152, Hartford, was forced to meet Al Renick, 159, East Hartford, instead of Dom Yovella as slated. Yovella had charged Doty as having run out on him a couple of weeks previous and a $50 forfeit bond was put up. Yovella and his brother, Ralph, failed to put in an appearance. Doty stopped Renick in the sixth round after giving him a lacing. Jimmy Raus had to remain idle as no substitute could be found for Ralph Yovella.

Bristol—Muzzy Field—Tony Falco, 145, Middletown, won a six-round decision over George Smith, 138, New York, in the main event of a pro-semi-pro card before some 800 people.

Bridgeport—Newfield Park—Private Joe DeMartino, 149¾, Bridgeport, gave Alvin (Red) Moffett, 150½, Devon, such a shellacking for ten rounds that Manager George Russo announced that his boy would retire. Al LaBarba, Bridgeport defense worker, won an easy eight-round decision over Jimmy Pierce, Vancouver, B. C. Each weighed 140 pounds. Al Guida, 128, New York, biffed out Ralph Ferrara, 128, Cuba, in round two of a six-spot. Dick Fuller, 159, Norwalk, won an interesting six-round decision over Eddie Guerra, 156, New York. Jimmy English, 125, New York, won a four-round decision over George Mairo, 120, Bridgeport.

Hartford—Buckley Stadium—Willie Pep administered a terrific lacing to his fellow townsman, Bobby (Poison) Ivy, before knocking him out in the tenth and final round. Pep stabbed and hooked Ivy at will for nine rounds before unleashing a barrage in the ninth round that had Ivy in a bad way at the bell. Pep went right after his man and dropped him for a three count. Referee Lou Bogash saw that Ivy was in no condition to continue and wisely called a halt. The weights were: Pep, 127; Ivy, 128. Lenox Dingle, 148, Philadelphia colored boy, dropped a six-round duke to Verne Patterson, 154, Chicago. Art Tatta, 156, New Haven, gave Felix Garcia, 159, Puerto Rico, a body beating to take the six-round verdict. Joe (Big Boy) Carelli, 206½, Hartford, dropped a hard-fought six-round decision to Adam Spencer, 209, New York Negro. Frankie Young, 152, New Haven, had an edge over Pat Casey, 152, Hartford, in the six-round opener.

Bristol—Muzzy Field—Earl Roys, 121, clever Bristol featherweight, scored a six-round decision over Bobby Henderson, 122, New York, before 600 fans. Roys has joined the U. S. Coast Guard.

Waterbury—Randolph-Clowes Stadium—Indian Gomez, 153-pound Cuban, and Larney Moore, rugged 151-pounder, Valley Stream, N. Y., went ten scorching rounds to a popular draw. The pair staged a body punching duel that thrilled the 1300 cheering fans. Jimmy Mulligan, 18-year-old Boston southpaw, stole the undercard spotlight by punching out a one-round kayo over Spec Wiley, 174, Union City trial horse. Mexican Joey Silva, 130, Los Angeles, gained a six-round decision in a lively scrap with Cedric "Bon Bon" Flournoy, 131, Detroit Negro, and Tom Collins, Waterbury Negro, at 141, scored a six-round decision over George Larover, 137, Philadelphia, in the opener.

New London—Ocean Beach Park—Billy Marcus, 128, Hartford, and Emilio Miranda, 130, New York, staged a six-round slugfest that ended up all even. Charley Jones, 182, was awarded a technical knockout victory over Wilbur DeCora, 183, Hartford, when the latter suffered a coupl of injured maulies. DeCora didn't answer the be for the fifth round. Al Velez, 130, New Londo Sub Base, knocked out Al Barnes, 136, New London, in the fourth round. It was Velez' firs pro bout and he stole the show.

SHORTS — George Sheppard and Charley Brown have brought two of Connecticut's "white elephants" out of the red by making both the New Haven Arena and Waterbury paying propositions . . . . Pete Montesi announces that his Holt twins, Henry and Bobby, will be ready for action soon. Pete also has a new prospect in Johnny Bowen . . . . Anyone wishing information about boxing in this section write me, Don Hamill, 250 Saybrooke St., Hartford, Conn.

HOLYOKE NEWS
By GEORGE KID ROSS

BEAU JACK and Vince Dell 'Orto were handed suspensions by the Massachusetts Boxing Commission. Beau Jack was at the Valley Arena ready to fight, but was suspended just the same, for what, no one seems to know. Beau Jack is a fine young gentleman, a credit to the sport, and deserves better treatment from those running the game in Massachusetts.

Marcus Pitts has been given the permission to sign for his own fights by the Massachusetts Boxing Commission. He is training regularly. He is in condition to box any of the top featherweights.

The Springfield Sporting Club did not do so well during its initial year in the game, but it may promote again next year.

ODD ITEMS OF INTEREST—George Ladeo has joined the U. S. Marines. Vito Tallettio, the Thompsonville featherweight, is in the Navy, Mike Belloise, former feather title holder, is also in the Navy, along with many other young gamecocks of the ring . . . . There are two gyms now in Springfield, and also a South End Boys' Club, where boxing is taught, yet the Arena finds it necessary to go out of town for preliminary boys. Joe O'Brien has a gym next to the Telephone Building on Dwight Street, Billy Cavanaugh and Walter McCormick are located near the arch on Main Street, and Harry Stone is at the Howard Street School in the South End . . . . Freddie Rioni is a good welterweight prospect. He is a protege of Joe O'Brien, the trainer who taught Beau Jack, Charlie Baginski, Billy Towne, Eddie Meinka and Meddy Rheaume the fundamentals of the manly art . . . . Sam Price, who put a few shows together for the Springfield Sporting Club, is now promoting in Providence, R. I., as well as Fall River, Mass. Price, who has been connected with the game for over thirty-five years, really knows the fighters and is competent to handle any angle connected with the game . . . . Stoney Lewis, a good middleweight out of Washington, D. C., can be reached through me, along with Marcus Pitts . . . . My address is 50 Carlton Ave., Chicopee Falls, Mass. Get your notes in early for publication.

KANSAS CITY AND VICINITY
By MAX YEARGAIN

ON August 12, at Topeka, Kan., John Grandovich, 255-pound heavyweight wrestler, who was born in Smolensk, Russia, won the National Wrestling Alliance's heavyweight crown from Edward Virag, handsome champion, before 3,000 wrestling fans. Since winning the N. W. A. title, Grandovich has turned back Don McIntyre, ex-Washburn football star; Tom Zaharias, Pueblo, Colo., ruffian, and Steele Samara, muscular Chicago Negro.

At Kansas City, Kan., recently 3,700 fans packed Memorial Hall to watch Orville Brown and Lee Wyckoff stage one of the most torrid knock-down-drag-out brawls staged there in ages with Brown being the winner.

Hans Schnabel, powerful Californian, will shortly make his debut in Wichita and Topeka. For several years Schnabel has been ranked among the best heavyweights and when still young in the professional ranks gave Sandor Szabo the scare of his life before 12,000 in the Olympic Auditorium in Los Angeles. At that time Szabo was N. W. A. champion.

Louie Spandle, one of the best mat referees the Midwest has had, enlisted in the Navy and is now stationed in Virginia. Floyd Velvens, young Topeka matman, enlisted the same day at Kansas City. Kenney Williams, another Topeka youth who is a coming name in wrestling, enlisted in the Marines and is now stationed in California.

Send boxing and wrestling news to Max Yeargain, 710 Monroe, Topeka, Kans.

IN SUNNY CALIFORNIA

By HARRY E. WINKLER

SERVICE SPORTS, INC., received a check for $9082, net profits from the Ortiz-Salica championship go, staged by Hollywood Legion Stadium. Service Sports, Inc., is a non-profit organization composed of the three southern California commissioners, Chairman Jerry Geisler, Everett Sanders and Jules Covey. The money raised from any boxing or wrestling shows staged for this organization is to be used to put on shows at Army camps and naval training stations.

It being a championship contest was the only thing that the Ortiz-Salica bout had to recommend it. With no title at stake, it would have been a rather dull affair, mostly because of Salica's continual clinching. Lou appears to have slipped plenty and was not able to match either Manuel's boxing, punching or stamina. And this writer does not regard Ortiz's performance in winning the title as his best, either, believing that Manuel was a much better fighter on the nights that he scored K.O.'s over Lou Transparenti, Rush Dalma and Kenny Lindsay. However, he was good enough to outclass Salica, even though a badly cut eye in the opening round probably bothered him plenty.

In the semi-windup, Lupe Gonzales, 133, Mexico, decisioned Jimmy Florita, 131, Stockton, in six fast rounds.

In remaining bouts, Joe Robleto, 121, and Billy Hale, 125, went to a technical draw, the bout being stopped in the third because of Robleto receiving a badly cut eye; Ad Alonzo, 148, outslugged Al Grayson, 147, in four; Chuckie Garcia, 133, nodded Al Sanchez, 134, in four; Darrio Barron, 140, won over Leo Carillo, 141, in the opener.

Carlos Chavez upped his stock as a threat in the 126-pound division in winning over Tony Olivera in ten torrid rounds at the Hollywood Stadium. Not that Olivera is a featherweight contender, for Tony is still a bantam, but it was Chavez's apparent improvement in his victory over the Oakland boxer that gives him the rating.

Chavez got off to an early lead, but, as usual, tired at the halfway mark, and the little Portuguese boxer copped a few rounds with some clever boxing. However, the terrific pace these Latin spitfires set began to tell on both of them by the eighth round, and once Olivera lost his speed, he was no longer a matcher for Chavez's greater strength and harder punching. The strong little Mexican came on like a baby tank in the final two rounds to cinch the win. In the 10th round Carlos buckled the Oaklander's knees and almost decked him with a barrage of lefts and rights to the head. Chavez weighed 125, Olivera 120.

In the semi-final, Lupe Gonzales, 134, Mexico, scored a fourth-round TKO over Ray Salas of San Francisco. Salas, who had received a badly cut eye in the second, came out for the fourth as though ill or partly blinded. He made no effort to fight back and fell to the canvas shortly after the round started.

In remaining bouts, Hardy Williams, 202, TKO'ed Barney Brock, 200, in the third; Chito Hernandez, 134, stopped Billy Shaw, 140, in the fourth; Willie Collins, 152, scored a TKO over Jimmy Crane, 154, in the third, and Mickey McCoy, 128, decisioned Teddy Guerrero, 131, in the curtain-raiser.

Jack Chase, 153, Denver, decisioned Bobby Birch, 154, New York, in an eight-rounder at Los Angeles Olympic. The first four rounds were fought on even terms, but Chase grabbed the fifth decisively, shaded Birch in the sixth and seventh and kept an edge in the eighth. It was a good fight.

In the six-round semi, Alonzo Williams, 150, decisioned Red Shannon, 158. Other results: Paul Guerrero, 121, stopped Lawrence Arbiso, 117, in three; Armando Sontez, 131, KO'ed Charlie Garcia, 131, in the first; John Walsh, 152, won over Johnny Lester, 143, in four, and Edgar Johnson, 143, defeated Johnny Verdusco, 137, in the opener.

Mexican boxing fans are greatly elated over Manuel Ortiz's ascendancy to the bantam throne, as he is the first of his race to win a world's title. Although both Baby Arizmendi and Richie Lemos have been billed as "world champion," neither ever had more than a claim to one-half of the featherweight title. The Mexican people are among the most loyal of boxing fans and they have long supported the boxers of their race who appeared to have championship possibilities. First, it was Aurelio Herrera, then Joe Rivers, Bert Colima, Arizmendi, etc. But each new hope ended in disappointment and it seemed that a Mexican boy never was to be a champion.

Even though Ortiz was a 2-to-1 favorite to defeat Salica, the Mexican fans did little pre-fight cheering, for they had seen many of their favorite sons fall short when the big test came. And in the very first round of this Ortiz-Salica go it appeared that Lady Luck was to turn thumbs down on another Mexican contender, for Manuel received a badly cut eye. Even after Ortiz had beaten Salica by a country mile, the Mexican fans remained silent and appeared to have "fingers crossed," as though they thought that something might still happen to keep a Mexican boy from becoming champion.

But once the announcement, "We have a new bantam champion," was made, a thunderous ovation was given and hundreds of Ortiz's countrymen rushed to ringside to congratulate their little hero. Viva la Ortiz!

Jimmy Florita, 133, Stockton Filipino, easily defeated veteran Georgie Hansford, 134, Los Angeles, in the six-round main event at Ocean Park Arena.

In other bouts, Frenchie Savidan, 130, TKO'ed Al Guidry, 134, in two; Jake Stebbens, 157, decisioned Otto Beutler, 161, in four; Mickey McCoy, 130, defeated Teddy Guerrero, 129, in four; Al Gonzales, 133, won over Joe Jacques, 133, in four, and Jack Kersey, 144, nodded Roger Whitaker, 144.

In last month's issue, this column went to bat for Snowy Baker's promotion at the Los Angeles Olympic. While we expressed doubt that good shows could be staged because of the scarcity of talent, we strongly hoped that he could do it. The set-up was perfect. Baker, a noted sportsman with plenty of financial backing, as promoter, with Joe Waterman, one of the best matchmakers in the country, to make the matches. Two experienced boxing men and both well liked. And the Los Angeles sport writers went for the promotion in a big way.

But the promotion has had no semblance of Snowy Baker's showmanship, nor has Joe Waterman been making the matches. The cards were unattractive enough to start with, and in recent weeks mediocre preliminary fighters have been used in feature bouts. It has been like putting on a dog-and-pony show in a Ringling Bros. tent. Naturally the fans have been elsewhere on these Olympic fight nights, and I fear that my next report will be that the padlock is again on the big arena.

Kenny LaSalle, veteran Ocean Park boxer who has been campaigning in the south in recent years, checked the winning streak of Jimmy Coleman, Los Angeles Negro, in a six-rounder at the Ocean Park Arena.

Remaining bouts, all four-rounders: Don Lemos, 138, TKO'ed Ray Mackey, 141, in fourth; Jake Stebbens, 161, decisioned Phil Calzada, 164; Matthew Ogelsby, 140, and Chuck Railey, 139, draw; Roy Phillips, 154, defeated Lou Borders, 148, and Buddy Spencer, 128, won over Earl Maynard, 127.

John Thomas and Toby Vigil, two streamlined Los Angeles lightweights, are headed in different directions, but their paths met and they spent thirty minutes to trade some leather. John has come a long way in the past year, while Toby has gone back just as far in the same length of time. After their meeting, they shook hands, turned their backs and continued on the paths that had brought them together—Thomas hopefully treading the hard trail that leads to the heights, Vigil dejectedly resuming his journey down the road that leads to oblivion.

This ten-rounder staged at the Hollywood Stadium was not an exciting go and the majority of the crowd did not enjoy the contest. The bout produced few thrilling moments and was too one-sided to hold the audience's interest. Thomas, who is all class, performed up to par and Toby wasn't credited with a single round. Two years ago the willowy Mexican boxed as well as his smooth-working colored opponent did in this bout, but Vigil has little of that science left these days. Thomas almost floored Toby with a hard right to the jaw near the end of the opening round, but that was the only damaging blow of the evening. Thomas weighed 131, Vigil 133.

In the six-round semi, Jimmy Doyle, 137, was given only a draw with Eddie Marcus, although he appeared to rate the nod.

Results of remaining prelims: Alonzo Williams, 149, and Malcolm Smith, 142, went to a draw (4); Jackie (Torpedo) Reed, 130, bested Teddy Guerrero, 131, but received only a draw (4); Paul Guerrero, 123, decisioned Buddy Spencer (4); Al Gonzales, 134, stopped Manuel Villa, 131, in the fourth.

Tony Canelli, 151, scored over Max Hutchins, 150, by the TKO route in the fourth round of their scheduled eight-rounder at Los Angeles Olympic. Canelli closed the colored boxer's eye in the second frame, but Referee Mushy Callahan allowed the bout to continue until after the fourth, when Canelli was winning too easily.

Bobby Yaeger, 143, decisioned Bob Castro, 147, in six rounds; Darrio Barron, 137, and Chuckie Garcia, 135, went to a draw in five; Hardy Williams, 196, defeated Gene Felton, 181, in five, and Al Gonzales, 132, KO'ed Blackie Stevens, 134, in three.

The California State Athletic Commission is plenty peeved over the New York State Commission's attitude toward Manuel Ortiz's championship claims. Aside from the fact that the N. Y. Commission's declaration puts them in a ridiculous light, the California Commissioners hint that there is a legal angle to this thing that might not be funny to Salica, were he to become a willing pawn to the N. Y. Commission's edict. It is said that because Salica's contract stated that his title was at stake in the Ortiz bout, he could be prosecuted by California authorities for fraud, should he still claim to be champion and enter into another bout in which a title was supposed to be at stake.

Some of our Commissioners may not know much about boxing, but, when it comes to those legal matters, well, three of the five members are lawyers.

Jimmy Coleman, 156, Los Angeles, decisioned Watson Jones, 155, in a six-rounder at the Ocean Park Arena. Coleman won the first four rounds handily, but was floored for a six-count in the final round.

Gene Mock, 138, and Frankie Antuna, 135, went five rounds to a draw; Chito Hernandez, 134, stopped Johnny Verdusco, 131; Tino Ascasio, 128, decisioned Teddy Guerrero, 130; Al Gonzales, 134, KO'ed Blackie Stevens, 132, in four, and Sunny Orrock, 158, scored a TKO over George Archer, 156, in the fourth.

Even Baby Arizmendi, himself, should be convinced that he is through as a ringman, after the lacing he received from the up-and-coming Roman Alvarez of New York, in a 10-rounder at the Hollywood Stadium. For years it had seemed that the great little Mexican battler had found Ponce De Leon's long-sought drinking place, but, even so, the Baby should not go to the well again.

Alvarez looked great in winning over Arizmendi, and the New Yorker is a classy boy, but his veteran foe had little to offer. The Bambino was aggressive, as usual, but his movements were slow, and only in the 10th round was he able to stir up enough spirit and power to cop a heat, the only round he was credited with. Alvarez jabbed beautifully, executed a good right-cross and moved about nicely on his feet. He weighed 137, Arizmendi 141.

Charlie Meigel, 133, experienced little trouble in trouncing veteran Georgie Hansford, 132, in the six-round semi. Hansford, like Arizmendi, has little left these days and dropped every round to the young Meigel.

In other bouts, Jimmy Doyle, 138, decisioned Terry Gibson, 141 (4); Roy Cramer, 204, KO'ed Gene Felton, 187, in the third; Al Guidry, 137, was given the duke over Chuckie Garcia, 136 (4); John Lester, 142, scored a TKO over Billy Arnold, 141, in the second.

A flip of a coin decides who will fight the main event at the Los Angeles Olympic these days. Bobby Yaeger said "heads" and was put in the top spot against Rudy Campa, another preliminary boy. Yaeger knocked Campa down three times and out in the first round of a scheduled six-rounder.

Jimmy Brooks KO'ed Jesse Jas. Jackson in the third; Gene Mock defeated Don Lemos in six; Gene Valenzuela and Al Guidry fought a draw in four, and Matthew Oglesby TKO'ed Frankie Antuna in the second.

Eddie Booker, classy Negro boxer of San Jose, won the California middleweight title by stopping Shorty Hogue of Jacumba in eight rounds at the San Diego Coliseum. Booker performed like a man who could just as well have been fighting for a world's title, instead of a state crown. The colored sharp-shooter won every round. He had Hogue in a groggy condition in the seventh and opened old cuts over both Shorty's eyes in the eighth. Referee Benny Whitman cnsidered Hogue in no condition to continue in the ninth and awarded the bout to Booker on a TKO. It had been scheduled for 12 rounds. Each weighed 160.

In supporting bouts Al Grayson, Los Angeles welterweight, decisioned Edgar Johnson of San Bernardino (4); Willie Wright, San Luis Obispo light-heavy, won over Jimmy Wilson, San Bernardino (4); Al Luna, San Diego lightweight, KO'ed Jorge Ortega of Mexico, in two; Dewey Gibson, San Diego, iced Leroy Williams in the first, and Jose Tovar, Tia Juana, defeated Vincent Glen, San Diego (4).

Martin Goldberg of Oakland didn't live up to advance publicity in his bout with Billy Metcalf at the Los Angeles Olympic. The best he could do was to hold the colored scrapper to a draw. It was a hard fight, but not entertaining. Goldberg weighed 186, Metcalf 180.

Willie Johnson, 171, scored TKO over Curt Carrico, 174, in the fourth round of semi. Carrico had Johnson on the floor three times in the second, but blew up and was too exhausted to continue in the fourth.

Remaining bouts: Bud Jensen, 178, outslugged Howard Morgan, 173, in a four-round knockdown affair; Edgar Johnson, 148, decisioned Jake Stebbens, 153, in four; Tyree White, 135, defeated Tino Ascasio, 130, and Tony Fredalia, 141, TKO'ed Benny Dodril, 142, in the fourth.

Jimmy Garrison of Hollywood scored a two-round KO victory over Roscoe Smith of Omaha, at the San Diego Coliseum, without working up a sweat. Smith appeared afraid of Garrison and when Jimmy clipped him a couple of stiff punches, the Negro went down for the count.

Rusty Payne, light-heavy of Texas, KO'ed Bill Floyd of Marine Corps in the opening round of the semi.

Other results: Art Gonzales, San Diego welter, and Alonzo Williams of Los Angeles fought a draw; Jack Bower, light-heavy, San Diego, TKO'ed Titus Hawkins of San Antonio, in three; Jorge Ortega, lightweight of Mexico, decisioned Leroy Williams of San Diego, and Teddy Guerrero, Los Angeles 130-pounder, stopped Jose Tovar of Tia Juana in the first.

It will look nice on the screen, but Sammy

Stein, the wrestler, portraying Joe Choynski in the fight with Corbett (Errol Flynn) in the movie "Gentleman Jim," will be hard for the old timers to take.

One thing that is a credit to modern day boxing is the fact that the fighters of today didn't look tough enough to be cast as the pugs of forty years ago. Wrestlers were cast to portray the fistic bruisers of that era.

Pedro Sanchez, 134, Mexico, decisioned Frenchie Savidan, 130, in a hard-fought six-rounder at Ocean Park Arena. They battled on even terms for four rounds, but the Mexican piled up a lead in the final two heats.

Other results: Alonzo Williams, 147, and Al Guidry, 141, fought a draw; Roy Phillips, 154, won from Leo Carp, 153, by a TKO in the fourth; Roger Whitaker scored a TKO over Joe Kersey in the third; Paul Guerrero, 123, decisioned Louie Soto, and Sunny Orrock, 158, stopped Jack McDonald, 159, in two.

Billy Beauhuld, veteran welterweight of New York, pulled a right-cross out of nowhere in the 10th round that put Mario Ramon of Mexico on his pants, where he sat until he missed the count. It happened at the San Diego Coliseum. Beauhuld had outpointed the Mexican in most of the previous nine rounds, but his punches had not bothered Ramon, who kept boring in all the way, and the payoff punch was as much of a surprise to the crowd as it was to Mario. The Mexican regained his feet, but Referee Joe Stone ruled that it was a second too late.

In remaining prelims, Al Morey, San Diego, chilled Red Fitzsimmons in the fourth; Jimmy Frattini, San Diego, was given a draw with Luis Alvarez of Mexico (4); Art Gonzales, San Diego, was awarded the nod over Lou Robles, Los Angeles (4); Jack Bower, San Diego, decisioned Titus Hawkins, San Antonio (4); Bob McDevitt and Oscar Nollett, both of San Diego, went to a draw in the opener.

Jimmy Garrison, Hollywood Stadium's old standby, again won over his persistent challenger, Cecil Hudson, in a blistering 10-rounder at the Movie City arena. And in this third meeting the decision was unanimous. Hudson started off with a two-fisted attack that garnered him the early rounds. Incidentally, this attack consisted of much foul fighting. If Hudson is trying for the title of California's most unpopular boxer, he is succeeding very nicely with his ring tactics. However, the courageous Irishman asked no quarter, fought on doggedly and outpunched, as well as outsmarted the colored boxer in the last half of the go. Jimmy had forged ahead by the end of the eighth and cinched the verdict by belting Cecil around plenty in the final two rounds. Each weighed 145.

In the semi-windup, Jimmy Florita, 130, Stockton Filipino, stopped Kent Martinez, 127, in the fifth round.

In the four-rounders Frankie Lieberman, 130, and Frankie Antuna, 135, went to a draw; Alonzo Williams, 150, defeated Bob Castro, 148; Ernie Rios, 179, and Willie Johnson, 172, slugged to a tie, and Jimmy Crane, 152, iced Al Hernandez, 150, in the second.

Eddie Booker, San Jose boxing master, successfully defended his California middleweight title in a 12-rounder against Bobby Birch at the San Diego Coliseum. Booker closed one of Birch's eyes in the sixth, gave Bobby quite a body beating and kept the New Yorker in a shell much of the time. However, the bout was fast and although Booker was credited with ten of the rounds, the fight was far from one-sided. Each weighed 159.

Rusty Payne, 175, Texas, stopped Walter Fuller, 166, Los Angeles, in the semi. In supporting bouts Maurice Woods decisioned Duge Everett (4); Roy Mackey, Riverside, outpointed Jimmy Frattini (4); Vincent Cicencio, Tia Juana, KO'ed Bill Minor (2); Lou Borders, Riverside, won by TKO over Oscar Nollett (3).

Ad Alonzo, 151, upset the dope by defeating Tony Canelli, 150, in an eight-rounder at the Los Angeles Olympic. They fought hammer-and-tongs, with Canelli best at long range, but weak at infighting, which was his downfall.

Billy Hale, 128, stopped Tino Ascasio, 127, in the fourth round of semi.

Other results: Rusty Payne, 175, belted out Willie Johnson, 172, in one round; Lou Robles, 144, decisioned John Lester, 142; Hardy Williams, 200, won over Jim Palmer, and Mickey McCoy, 130, defeated Teddy Guerrero, 131.

Georgie Hansford, 132, Los Angeles, and Frenchie Savidan, 129, Ocean Park, went ten listless rounds to a draw at the San Diego Coliseum. Most of the crowd thought that Hansford had a lead, but didn't care, as neither boxer did anything to hold the interest of the audience.

Al Morey, San Diego, won a close decision over Al Grayson of Los Angeles in the four-round semi.

Maurice Woods, San Diego, outmauled Lou Robles, Los Angeles, in four; Alonzo Williams, Los Angeles, and Jack Bower, San Diego, ended up even; Duge Everett KO'ed Oscar Nollett in the first, and Lorenzo Vicencio, Tia Juana, disposed of Sammy Banick in one round.

In a scheduled tenner at Hollywood, Juan Zurita, dexterous Mexican boss of the lightweight roost out here, stopped Jimmy "Kidd" Hatcher, Lake City, S. C., in two innings. Both boxers scaled 134.

The abruptness of the affair was a shock to Hatcher's admirers, as the visiting boxer was held to be capable of taking the favored south-of-the-border boxer. Just some more proof that we have perhaps the premier lightweight of the country out here on the Pacific Coast.

Our Thanks

The Ring Editor is mighty happy for the excellent response to his plea for aid from Service men. A total of 642 subscriptions, all new ones, have been received in six weeks, many from mothers or fathers, who decided that The Ring should be sent to a son, a relative or a soldier friend.

That's the spirit. Let's continue to give the boys in the service the type of magazine they enjoy. If you have any doubts about what The Ring means to a man in the service, just stop one and ask him.

Have you subscribed for someone in uniform? We are doing our bit by our boys. How about you?

Subscribe now and buy War Bonds as often as you can.

FLASHES FROM 'FRISCO

By HARRY E. WINKLER

HENRY ARMSTRONG hammered Aldo Spoldi so badly in the seventh round of their scheduled ten-rounder at the Civic Auditorium that Referee Frank Carter decided it had gone far enough. Spoldi had been put down three times in the seventh and was bleeding badly from numerous cuts. Armstrong was after the Italian every second, but much of the time the New Yorker would backpedal out of hitting distance. At times, Spoldi would stand toe-to-toe and swap punches with Henry, although he received the worst of it in most of these exchanges.

Aldo was pretty well messed up at the finish, as Armstrong used elbows, forearms and shoulders as well as gloves. The former champ weighed 143, Spoldi, 137. The house netted $9700.

In the semi, Tony Bosnich, 187, K.O.'ed Lloyd Mackey of Riverside in the third round. In the two feature prelims, Ray Salas, Berkeley, won an eight-round decision over Joe Madrid, and Tony Rodriguez was awarded a T.K.O. over George Ybarra at the end of the fourth, because of a badly cut eye.

One left hook to the jaw and the referee counting ten over fallen Rudy Campa of Los Angeles was the only action that the fans got from the Aaron (Tiger) Wade vs. Campa bout at the National Hall. Wade's glove was raised 18 seconds after the opening bell rang. Wade weighed 152, Campa, 146.

In the semi, Tyree White, 138, Madera, polished off Eddie Ortega, 145, Los Angeles, in the second.

Connie Norden, 197, easily won over Hal Fieberling, 200, in a ten-rounder at the Oakland Auditorium. The fight, although not a fast or very interesting one, was a rough affair and settled the question as to which of the young Oakland heavies was the best. Connie won most of the rounds with a body attack. Fieberling's best round was the tenth, in which he staggered Norden.

Referee Bobby Andrews is apparently under the impression that the rules on foul fighting were made to be enforced, whereas most of our referees would probably do nothing about it even if one of the contestants used a knife.

Cecilio Lozado, 151, Mexico, won every round over Buddy Green, 154, Oakland Negro, in their eight-rounder at the National Hall, but he resorted to unfair tactics in most of the rounds and was justly penalized by having the bout called a draw.

Santo Tringali stopped Ray Marino in the first round of the semi-final.

Charlie Early stopped Gene Washington in four; Eddie Mullins eliminated Joe Juarez in the fourth, and Charlie Avila drew with Cupid Gordon in four.

Making his best fight since his return to the ring, against the most formidable foe that he has faced in his comeback campaign, Henry Armstrong, former triple champion, subdued Rodolfo Ramirez of Mexico in the eighth round at the Oakland Auditorium. Henry flashed much of his old form and cut the Mexican champ down with a merciless body attack. Ramirez was credited with but one round, the first. He received a badly cut eye in the second.

The referee warned Henry about his foul tactics on numerous occasions. Armstrong weighed 144, Ramirez, 145.

Aaron (Tiger) Wade, 154, defeated Billy Smith, 161, Omaha, in a hard-fought eight-rounder at the National Hall. The bout was close for seven rounds, but Wade put on a blitzkrieg in the final heat that cinched it.

Eddie Booker, San Jose, trounced Izzy Jannazzo of Brooklyn in a ten-rounder at the Civic Auditorium. The Italian did considerable clinching and was not credited with a round. However, the Easterner did fight the Negro boxer almost on even terms in the last three rounds after receipting for a terrific pasting in the earlier rounds. At 159, Booker outweighed Jannazzo by nine pounds.

Dimout restrictions apparently hurt the gate, the house only netting $4700.

In the semi-windup, Tony Bosnich, promising young heavyweight, won by T.K.O. over Jack Butler of Los Angeles in the seventh round. Bosnich was not impressive, as Butler is awkwardly clever and hard to look good with.

In a decided upset, Abel Lucero was chilled in the third round by Gene Posey. Lucero, a real lightweight prospect, was winning easily over Posey, but became too confident and dropped his guard. A little later his seconds told him what had happened.

Tony Rodriguez, up-and-coming lightweight, added the name of Simon to his list of victims, winning by a T.K.O. in the fifth round.

Aaron (Tiger) Wade, National Hall's perennial main-eventer, chalked up another victory at his old stamping ground in outpointing Tabby Romero of Phoenix, Ariz., in an eight-rounder.

Juan Zurita, Mexican lightweight, showed Oakland fight fans what he is made of by easily defeating Henry Woods, veteran Negro, in a ten-rounder at the Oakland Auditorium.

Aaron (Tiger) Wade experienced much less grief in winning over Billy Smith of Omaha in their second clash at National Hall, scoring a K.O. in the fourth round. In their first meeting Wade had to speed up in the final heat to pull down a close decision.

I regret that all the fights staged in and around San Francisco this month are not chronicled in this column, but what can a poor guy do? It is important to the boxing brigade of 'Frisco and Oakland that all of the fistic activities in the Bay District be published in The Ring each month, so that the readers of California boxing throughout the world will not get the idea that all the boxing is being done in the southern part of the state. I am doing my best to prevent that impression, but this cannot be done without the cooperation of managers and matchmakers.

Mailing this correspondent clippings of the fights and notes of the boxers would require but a few minutes of your time once a month. To date, I have received no such cooperation. How about you matchmakers, Jimmy Murray, Johnny Sylvester, Frank Scaler, Fred Pearl and Babe Griffin, mailing me the results of your shows? And how about you guys, Bill Miller, Harry Fine and Joe Herman, sending in some dope on the boys in training? And haven't you, my friend, Al Sandell, something to report of the amateur activities in the 'Frisco district? And you, Donn Shields, isn't there ever any commission news that you would like The Ring readers to know of?

LEST I FORGET—Benny Ford has been trying to interest USO leaders in 15% of the gross of the gates, and secure the release of such boxers as Pat Valentino, Ray Lunny and Verne Bybee for early shows . . . . Frankie Carter, local referee, enters the Army this month . . . . Fred Pearl has resumed promoting at Sacramento. His first show is to be staged in Civic Auditorium . . . . Southern California Commissioners, please note: Donn Shields, Chief Inspector of the State Athletic Commission for the northern district, stood at the door of National Hall for an hour, trying to recognize any boxers among the crowd coming in, so as to help Frank Scaler put on a show.

Maxie Rosenbloom has opened a night club in San Francisco . . . . Eddie Booker received a greater ovation than Henry Armstrong when introduced at the Armstrong-Spoldi bout . . . . Sid Flaherty, manager of Tony Bosnich, is entering the Army this month, and Tony says that he is to retire, because of it. Bosnich, a promising heavyweight, says that he does not feel that he can succeed without Flaherty's advice. They have been inseparable. Rare indeed, these days, is such a boxer-manager alliance.

Benny Selig, one-time manager of the great Joe Gans, is very much enthused over the ability of Eddie Booker, San Jose middleweight . . . . Johnny Rogers, well-known and well-liked veteran of the boxing game, is to promote wrestling at Sacramento. Oh, Johnny!

John Henry Lewis, former light-heavyweight champion, is another of the many well-known fighters working at the Moore Shipyards . . . . Danny Marcevich, promising young heavyweight of Watsonville, is in the Army, stationed at Joplin, Mo. . . . . Thanks to Attorney General Earl Warren, who ruled that a contract between manager and boxer cannot be broken or ignored, simply because the fighter is in the services of Uncle Sam. Army officers recently contended that managers had no jurisdiction or claims on their boxers while said fighters were in the Army . . . . Sid Flaherty's classy lightweight, Tony Rodriguez, is still undefeated . . . . Dandy Dillon, former Minneapolis featherweight, but a resident of California in recent years, has joined up with the Merchant Marine.

Eddie Hanlon, great lightweight of thirty-five years ago, recently passed away at the age of 57. Hanlon, who started his career at 14, fought such great boxers as Terry McGovern, Abe Attell, Battling Nelson, Aurelio Herrera, etc., while still in his teens.

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